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# Theatre Magazine

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY

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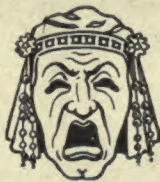
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MISS FAY MARBE

Mid Summer Number

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

MIDSUMMER NUMBER, 1920



**I**N September everyone's fancy turns to thoughts of the New Theatrical Season.

Who will be the new stars? What o'd favorites will be prominent before the footlights? What sensational plays have the managers to offer? These questions—and many others—can be heard on all sides.

The Great American Public must have information on its favorite subject—the Great American Drama.

And where else shall they look for it but the THEATRE MAGAZINE?

Read the September Number! Then, when conversation turns to the stage, you'll be sure to be well informed on things theatrical.

Our next number will not only tell you what the managers announce in the way of plays and players, but will give you exquisite pictorial glimpses of the actors, actresses and productions themselves.

The Managers Announce—

No, we'll not give away any of the secrets now. You'll have to wait for the September issue!

Josephine Victor needs no introduction. One of the best beloved and sympathetic of our actresses, she has again proved her ability in "Martinique."

But the next number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE will present Miss Victor in a new rôle—that of author.

She has written a delightful fiction story called "Shakespeare Said It" that takes you into the land of make-believe, and gives you a picture of managers, players and the theatre world as it really is.

Bennie, the manager, his burlesque queen wife, and Flora Fay, the "vampirish" ingénue, are all real people—for surely Miss Victor knows!

If you want to get a glimpse of the world behind the curtain, you'll have a true

one if you read this most delightful story, written by a player about players!

Douglas Fairbanks has gained popularity by leaps and bounds.

This is only one of the entertaining "Theatre Thoughts" that Harold Seton has contributed to the September issue!

Although it seems that the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker are all writing plays, judging by the number of manuscripts that litter up the managerial offices, it's not so easy to become a successful playwright.

J. Hartley Manners, who is responsible for "Peg o' My Heart" and other plays that his wife, Laurette Taylor, has been successful in, tells of "The Dilemma of Writing Plays" in the next number.

An authoritative article that no embryo playwright can afford to miss. It's equally interesting to theatregoers and successful authors, too!

The Movies won't be neglected in our next issue.

Both in pictures and text the Motion Picture Section will be a treat. Stars of the screen and the lesser luminaries will be represented, and there'll be criticisms of the latest films and scenes from the most artistic of them.

Sprightly Angelina, the chic damsel who takes you with her on a tour of New York's best shops, will tell you of September fads and fancies in her usual breezy style in the next number!

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII. No. 233.

JULY-AUGUST, 1920.



From a portrait by Abbe

## FRANCES STARR

*The news that this delightful player will return to Broadway next season in a drama by Edward Knoblock entitled "One," will be welcome to her host of admirers. There is interest, too, in her recent marriage to Haskell Coffin, the noted artist*



# GOING ON THE STAGE

*Of thousands of aspirants only a pitifully small number succeed in securing an engagement*

By JAMES L. FORD



OF the thousands of young women whose names are added each season to the interminably long waiting list of stage aspirants, only a pitifully small number succeed in obtaining an engagement, even in the chorus, while those who arrive at anything like distinction can be numbered on the fingers of one hand.

The extent of this army of the stage-struck is not to be wondered at, for the lure of the footlights is universal and numerous are the motives that prompt histrionic ambition. Stage fiction, meaning that of the press agent as well as the novelist, serves as a tremendous stimulus to the imaginative mind, suggesting as it does a calling that is not merely an easy means of livelihood, but a succession of personal triumphs, of nightly applause, of flowers, of social attentions, of anonymous gifts of jewels, and, above all, of publicity. That there are difficulties to be surmounted and perhaps months or even a year or two of toil and struggle to be passed through is not to be doubted, and there is also to be considered the unsought and unwelcome love-making of the fat and prosperous manager who has it in his power to make of his victim "a star over night," or to send her into permanent eclipse. But this thought carries with it also a stimulating picture of virtue rebuking vice that is not unpleasing to inexperienced, romantic femininity.



THE failure of a large proportion of those who never obtain the much sought-for initial engagement may be traced to the advice offered by those well-meaning friends and relatives who do not know what they are talking about. The old saw that advice is cheap does not hold good in this case for bad advice is dear and quite certain to prove a handicap to any one foolish enough to assimilate it. And these birds of sinister omen will arise like crows from a cornfield the moment a young girl determines to choose the stage as an occupation.

The theme on which they will persistently harp is that of the perils to which a young actress is subjected and many will be the suggestions as to how she shall best retain what they call her "honor." Elderly relatives of forbidding aspect will announce their intention of accompanying her on her visits to managers for the better safeguarding of that precious jewel. All will warn her to permit no familiarities from any one and to hold herself aloof from her associates.

Now a girl's "honor" is a matter for her own guardianship. Nobody else can take charge of it for her, and, provided she be endowed with high principles, she is secure anywhere. Otherwise she will take the line of least resistance, no matter in what calling she may engage. Moreover, when she starts out "on her own" in a world so different from that in which she has been reared, she must adapt herself to the laws and customs of that world and become independent and self-reliant.

Feminine modesty and delicacy are admirable virtues, but the moment a woman seeks to raise

herself above the level of the commonplace she must rid herself of certain conventions that she has always held sacred. As an artist she must study from the nude; as a trained nurse she must defy conventions still further; as a successful novelist she must deal with illicit love and as an actress she must be ready to play any kind of a part and must not shrink from appearing in any dress that the part demands. If she regards the stage merely as a matrimonial market-place or a temporary money-making occupation, she will very likely draw the line at the wearing of tights, but if she is a real artist at heart she will consider the matter of but trifling importance.



AT the moment of writing I can recall the names of three of the best women I have known among the most distinguished members of the profession who began in the ballet and were never ashamed of it. I always suspect a girl who demands exemptions from the rules that govern the profession. It is but a single step from the degradation of an art to that of the person.

No one dreams of loading up the young artist or trained nurse with silly counsel about the ordinary rules for feminine conduct. All this is reserved for the embryo actress, and if she be foolish enough to accept it she will take her place on the waiting line carrying an added weight of what she has been told are "principles" that will effectually keep the doors closed against her. And let her by all means refuse the chaperonage of the elderly relative while making the rounds of the managerial offices and agencies. No possible employer likes to be treated from the first as if he were a villain. She must play her hand alone, travel without a chaperon, and make friends with her fellow-players. Above all must she set her face resolutely against the oft-repeated injunction; "always remember that you are a lady."

The best thing that she can do is to forget that she is a lady, and she may console herself with the thought that real ladies seldom think about it.



THE stage is a democracy and even more than that, for its heroine does not awaken the sympathy of her audience until she has placed herself on a plane lower than that of her spectators. Marie Antoinette at the height of her power is a very poor part to play from the theatrical point of view, but Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold can with even the least histrionic talent, command abundant tears, for she is less fortunate than the smallest and grinniest newsboy in the gallery.

It may be remembered that in that delightful play of the theatre, "Trelawny of the Wells," a veteran actress declares that she has played no end of queens, but there is not one good part among them all. In this one line did Pinero sum up his profound knowledge of a minor

branch of the profession that he knows as well as any man living.

In order further to illustrate my meaning, I would like to ask the young stage aspirant how she could possibly play the part, let us say, of a blind orphan in "The Two Orphans" with sincerity and conviction were her mind obsessed with the remembrance of her good breeding. She must imagine herself that orphan, imagine the feelings that would be excited by her forlorn condition, and give expression to those feelings as best she can. Even if called upon to play the part of a *grande dame* she must beware of remembering that she is a lady and give her sole attention to the human side of the character and its emotional possibilities.

Sadie Martinot, an artist in the real sense of the word, once told me that while rehearsing the rôle of a woman of exalted position under Dion Boucicault, she unfortunately "remembered that she was a lady" and unconsciously began to assume various affectations that were totally foreign to her.

"What are you doing?" demanded Boucicault, stopping the rehearsal abruptly. "What are you trying to play?"

"I'm playing a lady" said the actress.

"Well, aren't you a lady yourself?" exclaimed the playwright, and straightaway the silly affectations fell from her and she became her natural stage self.



ONE piece of advice that is never given to the young girl is to remember that she will not grow younger as time goes on and that youth is an invaluable asset in a footlight career. "The way to resume specie payment is to resume" said a wise American statesman, and we may paraphrase that sagacious remark by observing that the way to get on the stage is to get on it, no matter in how humble a capacity. Youth and beauty of face and form are the best passports, and with this equipment an ambitious young woman should find but little difficulty in obtaining an engagement in the chorus of a musical comedy, provided nothing better offers. A good voice will aid her materially, though I should judge by certain sounds that reach me across the footlights now and then that it is not essential. But it is the first step that counts in this profession more than in almost any other, and it needs but a single season to convert an amateur into an actress so that she can say to the manager to whom she next applies, and who asks her if she has ever "been on" before, "I've just closed with 'The Dining-Room Girl.' I played with them all season."

It is more than likely that the girl who has a true feeling for the stage has fixed her ambition on something beyond musical comedy and would much rather be cast for Juliet or Nora; but she is liable to become toothless and senile while waiting for a rôle that she would like to play; and, while she is waiting, others who took the best they could get, will pass her in the race.

It would be an (Concluded on page 70)





PERCE BENTON AND ALMA TELL

*On an Ohio River showboat, Susan, who has escaped from home, begins her career as an actress*



Photocraft

*Alma Tell as the heroine of "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox." Her many experiences fill the play with action and adventure*



HARRY D. SOUTHARD  
AND ALMA TELL

*Susan threatens to kill her betrayer*

"SUSAN LENOX" A DRAMATIZATION OF DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' NOVEL



# HOW THEY LANDED THEIR FIRST PART

*Famous Broadway players tell how opportunity first knocked at their door*

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG



**B**EGINNING small, sticking on the job, and being ready when opportunity comes: such is the recipe of success of Clifton Crawford, the dapper Scotch comedian who has been spreading sunshine this season, both vocally and histrionically, in the greatest comedy hit of his career, "My Lady Friends."\*

"I landed my first part in a rather funny way," said Mr. Crawford reminiscently. "I hadn't been in this country long and was just knocking around Boston when I met Mr. Robert Barnet, the producer. The town was all stirred up over the forthcoming annual production of the Boston Cadets, a society regiment that every year enlisted the best local amateur talent and offered a show in much the same spirit as a college puts on its 'Varsity show. That year, I believe, the Cadets were trying to raise money to build an armory. They called their show 'Milady and the Musketeers.'

"Mr. Barnet used to buy the show from the Cadets every year, hire professional players, and put it on for an extended run. He was casting the show when I met him and sold him a couple of my songs for ten dollars. I remember one of them, *Mary Green*, made quite a hit. I told Mr. Barnet I needed a job and he put me in the chorus. I got ten dollars a week. However, I didn't stay in the chorus very long.

One of the Musketeers got sick one day and I jumped in and played his part. Before the engagement was ended, I might add, I had played nearly every important part in the production, even *Eva Tanguay's*. Of course, I don't mean that I played her character part, but I had memorized all her songs, dialogue and stage business, so I simply had a chance to put them over.

"Miss Tanguay wasn't the only future celebrity we had in that cast. I remember Eddie Foy, Lotta Faust, Yorke N. Adams, Pauline Chase, Frances Belmont, now Lady Ashburton, and Charles Ross. Certainly a collection of talent no manager could afford to buy today."



**W**HEN B'anche Bates went after her first real stage job she kept foremost in her mind the old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," so consequently refusal meant nothing to her. She had a staying power that could not be frightened by mere "no's."

Way back in 1893, Miss Bates played her very first part, if it could be called a part, in a stock company in San Francisco, with her mother. It wasn't much of a part, because after all the other members of the company had been fitted out with parts, Miss Bates got what was left. Since then she has played everything from the one line part, "Me lord, the carriage waits," to being almost the whole show.

It was four years later that Miss Bates descended on New York with high hopes and higher ambitions. At that time, Augustin Daly had his famous stock company at his theatre on Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street. Miss Bates was determined to get in that company. Mr.

Daly was already turning out many stars and Miss Bates wanted to be one of those stars. Accordingly, from the train she went immediately to call on Mr. Daly. She was refused admittance and told there was no position open. The refusal was not even as courteous as it might have been, but that had no effect on the aspiring star. Miss Bates said she'd wait, but no invitation came to wait in the office, so she went outside and sat on the front steps.

At that time, Mr. Daly's office was in a little house almost next door to the theatre. Miss Bates sat comfortably on the steps of this house. She determined not to move until she got a job. She had no idea when that might be, but she probably felt pretty sure that she wouldn't be left to starve there no matter how dramatic that might be.

Night came and with it the usual crowd that thronged the theatre. Miss Bates did not alter her position. The crowds left the theatre. Still the courageous figure sat on Mr. Daly's steps. The watchman or doorman, or whoever it was in those days who looked up the theatre and saw that all was well, spied the girl on the steps. He informed her they were locking up for the night and that there would be nothing doing until the next day. The girl smiled and thanked him and said she'd wait. Wait she did for she sat there all night, probably not very comfortable, but content in the consciousness that she was sure to be the first applicant on hand in the morning.



**E**ARLY next morning, Miss Bates relates, a grizzled old head poked out of the front door and a deep voice growled, "What d'you want?" "I want a job," the future star answered as sweetly as her cramped limbs would permit.

"What kind of a job?" the voice growled again. "Any kind," answered Miss Bates, "so long as it is with you."

The voice was no kinder than in the beginning when it snarled "Well, go 'round and see the business manager."

Miss Bates needed no second invitation. She got up, stretched herself, straightened her hair and her hat as best she could and tried to look as though she hadn't spent the night on a doorstep. She knew the way to the business office. She had watched others go there the day before, so not to appear too anxious she walked leisurely through the little alley that led to the offices.

Each season Mr. Daly sent his company out for a road tour. It happened that this company was just being organized. Miss Bates was given the part of Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew," second lead to Ada Rehan. The next season she was again given second lead with Miss Rehan in New York. The part, however, she claims was one that anyone could have played and been successful. It played itself. The following season she played leads and not long after Belasco picked her up—so she terms it—and she was starred.

In all the years Miss Bates has been on the

stage, she has never played an ingénue part—"not even when I was young, and I was young once," she confided smilingly.

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"I was always too husky, I guess," she answered with a charmingly humorous smile.



**W**ILLIAM COLLIER, star of "The Hottentot," started his stage career at the early age of eleven. He ran away from home in 1879 to land his first job.

Mr. Collier's father and mother were both of the theatre. His father was Edmund Collier, a well-known tragedian, and his mother was Henrietta Engel, a dancer. He says that he hasn't a relative in the world that isn't connected with the theatre, so it was only natural that his earliest ambitions should have been toward a professional career.

When eleven years old, young Collier became restless and ran away from home to join Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" company. His salary was \$3.50 a week and board. There were 101 children in the company and they played for fourteen months. Collier says that during that time he had the distinction of being the only one of the children who got a raise in salary, but that was probably because he helped with the baggage.

After the close of this engagement, young Collier was taken home and sent to school until he was fifteen. His father then obtained a position for him at Daly's Theatre. His salary here began at \$7 a week. He stayed with Daly from 1883 to 1888 and was again distinguished during this period by getting a raise in salary to \$8 a week. At first when he opened his pay envelope and found the extra \$1 he thought a mistake had been made, so he decided to keep it a secret. It took several weeks for him to realize that the extra dollar was really a weekly permanent acquisition.

There are some fortunate people with stage ambitions who are literally born in the theatre. Such was the fate of Emily Stevens. Miss Stevens' mother was an aunt of Mrs. Fiske and her father a theatrical manager of some importance.

As is often the case in theatrical families, Miss Stevens was not permitted to go on the stage as a child, though she always ardently desired to do so. She was still in her early 'teens when her cousin, the already famous Mrs. Fiske, decided that she was ready for her debut.

Miss Stevens was accordingly given a very small part in her cousin's company. Her debut was made in "Leah Kleschna." She was one of a group of society people who merely decorated the stage for a single act.

Miss Stevens' entire early training was received from Mrs. Fiske, and she remained a member of Mrs. Fiske's company for many years. However, when she started out for herself, she soon found that her wings were strong enough to sustain her and she soon flew into personal popularity and success.

\*See page 69.



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

SALLY LONG

*Who will be one of the beauty brigade in the new revue, "The Midnight Rounders," atop the Century Theatre*



Johnston

*Louise Groody, one of the jolliest of the crew aboard "The Night Boat," the musical piece that is sailing along to continued popularity*



White

*Patti Harrold, daughter of Orville Harrold, who stepped from understudy into the title rôle of "Irene" and scored an emphatic hit*





Illustration by Joseph Franké

Flossie looks around furtively  
and then opens her handbag

# KLEPTOMANIA

A Play in One Act

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

(All acting rights reserved)



## Persons Represented

DR. DABNEY WILSHIRE  
TIM FAULKNER  
FLOSSIE FAULKNER

TIME: The Present.

PLACE: An Eastern City.

(The scene is the office of Dr. Wilshire. It is about eleven o'clock in the morning. The office is very elaborately furnished. In the rear wall is an alcove, and opening into this are two windows. Under them is a window-seat running the length of the alcove, filled with sofa cushions. At the right is a large table containing several medical journals, a few surgical instruments and a desk telephone. On the right wall is a copy of Rembrandt's "The Lesson in Anatomy," and on the left wall is a picture of Pasteur in his laboratory. Down-stage at right is a door leading into another room. To the right of this is an open fireplace, with a mantel above. The mantel has a clock in the centre, and on each side are two skulls. At the left is another door leading into a hall. There are comfortable leather chairs scattered around, and the whole atmosphere of the office indicates that the doctor is a fashionable and successful practitioner. The office is empty, but presently a bell rings outside, and then the sound of voices is heard.)

VOICE

Yes, sir. Right in there, sir. The doctor will see you in a few moments.

(Enter Tim Faulkner through door at left, followed by Mrs. Faulkner. It is a cold winter day and Faulkner wears a handsome fur overcoat. His wife also wears costly furs. Both seem persons of wealth and distinction—just the sort of patients one would expect to see in Dr. Wilshire's office. Mrs. Faulkner is quite pretty in

a high-colored, blue-eyed, blonde sort of way. She carries a large Russia-leather handbag with her initials upon it in sterling silver.)

FAULKNER

(Rubbing his gloved hands and looking around with an air of satisfaction)  
Nice place the doctor has here.

FLOSSIE

They say he's as rich as a food profiteer.

FAULKNER

(Humourously)  
Nerve profiteer, my dear.

FLOSSIE

(Walking around and looking at bric-a-brac)  
Nerve and nerves both contribute toward the success of a fashionable physician. He has the nerve and his women patients the nerves.

FAULKNER

(Thoughtfully)  
It's the most respectable graft in the world.

FLOSSIE

Yes, every time a society woman imagines she's ill, she sends for her physician.

FAULKNER

(Smiling)  
And he gives her bread pills and sugar-coated advice.

FLOSSIE

(Laughing cynically)  
And, presto!—she's well again.

FAULKNER

Until she gets his bill.

FLOSSIE

Pooh! That doesn't worry her. Don't you see, her physician is just one more luxury.

FAULKNER

(Laughing)

Then I'm in favor of making her pay ten per cent. additional on her bill as a luxury tax.

FLOSSIE

That wouldn't be fair. It would all go to the doctor and the husband would foot the bill. I don't think these fashionable physicians deserve what they get now.

FAULKNER

Oh, yes they do. They give the fashionable world what it wants—and it wants to be humbugged.

FLOSSIE

(Yawning)

I believe "camouflaged" is the word nowadays.

FAULKNER

I like Barnum's word better.

FLOSSIE

(Looking bored)

Well, what do you want me to do—now that we're here?

FAULKNER

(Looking at watch)

I think you had better take a walk now and give me a chance to talk to Dr. Wilshire alone.

FLOSSIE

(Crossing to door)

I shall return in ten minutes. Will that give you time enough?

FAULKNER

Yes, plenty.

(Exit Flossie. Faulkner crosses room and examines picture of Pasteur. Then he walks over and looks at "The Lesson in Anatomy." This seems to meet with his entire approval, and he



is standing in front of it with his hands interlocked behind his back when— Enter Dr. Wilshire. He is a man of fifty—portly, puffy and pompous. He wears a closely-cropped moustache, and his hair, or what there is of it, is grey. That he is well fed is indicated by a generous paunch. That he is a prosperous physician is indicated by the caressing inflection in his tones when he addresses promising patients, and by his habitual bedside manner. When he is well satisfied he shows it by rubbing his hands together. His smile is the comfortable smile of a man receiving a generous fee.)

WILSHIRE

(Consulting card in hand)

Mr. Faulkner, I believe?

FAULKNER

(Politely)

How do you do, Dr. Wilshire?

WILSHIRE

(Effusively, crossing to him)

I am delighted to meet you, my dear sir.

(Shaking his hand and looking around inquisitively)

I thought my man said there was also a lady?

FAULKNER

(Quickly)

My wife was with me but she went out for a walk.

WILSHIRE

(Looking surprised)

It's a cold day for a walk.

FAULKNER

She's very nervous, doctor. That's why I have consulted you.

(Dropping his voice to a confidential whisper)

It's very sad, doctor, very sad.

FAULKNER

(Sympathetically)

There, there, my dear fellow! Don't be discouraged. These nervous disorders may be cured in time.

FAULKNER

(Dismally)

O H, I hope so, doctor!

WILSHIRE

(Cheerfully)

I know so. Here, let me help you off with your overcoat and then tell me all about it.

(Helps him off with coat)

FAULKNER

Thank you, doctor!

WILSHIRE

(Crossing over and depositing Faulkner's hat, stick and overcoat on the divan)

Take a seat.

FAULKNER

(Seating himself)

Thank you.

WILSHIRE

(Taking cigar case from pocket and offering it to Faulkner)

Smoke?

FAULKNER

(Taking a cigar)

Thank you.

(Dr. Wilshire takes one himself. Then he strikes a match and lights Faulkner's cigar and then his own)

WILSHIRE

(Seating himself)

Now then. You are—

(Briskly)

A New Yorker. I'm in the brokerage business.

WILSHIRE

(A satisfied expression on his face)

In Wall Street, I presume?

FAULKNER

Exactly.

WILSHIRE

And you and your wife are stopping—

FAULKNER

At the Vendome. Know the place?

WILSHIRE

(Again smiling in a satisfied manner)

It is our best hotel.

FAULKNER

We have taken a suite at the Vendome and will be there for several months.

(Leaning forward impressively)

Doctor, I need your help badly.

WILSHIRE

(Beaming)

I'm yours to command, my dear sir.

FAULKNER

(Tapping him on the knee)

My wife is a very sick woman, doctor.

WILSHIRE

(Soothingly)

Perhaps you are unduly alarmed.

FAULKNER

(Sadly)

N o, doctor. She needs treatment.

(Impressively)

Your treatment, doctor.

WILSHIRE

It is most gratifying, sir, to know that you repose such faith in me when there are so many eminent practitioners in your own city. I am sure that—

FAULKNER

Be assured, sir, that your reputation has preceded you to New York. That's why I'm here.

WILSHIRE

(Immensely flattered)

Bless my soul! I wouldn't have believed it possible. But it is most gratifying, I assure you, most gratifying.

FAULKNER

I brought my wife here, doctor, to be under your constant care.

WILSHIRE

All that medical science can suggest shall be done, sir.

FAULKNER

(In a confidential tone)

D OCTOR, I have a most mortifying, a most humiliating confession to make to you.

(Wipes his face with his handkerchief)

WILSHIRE

(Soothingly)

There, there, don't excite yourself, my dear fellow!

FAULKNER

Wealth has its trials, doctor, as well as poverty.

WILSHIRE

(Sighing sympathetically)

Yes, yes! That's very true—very true.

FAULKNER

(Bluntly)

Doctor, my wife is a kleptomaniac.

WILSHIRE

(Startled)

Bless my soul! It can't be possible!

FAULKNER

(Sadly)

It does sound unbelievable, doesn't it? But it's true, doctor, absolutely true. It is the great-

est trial of my life. I have the wealth to gratify her slightest whim and yet she will go into a department store—and—I hate to say it—steal articles that are of no earthly use to her.

WILSHIRE

God bless my soul!

FAULKNER

Only God knows what a trial it has been to me, doctor. Why, once she put a French doll in her handbag.

WILSHIRE

Most amazing!

FAULKNER

Another time, in Stacy's she carried away a roll of pink calico.

WILSHIRE

Astonishing!

FAULKNER

One cold day on Broadway she took a blanket from a poor horse and brought it home with her.

WILSHIRE

A horse-blanket! Think of that!

FAULKNER

Isn't it ridiculous? Why, doctor, I believe she would take a piano if she could only get it in her handbag.

WILSHIRE

Bless my soul! It's the most remarkable case I have ever known professionally.

FAULKNER

Oh, tell me, doctor, that it's just a disease; that it can be cured!

WILSHIRE

(Placing his hand sympathetically on Faulkner's knee)

Of course it can be cured, my dear fellow. Medical science has been taking giant strides these past few years. This is merely a case of disordered nerves. It can be cured indubitably. Nothing is impossible today.

FAULKNER

(Seizing his hand and squeezing it)

G OD bless you for those words, doctor. You have lifted a load from my heart.

WILSHIRE

How long has your wife had this trouble?

FAULKNER

For nearly a year. Several times I have had to pay large sums to prevent prosecution and newspaper notoriety. That's another reason why I brought her to you. We are widely known in New York, doctor, and I preferred to have her treated in another city. You were recommended as the most able nerve specialist in this vicinity.

WILSHIRE

(Holding up a protesting hand)

Oh, my dear sir!

FAULKNER

It's true all the same.

(Briskly)

Now, doctor, can you undertake to cure my unfortunate wife?

WILSHIRE

(Decisively)

Most assuredly. If she will follow my instructions, we will soon have her in a normal state again.

FAULKNER

(Earnestly)

Don't let any expense stand in the way.

WILSHIRE

(Smiling)

I shan't. In this case I want to effect a permanent cure and it will take time, ceaseless at-



tention and absolute quietude. That is what she needs most—absolute quietude. You New Yorkers live too fast, my dear fellow. You are burning the candle at both ends. Nerves are like machinery: they break down occasionally and must be kept in good repair if they are to serve us properly.

FAULKNER

*(Looking impressed)*

You are right, doctor, quite right. You are just the man I was looking for. Already your optimism has made a new man of me.

*(Smiling)*

Now if you can just make a new woman of my wife, I'll be your eternal debtor.

*(Looking at his watch)*

My wife will be here in a moment, doctor, and you can talk to her yourself.

WILSHIRE

Don't say anything to excite her.

FAULKNER

You can depend on me.

*(Striking his hand on his knee)*

By Jove! I have a scheme, doctor. You may think it foolish, but I believe it will work.

WILSHIRE

What kind of a scheme?

FAULKNER

A scheme to test her. I want you to see just how far she will go.

WILSHIRE

*(Puzzled)*

I don't understand.

FAULKNER

It's quite simple.

*(Takes a pocketbook from his breast pocket)*

You see this pocketbook?

WILSHIRE

YES.

FAULKNER

*(Opening it and examining contents carefully)*

Let's see! I think I have about a thousand dollars in bills there.

*(Dr. Wilshire beams)*

Well, I'll place that pocketbook on the edge of the mantel, like that.

*(He crosses over and puts pocketbook on the mantel. Then he stands for a moment in thought)*

Have you any money about you, doctor?

WILSHIRE

I think so.

*(He takes out a fat pocketbook)*

FAULKNER

How much have you got there?

WILSHIRE

*(Fingering the bills lovingly)*

About five hundred dollars I think.

FAULKNER

Are you sure? Don't make any mistake.

WILSHIRE

I am absolutely sure. I was going to deposit it in the bank today.

*(Looking puzzled)*

But, my dear fellow, what on earth does it all mean?

FAULKNER

I am going to place your pocketbook on the other side of the mantel from mine and I'll bet you a good dinner that my wife will take them both when she comes in.

WILSHIRE

Nonsense!

FAULKNER

I am not joking. That dinner bet goes.

WILSHIRE

I think you'll lose, but it's an interesting experiment and we'll try it.

FAULKNER

All right. Now let me have your pocketbook.

*(Wilshire smiles affably and turns it over to him without a murmur. Faulkner places it on the mantle.)*

Let me see.

*(Glancing around)*

Have you anything else of value?

WILSHIRE

*(Taking out his watch, to which is attached a handsome jewelled fob)*

My watch!

FAULKNER

EXCELLENT! Let me have that, too.

*(Takes it from the doctor's unresisting hand)*

Now I will place that in the centre of the mantel.

*(He does so)*

My own watch.

*(Taking it out)*

I will place it some distance away from yours.

*(He does so)*

WILSHIRE

My dear fellow, this is absurd!

FAULKNER

Wait and see. When my wife comes in, doctor, watch her. She'll go around like a magpie and if she sees anything she likes, she'll put it in her handbag.

*(Groaning)*

Good Lord! And to think that she has everything in the world that a woman could desire!

WILSHIRE

*(Cheerfully)*

Well, we'll cure her of that propensity in time.

FAULKNER

*(Crossing over and picking up one of the surgical instruments)*

Doctor, are these very valuable?

WILSHIRE

YES, indeed!

FAULKNER

*(With an air of satisfaction)*

Good!

*(Arranges the instruments in a conspicuous position)*

WILSHIRE

*(Staring at him)*

What in the world are you doing?

FAULKNER

I am placing them where they will catch my wife's eye. They say that a magpie is always attracted by a bit of bright glass. When my wife catches the glitter of those shiny instruments, she'll put them in her handbag. It will be the same way with the watches. Wait and see!

WILSHIRE

*(Rubbing his hands with professional satisfaction)*

It's a most extraordinary case—most extraordinary!

FAULKNER

After I have introduced you to my wife, you and I will engage in conversation. My wife will watch us and when she thinks we are not looking, she will pick up those instruments and put them in her handbag. But don't be alarmed. When

you call at the hotel, everything shall be returned to you.

*(Sighing)*

Heaven knows, I have had to do this many times before.

WILSHIRE

*(Patting him on the shoulder)*

There, there! We are going to cure this disease. I am sure that—

*(Bell rings off stage)*

FAULKNER

*(Placing his finger warningly on his lips)*  
Hist! It's my wife! Now we shall see.

VOICE

*(Outside)*

Yes, right in there, madam.

FLOSSIE

Thank you!

*(She enters and then stands for a moment by the door as if embarrassed by the doctor's presence)*

FAULKNER

*(Crossing to her)*

Do you feel better after your walk, dear?

FLOSSIE

Yes, heaps. The air is delightfully bracing.

FAULKNER

DOCTOR WILSHIRE, let me present Mrs. Faulkner.

WILSHIRE

*(Crossing over and shaking her hand cordially)*

Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Faulkner.

*(Smiling professionally)*

So the cold air was beneficial, eh?

FLOSSIE

Yes, doctor. I feel like a new woman now.

WILSHIRE

Walking is a great tonic, Mrs. Faulkner. If more women contracted the habit, instead of lolling back in their limousines, the race would be better off.

FLOSSIE

*(Walking around restlessly)*

I'm a great walker, doctor. In fact, my friends call me a regular fresh-air fiend.

FAULKNER

The doctor and I have been discussing your nervous disorder, dear.

FLOSSIE

*(Turning around quickly)*

Oh, please, please! Don't let's discuss my nerves.

WILSHIRE

*(Soothingly)*

There, there! Don't excite yourself. Your husband is going to place you in my care, Mrs. Faulkner, and I'll wager that in time you won't have any nerves.

FLOSSIE

I'm glad to see you're an optimist, doctor.

WILSHIRE

Optimism is my chief prescription, my dear madam.

WILSHIRE

*(Turning to him)*

Yes, quite true to life, Rembrandt, like Shakespeare, seems to have mastered the minutest details of his art.

*(Flossie looks around furtively, and then opens her handbag. She takes up a surgical instrument, while the doctor is talking, and drops it into her bag. Seeing that she is unobserved, she takes up the others one by one and places them in her bag.)*

*(Continued on page 85)*





From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe

### CONSTANCE BINNEY

*A young actress whose naturalness, simplicity and marked ability have brought her quickly to the front. Touring throughout the country in "39 East," she so completely captured theatregoers' hearts that she is soon to become a full-fledged star*





Photocraft

# ADELE ASTAIRE

*With her brother, Fred, this agile dancer glided her way to success in "Apple Blossoms"*

(Left)

# MARGARET PETIT

*A dainty and petite toe dancer, who is adding much to the charm of "What's In a Name"*

(Right)

# EVAN BURROWS-FONTAINE

*Who makes an alluring figure in her Queen of the Nile dance in the "Ed Wynn Carnival"*



Goldberg



Goldberg





Photocraft

#### HARRY BERESFORD

*Who makes the central figure in "Shovings" a lovable, sympathetic character who tugs at the heartstrings of his audiences*



Maurice Goldberg

#### RICHARD BENNETT

*As the young dreamer in Eugene O'Neill's tragedy, "Beyond the Horizon," this splendid actor has earned for himself a high place as an exponent of realism on our stage*



Apeda

#### EDMUND LOWE

*Who had added to his laurels this season as Tom Lee, the Chinese hero, in support of Lenore Ulric in "The Son-Daughter"*

ACTORS WHO HAVE HIT THE BULL'S EYE OF SUCCESS



# THE BORN COMEDIAN

*A species plentiful on the stage  
and a distinctly American institution*

By BURR CHAPMAN COOK



ON the stage are a number of specimens of what are popularly known as "born comedians"—a type generally found in musical comedy. They are supposed to be performers endowed with an exceptional gift of humor, and their business is to be funny. To hear some of them you wouldn't think they got paid very much, but you never can tell.

Every town in the country large enough to support a railway station has had, at one time or another, one of these strange species in its midst. They are very plentiful throughout the East and especially in New York. A walk down Broadway any afternoon, in the vicinity of 42d Street, or a stroll through Madison Square Park, any morning around three o'clock, is ample proof of this fact.

This so-called "born comedian" is a distinctly American institution. He has grown up along with our politics and our literature, and if we did not exactly invent him, we at least developed him. To fully understand the psychology of the born comedian would be highly illuminating, if not impossible. As a business asset he is forced to look at everything from a comedy standpoint; everything but himself, and, necessarily, to make a success at his trade, he must take himself very seriously. He can, for example, even find cause for mirth in little things like a funeral, a box of Christmas cigars, or a marriage ceremony. If he really knew how funny he was—sometimes—he would probably take himself less seriously; but no one dares to tell him, with the single exception of the stage director—and everybody knows, of course, that stage directors are all liars.

AS a class, born comedians are a type worth studying. As *Pride* is the handmaid of Intellect, the born comedian will always be found to be abjectly humble. Not that he does not realize his accomplishments, for he does; but just because of an innate modesty. Like the ox, the ass, and other hybrid animals, the born comedian is largely guided by instinct. This has made him very agile. He is particularly adept at dodging things, and has a strong antipathy for fruit, in any form. Of course, being in musical comedy on Broadway lends one a certain prestige which seems hard to conceal. It also gives one entrée into the best society, and the privilege of monopolizing the conversation. It may be that he merely carries a spear, trips over the leading lady's train, or clears off the dishes after the tenor has put a kink in the plot by vocally declaring that his love has flown; still, at heart, he is a born comedian. As a rule they are very much oppressed with this fact and seem to feel that they must always have something witty, ready to spring on the first person they meet. Were they to divulge the innermost secrets of their hearts, they would all be found to have prepared a number of spicy quips to spring on Saint Peter, on their way to the Celestial City.

There seems to be one striking peculiarity, as well as similarity, in the use of facial contortion,

gesticulation, and the emitting of strange noises, on the part of this class of "born comedians." For example, if you should be so fortunate as to meet one of these persons in some public place, it will at once become noticeable how given they are to attractive display. You probably greet your friend as nonchalantly as possible, stilling the fluttering of your heart, and remark in a loud tone of voice—so that everyone in the vicinity may hear: "Well, Jim, how's the show?"

THIS very natural remark will elicit astonishing results. He winks his eye, smiles economically out of one corner of his mouth, sits down beside you, offers you a cigar, jerks it away just as you are about to take it, and then floods the air with peels of joyous laughter. Of course you join in. Probably something very funny has happened which your slower, less perceptive intellect has failed to grasp. After the gale has subsided somewhat you straighten out your face, and he begins. As you listen you gaze in fascination at the paint left on his eyelids, and recall rather wistfully, that you always had a great deal of dramatic talent yourself. He has assumed a confident, condescending air, which leaves no room for doubt but what he, and George Cohan, and David Belasco, would make just the jolliest little party ever.

It isn't long before he notices your necktie and flips it out with some clever repartee about "a tie score," or something of the kind. This is very funny when properly done, especially if you are trying to hide the frayed edges underneath your vest. He pulls the ribbon on the lady's bonnet in front of you, and when she turns indignantly around, leaves you to make explanations as best you may. This also is highly amusing. Now and then he rises from his seat in the train and pretends to yank the bell-cord in emphasis of some joke he has just "cracked"—or otherwise injured. This is delightful, as it causes the entire car-full to focus their gaze upon you. It is always best, if you are wearing a derby hat, to keep it out of sight as much of the time as possible. They can extract lots of comedy out of a derby hat—not to mention the lining. Never attempt to tell a funny story, as he has either heard it already, or it reminds him of a better one.

MANY people claim that the best attitude to assume, when conversing with a born comedian, is that of an attentive dictograph. I have found, by experiment, that an emulation of a soft sponge is much more effective. In that way you can absorb his jokes, very much as the latter does, or did, absorb the stale beer on a mahogany bar, and squeeze them out again after he leaves. Do not clap, for that may start him talking about the "road." This is to be avoided at any cost; unless you have never heard the joke about the audience "who was six feet tall," and other such witty remarks. When speaking

of the "road" he will attempt to give you the impression that his life thereon is one dizzy round of pleasure; that his time is about equally divided between amusing charming young ladies met on the train, and picking his teeth in front of swell hotels. He very conscientiously avoids any mention of the "railway sandwich," the gutta-percha pie, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness, crawls from its lair, and besieges him at night. He has a sort of accommodation memory when it comes to these things and whatever he lacks in veracity he makes up for in vivid beauty. So, whenever he rolls his eyes and commences to talk dreamily of the "road," do everything in your power to stop him. If necessary wave your handkerchief before his face, or laugh at something he hasn't said yet, and he will be recalled to the present.

I met one once, who had a certain distinction about his jokes which led me to take a lively interest in his welfare. This man was very fat, one of that kind of men who arouse your curiosity as to just how they manage to cut their corns in the evening. He was possessed of a high, squeaky voice which was the more delightful the farther away you got from it. His face was very large, and apparently came in sections. He had two sets of chins, and above the upper set hung his cheeks; they were very swollen, evidently from forcing so much hot air through his face. In fact, it would not take much of a stretch of the imagination to conceive of his being inflated every morning by his valet with a pair of pneumogastric bellows.

A great diplomat once said that language was made to conceal thought, but the born comedian goes a step further; he manages to conceal an entire intellectual vacuum. As a rule he is a man who deserves nothing, yet grumbles if he gets it. He takes the attitude that the world owes him a hearing, and that, if you treat him well—and often—he will repay you with many a merry quip and jest. His humor is the illegitimate child of a distorted mentality, and no mortal man—and, as the preacher correctly stated, the men embrace the women—ever yet could follow the involutions of his remarkable brain.

BUT, of course, the born comedian is not all bad. Comparatively few born comedians are to be found in American prisons, which proves that, in spite of the life they lead, they are not demoralized. The born comedian, in fact, has many qualities which, under normal conditions, would pass unnoticed. He has faith in his art, and "faith without works is dead"—and so is the born comedian. But after all, it is just as well that no cenotaph rises to commemorate the life of the particular species of which I speak, that no flowers are strewn over his grave, and that no well-meaning orator misapplies his art by commending his heroism. A graceless animal, the born comedian who feels that he has to be funny! A barnacle upon the solid bottom of legitimate humor—one of whom the born comedian is which!



(Right)

Edna Bates, who plays the title rôle in "Honey Girl," the popular musical hit, understudied Julia Sanderson in "The Canary" for two seasons before essaying her present rôle



Campbell



Ira L. Hill

FAY EVELYN

A charmingly demure picture of an attractive and frolicsome member of the "Florodora" sextette



© Strauss-Peyton

FLORENCE TIMPONI

Who has earned the title of "the modern Nora Bayes" for her clever performances in "Little Simplicity," and more lately in Keith vaudeville





Hutchinson

**MME. BORGNY  
HAMMER**

*A favorite at the National Theatre of Christiania, and a noted interpreter of Ibsen's characters, who will shortly present the Ibsen plays on the American stage, according to the Norwegian tradition*



White

**JANE MANNERS**

*A prominent member of the East-West Players, who met with success in leading rôles in the bill of one-act plays presented recently*



Hachrach

**CHARLES K.  
GORDON**

*In the unique and original creation he wore at an exclusive costume ball in Boston recently. The bolero of THEATRE MAGAZINE covers, with their striking colors, against the pale grey satin, made an effective showing*



Hixon-Connelly

**CHIEF OS-KO-MON**

*A virile and skilful dancer, who made an immediate and well-deserved hit in "Hitchy-Koo"*





From a photograph by DeMeyer

#### ANN PENNINGTON

*The pert and diminutive dancer, who is now being featured in "George White's Scandals of 1920." She is as fascinating as a Mexican Bandit as she is in her charming Mechanical Piano Doll Dance, and, as usual, is full of pep*



# PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

## No. 4 ELSIE FERGUSON



CRITICS may come and critics may go. They may debate and differ, which seems the province of their varied brotherhood. They may rest in their graves—if critics do. One fact is unshakable as the eternal hills. That is that Elsie Ferguson holds undisputed place in the admiration of American girls. She is their glass of fashion and their mould of form. There is a large and growing Elsie Ferguson cult. Once it was composed of young girls who saw her in plays. It has been increased a thousand-fold since she lent her personality to the screen. They pay to her the tribute of imitation. We see the Elsie Ferguson walk. We observe the Elsie Ferguson poise of the head. We see the Elsie Ferguson trimly shod, patrician Elsie Ferguson foot. We see copies of the Elsie Ferguson gowns. And we hear amusing reproductions of the Elsie Ferguson voice, imitation as usual, showing the faults rather than the virtues. For the imitation Elsie Ferguson voice as registered on our suffering tympanum is a cross between an attack of bronchitis and a long drawn tremolo on a bass viol.

There is warrant for the prayer, "Lord, show us not ourselves as our admirers see us." The imitation Elsie Ferguson voice must sorely rasp the real Elsie Ferguson.

Girls, however untutored, are struck with the elegance of Miss Ferguson's personality. They quickly comprehend that the apparent simplicity of her frocks and hats represents the most expensive artistry. They note that in her walk is breeding, in her walk a fine self-control. They vote silently, unanimously, that she is worthy of imitation, and they imitate her.

THERE is a further phase of her that they would like to imitate were it not denied them by laws and distance. That is the side of her that Elsie Ferguson turns in her private capacity of Mrs. Thomas Clarke, Jr. She is the wife of the good-looking, self-possessed young vice-president of the Harriman National Bank, and the chateau of a large and beautiful apartment on what has become the smartest boulevard in New York, Park Avenue. The apartment has the air of being old rather than new, which is precisely what the young Mrs. Clarke wishes. The elder Thomas Clarke, a man of great wealth and of social altitude, has a fad for old furnishings. He is a collector of objects of art and an authority as to them. His beauteous daughter-in-law set mischievously about making a collection of old rugs and tapestries and chairs and pictures which should equal in quality, if not in number, his own aggregation of ancient, beautiful and costly possessions. When they were arranged quite to her fastidious liking, she invited her papa-in-law to dine with the junior Clarkes in their new home.

He surveyed her home through an extra pair of glasses. Through one room after another she led him until he had completed the circuit as fully as she had in those days of her beginnings, when she played forty weeks of one-night stands. "Well, father?" she said, as she lighted his cigarette.

"Well, Elsie?" he answered. "Your taste is perfect. But you must have spent a fortune."

"My dear papa-in-law," she rejoined, "must I remind you again that I am of Scotch origin?

Therefore prudent? I will give you the cost of my bargains, and you may tell me whether I have been imposed upon by wicked tradesmen."

Another tour of the rooms. A mental tagging of each with a price by the elder Mr. Clarke, and a statement of the amount paid by Mrs. Clarke, Jr.

"My dear," was the paternal comment in tones of amazement, "you have done as well as I could after twenty years of collecting. You have done better."

Wherefore, legion of girls who want to be like Elsie Ferguson, there is a new quality to emulate. She is a shrewd shopper. By all means, copy her model of the housewife in this, the seventh year of the High Cost of Living.

LIKE most attractive women, Miss Ferguson is a human prism. Turn her again and the girls who imitate her will see a new side. A strictly new side, for these young admirers of hers had not troubled their youthful thought centres greatly about votes for women. Elsie Ferguson has thought a great deal about the subject. I heard her, from her place at the long table on the dais, where sat the guests of honor at a dinner at which Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and Mrs. Charles Tiffany were hostesses, say: "We have been busy convincing men that we are their equals. Now we must show them that we are their superiors."

Before she sailed with her secretary for four months in the Orient, she announced her candidature for president. He was of soldierly timber—General Wood. She said: "General Wood would be the ideal President, particularly at this time. He has a wonderful mind, and has had remarkable experience. He is the best type of American, fearless, wise and firm, but not regarding himself as Deity. He would choose wise lieutenants and leave the conduct of their several departments to them. We would not have a one-man government."

"Yes; I have some information upon politics. I make time to inform myself. I think every woman should. Now that we have the franchise, it is our duty to study politics, and to inform ourselves as to the relative merits of parties, platforms and candidates. Ignorant women will vote as they are told to, and intelligent women must offset that evil by taking the trouble to know what they want, what they should do, and then do it."

TURN the human prism again and we find a side more readily comprehensible to the girl who would be as Elsie Ferguson. That is the ethical side. Miss Ferguson discourses on every woman's duty. What is it, think you? The development of personality? The cultivation of the individual talent to the uttermost? No. Let Miss Ferguson herself tell you.

"It is every woman's duty to help make her world as beautiful as she can."

Not alone by making her person as lovely as possible. Miss Ferguson concedes that is important, but she doesn't stress it. Hear her further.

"Girls reiterate the same words and phrases because they have no choice of words. For in-

stance, they say, 'Isn't it lovely?' about a new hat, a new baby, a box of candy, a magnificent landscape, or a beefsteak. They are suffering from a defective vocabulary. And every one who hears them suffers."

"They ought to be taught to increase their vocabulary. They can do this by reading good, well-selected books. And by committing to memory verse or prose passages that appeal to the imagination and are particularly fine examples of the English language. They can enrich their diction, too, by the study of another language. I always crave the chance to say to girls of absurdly small vocabularies, 'Learn your own language, and while learning it study another. You want to see the world? That is easy. You can create a new world without leaving your own home by learning a new language.'"

Yes, there is something of the didactic in Elsie Ferguson. She is studious and imparts what she studies in thoughtful, student manner. She would have been an excellent teacher and popular. But she is of ebullient spirits, too, in the moments when she allows herself to forget the multitude of details which attends a production or a picture. The weight of these age and sober her. She is accurate to a painful degree. She is painstaking to meticulousness. But her loyal husband remarks: "If she hadn't been so thorough, she wouldn't have gone so far."

She likes to recall the early autumn days, nearly eleven years ago, when she learned that she had suddenly been made a star. She had been appearing for six days in Channing Pollock's play, "Such a Little Queen." The late manager, Henry B. Harris, sensing her stellar quality, resolved to spell her name in electric letters above the door of his theatre at the next performance. He did not tell her of his plan. She read it in the morning newspapers.

I JUMPED up and down in bed to express my 'delight,' she says, dimpling at the recollection.

But that was in her own room, when she was her girlish self. After she makes her way through the stage entrance the sense of responsibility weighs almost crushingly upon her. Men and women have formed a line and are buying tickets for the performance. She must give them her best. Even after the performance she is not able to shake off that weighting responsibility until she has reached her Park Avenue home. Not even though her husband tells her ludicrous tales of the humors of banking.

"The author took Richard Bennett and me back to see you after a performance of 'Such a Little Queen,'" I prompted her memory.

"Yes," she said, "I remember it well."

I wondered if she remembered what I did with cameo-like distinctness. How Richard Bennett, his own laurels from the Barrie play, "What Every Woman Knows," fresh upon him, choked when he tried to praise her naive performance.

"You understand?" he asked.

"I do," she answered, and their grave eyes met. Gray eyes and young and very earnest they were. And that which lay behind the light in both pairs has carried them farther than either of them knew.

ADA PATTERSON.





Charlotte Fairchild

#### LADA

*Born and trained in America is this lightfooted dancer. The daughter of a prominent millionaire on the Pacific Coast, she dances for the sheer love and beauty of it. Next season she will continue her successful tour of the United States*

(Below)

#### GERTRUDE HOFFMAN

*In the fantastic costume she wears for her dance, "The Soul of the White Peacock," Miss Hoffman is delighting vaudeville audiences in this unique creation and in imitations of other dancers, which she has made popular*



Maurice Goldberg





Edward Thayer Monroe

**BILLIE BURKE**

*As steady as ever is our own Billie, who returns from the movies to the stage next season in a new play to be presented by her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr.*



Monroe

**TALLULAH BANKHEAD**

*A delightful young ingénue who serves an apprenticeship on the screen and is winning dramatic honors in "Foot Loose"*



Photocraft

**PHYLLIS POVAH**

*An attractive and gifted player appearing in this season's artistic triumph, "Abraham Lincoln"*

**FLOWERS THAT BLOOM ON BROADWAY**





Photocraft

Grace Knell, Gerald Hamer and Gordon Burby, in the last act of "Nightshade." The husband, aiming to kill his own father, shoots his wife instead. This play which was full of strong scenes, was presented at special matinees at the Garrick Theatre



White

Russell Hopton, Marie Whitney and Robert Emmett Keane, in "An Innocent Idea," a farce of hotel life, beds and the usual complications recently at the Fulton Theatre



# IS STAGE MATRIMONY A FAILURE?

*Some theatrical matches lead to the divorce courts  
but many are monuments to domestic bliss*

By HELEN TEN BROECK



AT a recent meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the potent grave and reverend master of the great American Intellect seriously discussed the profound question, "Is Stage Matrimony a Failure?" and as seriously decided that it is. And also that it isn't.

Rupert Hughes, happily married for many years to a lovely actress, Marion Manola's daughter—and theatregoers of twenty years ago still remember Marion Manola's heavenly voice and lustrous eyes; and George Creel the lucky husband of Blanche Bates—Arts and Science-ers both—quite naturally uphold the institution of stage marriage as a monument to domestic bliss, while other Academicians, shaking out feathers ruffled in a frenzied flight through the divorce courts, declare that the path of glory as it wends its way across the stage leads to the grave of wedded bliss.

But by and large the proportion of stage marriages that are successful—that is to say permanent and happy, is quite as great as in other walks of life. Take some of the elder stage celebrities. There is W. H. Crane whose marriage to Emma Kraighn was, up to the time of Mrs. Crane's death a short time ago, ideally happy through a period of more than forty years. Richard Mansfield—notably a restless and unhappy spirit on the stage—found harmony and lasting content in his marriage to Beatrice Cameron. John Drew's domestic life was rendered beautiful in the tie that bound him to his lovely wife, Josephine Baker Drew, whose death, three years ago, was sincerely mourned by all sorts and conditions of stage and society people. Equally happy is the marriage of the Chauncey Olcotts whose domestic altar is lit by a lasting flame of wedded bliss.

WILLIAM Collier, who married his leading lady, Paula Marr, some years ago, is a model of domesticity, and so is Lionel Barrymore, whose wife, pretty Doris Rankin, usually plays opposite him. Emily Fames finds in her marriage with Emilio de Gorgoza a deeper and more radiant content than her lyric triumphs bestowed, and the marriage of Susan Metcalfe with Pablo de Casals and of Alma Gluck with Efrem Zimbalist—are they not written in the book of bliss.

Elsie Ferguson finds her domestic life one glad sweet song to the accompaniment of her good-looking husband, young "Tom" Clarke. Jane Cowl is very happy in her marriage to Adolph Klawner who was an actor before he became a newspaper man and a newspaper man before he became a producing manager. Holbrook Blinn is admirably cast in the rôle of Benedick, the married man in a domestic drama in which his wife, Ruth Benson, is the other player. As a consistent believer in the matrimonial institution, the stage points with pride to De Wolf Hopper, who has been led to the altar of hymen in his day by several sanguine brides. To be sure, Mr. Hopper's marriages have lacked the element of permanence, but he solemnly swears that they have always been happy—while they lasted, and today, accompanied by the fifth Mrs. Hopper,

he declares himself anchored permanently in the harbor of wedded bliss.

William Hodge led pretty Helen Hale to the minister's house years ago, and the married life of the couple is radiantly happy. So is that of pretty Billie Burke, who in private life is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld.

Notably is stage matrimony a success in the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner. It must be quite twenty-five years since Mr. Skinner, then a rising young romantic actor, married Miss Maude Durbin, his leading lady. Not only has Mrs. Skinner been a conspicuously successful wife, but she has recently qualified as a dramatist, providing her husband with his present starring vehicle.

LOUIS Mann and Clara Lipmann have upheld very triumphantly the banner of domestic bliss and stage success during their married life of many years. Mrs. Mann has also written several of the plays produced by her husband. Little Josephine Victor, whose great popularity as the heroine of "Martinique" one of the present season's later successes, is the talk of the moment, is happily married to Francis Reid, the promoter of publicity to the firm of Klaw and Erlanger and of Charles Frohman. Mr. Reid, it may be said, cheers very loudly for stage marriages and declares a conviction based upon personal experience as well as observation that stage matrimony is a glorious and wonderful institution.

Grace George owes domestic happiness as well as professional success to her marriage to William A. Brady, who as producing manager, stage director and actor, is more than qualified for the better half—or the other—of the sketch. Then, of course, there are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coburn, who produce and act together in perfect accord, professional and matrimonial. William Faversham and Julie Opp have, like the Old Dutch in the song, "*Lived together now for nigh on fifteen years, and it don't seem a day too much*," for their married life—blessed with two splendid sons—has been a radiant refutation of the slander against stage marriages. Many a Sabbath day's journey might one travel and fail to find a happier marriage than that of Frank Bacon, beloved star of "Lightnin'," and his accomplished wife, who before she concluded to star in the purely domestic rôle of wife and grandma, was the support and inspiration of her husband through many years of such vicissitudes as fall to the roving stock actor on the Pacific slope.

NEVER a single cloud has dimmed the domestic horizon of the Bacons, and "mother" is as young, as lovely, as full of grace and charm to "Pa Bacon" today as when their wedding bells rang out more than thirty years ago. Each of the triple stars of "Three Wise Fools"—Howard Gould, Harry Davenport and Claude Gillingwater, contracted stage marriages which

have been emphatically successful. Harry Davenport, as you know, wooed pretty Phyllis Rankin when both were singing, "*When We Are Married, How Happy We'll Be*," in the "Belle of New York," more than "umpty" seasons ago.

Laurette Taylor as a stage wife finds her greater happiness in the home circle. Miss Taylor's husband is Hartley Manners, who was Mrs. Langtry's leading man before he abandoned the footlights to become a star dramatist. And the list might be indefinitely extended, for the Directory of the Stage bristles with names of happily married couples, and that stage matrimony is bound to be successful sooner or later is further demonstrated by the fact that theatrical ventures in matrimony which terminate unhappily are almost invariably succeeded by more fortunate alliances which never contribute to the income of the divorce specialist.

Of these are several of the alliances mentioned above, but conspicuously happy are the second ventures of Blanche Ring, whose husband, Charles Winninger, is equally successful as comedian and as head of the house.

One of the happiest of stage unions is that of George M. Cohan, whose present wife, formerly a lovely actress in her husband's company, named Merrill, retired from the stage upon marriage and presides with great grace and dignity over her charming home in Great Neck. Four lovely children have blessed this ideal alliance.

Richard Bennett's second marriage to Adrienne Morrison gives most emphatic denial to the rumor that stage matrimony is a failure, and so does that of Virginia Harned to William Courtenay, and of James K. Hackett to Beatrice Beckley, one of the most beautiful actresses England ever lent to our stage.

ALL the stage knows the constant and utter devotion of David Warfield to his beautiful invalid wife, and a tradition of real happiness in the theatre is the marriage—blessed with one sturdy son of Samuel Forrest, the stage director and gentle Mary Ryan. Annie Russell's marriage to Oswald Yorke is a union that has broadened the work and enriched the life of both. Marie Cahill is most congenially married to Daniel V. Arthur—once her manager, and May Irwin has found complete domestic happiness at a fireside shared by Curt Eisselt, who was an actor before he became Miss Irwin's manager and her spouse. Any reference to happy stage marriages would be incomplete without allusion to the happy domesticity of that pair of twin stars, Lew Fields and "little Joe" Weber. Both these unions have stood the acid tests of time and travel, and each is ideally happy. Among the lyric artists who have found married life "one grand sweet song," are Louise Homer, whose marriage to Sidney Homer the songwriter, has been most successful; Marcella Sembrich, with Dr. William Stengl, whose union—ended, alas, by the grim, inevitable divorce of death—was truly a bond of bliss.

"Is Stage Matrimony A Failure?" With such witnesses what answer is possible but a loud unanimous "NO."





White

**DORIS LLOYD**

*A beauty who will uphold the tradition of the Winter Garden chorus*

## BEAUTY IN THE SUMMER CROP OF PLAYS



Photocraft

**MARYON VADIE**

*A fair-haired, dainty and winsome top-dancer*



Goldberg

**JESSICA BROWN**

*Whose athletic dancing has made her a valuable asset in musical comedy*

(Left)

**BILLIE WAGNER**

and

(Right)

**MARIE STAFFORD**

*two of the prettiest members of the chorus*



Campbell



Johnston

IN "CINDERELLA ON BROADWAY" AT THE WINTER GARDEN





Alfred Cheney Johnston



Apeda

BLANCHE PARKS

*A new beauty to join the Ziegfeld ranks*



Apeda

MARY EATON

*This personable young player, who danced successfully in "The Royal Vagabond," has come into her own in the "Ziegfeld Follies"*

BABE MARLOWE

*Another highly decorative member of the chorus*

I N T H E ' ' Z I E G F E L D F O L L I E S ' '





Johnston

**EVA BRADY**

*A dark-haired, blue-eyed Irish beauty*



**MARGARET IRVING**

*Who playgoers will remember in "Jack O'Lantern" and "Chin Chin," is now lending her beauty to the "Follies"*



Apeda

**BETTY MORTON  
AND  
(Left) ALTA KING**

*Two potent reasons for the success of the "Follies"*



A T T H E N E W A M S T E R D A M T H E A T R E





Photos White

CHRISTINE WELFORD



DOT BUCKLEY

A QUARTETTE OF SCANDAL-  
OUSLY PRETTY GIRLS



KATHERINE MANNION



PEGGY DOLAN

IN THE "SCANDALS OF 1920" AT THE GLOBE



# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



44TH STREET. "THE FALL AND RISE OF SUSAN LENOX." Play in three acts and ten scenes by George V. Hobart, being a dramatization of David Graham Phillips' story. Produced on June 7 with this cast:

George Warham	Walter Walker
Mrs. Warham	Anne Sutherland
Ruth Warham	Charline Thomas
Betty	Marie Vernon
Maud	Jane Williams
Belle	Gladys Dale
Lula	Justine Braun
Mary	Eleanor Pendleton
Susan Lenox	Alma Tell
Sam Wright	Harry Southard
Thomas Wright	Albert Sackett
Kesiah Ferguson	Grace Hampton
Jeb Ferguson	Robert T. Haines
Robert Burlingham	Philip Lord
Gregory Tempest	John W. Cowell
Jess	Henry Lyons
Elbert Eshwell	Douglas Cosgrove
Violet Anstruther	Georgina Such
Mabel Connomora	Anna Straton
Samuel Greenbrier	Louis Mountjoy
Roderic Spencer	Perce Benton
Rufus Small	Adin Wilson
Gladys	Beatrice Noyes
Victoria	Clara Burton
Etta Brashear	Marie Jepp
Marie	Irene Matthews
Elliot Ray	James Wolf
"Fish Hawk" Morris	Paul Stewart
Barney	John Abbott
Cora	Isabel Grey
Mr. Gideon	Edward Talbot

WHEN, some years ago, the late David Graham Phillips' only posthumous novel was published, I began to read it. I must have gotten through a couple of chapters when some one disappeared with the two fat volumes. Somehow, my curiosity had not been sufficiently stimulated, for I never sought later to get a copy of it, and to this day I am in ignorance of just what experiences the author put his heroine, Susan Lenox, through.

But those in the know tell me the theatrical version of her "Fall and Rise" differs materially from that which went into cold type. My ignorance of the author's intentions, therefore, permits me impartially to judge whether George V. Hobart has written a good play, for I am prejudiced neither by what he has left out of Mr. Phillips' spirit and accomplishment, or by what he has contributed from his own gray matter.

As far as my judgment is concerned, Susan must either rise or fall on her own merits. As a play, there-

fore, I say it is of unequal value. It has some capital scenes well written and well developed, some are pretty cheap and tawdry, but it is a thoroughly interesting melodrama of a type once most popular in which constant action and adventure take the place of character exposition. It is so consistently episodic that I should think it would make an ideal film. I don't object to panoramic detail in the theatre. It is certainly very much easier to endure than the output of would-be exponents of the school who project a thesis and then try to sustain it by interminable talk, pertinent and impertinent, witty or otherwise, more usually the latter.

Susan, as she functions at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, certainly has a hectic time of it, but her "pilgrimage," as Mr. Hobart styles her series of adventures, ends happily—that is, if you call living in Cincinnati as the wife of a sappy department store owner the realization of a mundane triumph.

Susan falls; she is married off by her self-righteous relatives to a drunken sot, escapes to begin a career as an actress on an Ohio River showboat, is forced to fly again when offers of a reward tempt her mercenary associates. Then comes life in the city which Pat Moran has made famous. Here her associates are far from what they should be, but she rises superior to her environment and comes into her own as a model. After rebuffing an oily and salacious buyer she wins Mr. Department Store's heart and retires to a highly overwrought, ornate home, where she splendidly shows her perfect charitableness by treating her recreant relatives with a politeness quite astonishing in the circumstances.

Susan was personated by Alma Tell, who registered her varying experiences with genuine histrionic skill. Her hard-hearted uncle was well acted by Walter Walker, as was his wife by Anne Sutherland. Susan's seducer I didn't like at all, nor her final husband, but the intermediate one, the drunken farmer, was rendered by Robert T. Haines in a thoroughly workmanlike and satisfactory manner. There was

genial humor in Philip Lord's old show manager, and the kind-hearted daughter of the streets was personated with glib pertness by Beatrice Noyes. "Fish Hawk" Morris, a Cincinnati apache, was picturesquely and dramatically rendered by Paul Stewart.

GLOBE. George White's "SCANDALS OF 1920." Musical revue, book by Andy Rice and George White, music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Arthur Jackson. Produced on June 14 with the following players:

Ann Pennington	George White
La Sylphe	Lou Holtz
Ethel Delmar	Lester Allen
Frances Arms	George Bickel
Christine Welford	George Rockwell
Darry Welford	Jack Rose
Myra Cullen	Lloyd Garret
Ruth Savoy	James Miller
Peggy Dolan	Yerkes Jazzy Six
Sasche Beaumont	Lester O'Keefe
Dorothy Buckley	Al Fox
Betty Marshall	James Steiger

GEORGE WHITE'S "Scandals of 1920" marks a distinct advance over the 1919 edition.

The weak point is still the matter of comedy. Lou Holtz again shares the principal burden in this respect with Lester Allen. The latter is often genuinely amusing; the former, only rarely so. And the material they both have to work with is distinctly second-rate.

The satire of this season's "Scandals" is chiefly concerned with the hackneyed topic of Prohibition. Last year's bar was on a ship outside the three-mile limit. This year the refreshments are served on an airship three miles up. But the jokes are by no means rarified with the increased altitude.

When the airship presently lands in Mexico, there is some ragtime rhyming *à la* George M. Cohan by a coryphee army and a sort of anti-masque composed of nondescript "generals." But still the Mexican situation remains unilluminated by any brilliant flashes of wit.

At one point in the proceedings the profiteering landlord is pilloried. At another, the political convention is held up to ridicule. The travesty, however, is in each case ponderous and primitive. It depends for



laughs on such devices as collapsing stairways, trapdoors and shattered straw hats.

Later on arises an opportunity to have some fun with the Russian drama, which of late has infested these parts. But again there is only the crudest burlesque, the rapier giving place altogether to the bludgeon.

All of which leads me to repeat the oft-reiterated question: Why don't they hire experts to write the books of these shows?

Plenty of money has been spent on the rest of the production. The settings are elaborate and handsome; the costumes, bizarre and artistic; the feminine contingent, voluptuous and alluring. As for music, there is plenty of it, though none is abnormally original or catchy. And nobody sings worth talking about.

The ever-dainty and delightful Ann Pennington is the deservedly featured player. Miss Pennington appears in half a dozen wigs and dances herself even more securely than ever into all hearts. As a mechanical doll stepping atop a grand piano, she is perfection very nearly approximated.

Mr. White himself appears only for a few minutes at the end of the show to imitate several well-known dancers, and then to be outdone by the young women he has trained. Most noteworthy among the remaining performers is the acrobatic La Sylphe, who cavorts in an entirely scandalous fashion—or, at least, it would be so were her harness ever to slip.

GARRICK. "THE DANCE OF DEATH." Play in two parts by August Strindberg. Translated by Edwin Bjorkman. Produced on May 9, with this cast.

Edgar	Albert Perry
Alice	Helen Westley
Judith	Pauline Polk
Curt	Dudley Digges
Allan	Robert Donaldson
Jenny	Valerie Stevens
The Old Woman	Mary Content Paleologue
The Lieutenant	Walter Geer

IN his search for positive protagonists, expressive of his peculiar dramatic psychology, Strindberg is inclined to lean toward the pathological. His theatre is distinctly neurotic. His representative characters all freely stray from the norm. The latest of his pieces of this description to have an initial production in this city was "The Dance of Death," which The Theatre Guild gave at a couple of performances for the exclusive edification of its regu-

lar subscribers and the press at the Garrick.

To tell his story Strindberg needs two evenings, but the Bjorkman translation in two parts was edited and revised into a single acting version composed of six acts by Henry Stillman. I don't think that any one would have seriously cavilled if Mr. Stillman had been even more drastic in his condensation. When so much depends upon the death of the central character, it is a trifle anticlimactic to have him revive after you have decided first that the initial stroke was deadly, and, second, that number two was surely fatal. When the third supervened, one still feared that Edgar's vitality was going to fool us again.

This character is most interesting and most wonderfully sustained. It is a supreme study in selfishness, demonstrating the devastating effect of a strong-willed egomaniac in his contact with society, which only terminates with his death. It is, of course, all told in a minor key mordantly bitter, almost cynically repulsive, and yet so convincing in the telling that one's interest is perfectly sustained. His will for evil is as potent as the disasters wrought by the fates in the old Greek tragedies.

Albert Perry's rendering of the character was notable for its fine grasp of the salient details and the graphic methods he employed in their outward manifestations. The wife, his principal victim, was portrayed with poignant vividness by Helen Westley and their child, a chip of the old block, was acted with a splendid sense of wanton wilfulness by Pauline Polk. Dudley Digges, Robert Donaldson and Walter Geer rounded out a cast of fine capacity. The one set designed by Lee Simonson was an artistic adjunct of vitalizing quality.

FULTON. "AN INNOCENT IDEA." Play in three acts by Martin Brown. Produced on May 25 with this cast:

Henry Bird	Robert Emmett Keane
Ernest Geer	Russell Fillmore
Philomena Rose	Miriam Doyle
Myrtilla Marne	Helen Barnes
Lily Dell	Antoinette Walker
Bonnie Wing	Claire Whitney
Mrs. Lord	Edna Archer Crawford
Mrs. Case	Florence Gerald
Fannie Fish	Rose Mintz
Chambermaid	Amy Ongley
Mrs. Coyle	Sadie Duff
Mrs. Lee	Elizabeth Alexander
Mrs. Turk	Renee Johnson
Henderson Wing	Loral Lake
Hector Home	Harold Howard
Waiter	Arthur Villars
Bell Boy	Teddy Hart

THE best I can say for Martin Brown's "An Innocent Idea," that it is amusing in spots. It starts out to be a burlesque—a *reductio ad absurdum*—on the bedroom farce, but it turns out to be merely dull.

The piece has an ingenious first act "curtain," when a hotel room containing two bachelors in bed, is suddenly darkened and a third bed, in which a strange blonde reposes, is thrust in. But nothing thereafter lives up to this incident in amusing qualities. And, as for the satire, it is concerned mostly with hotel life.

The plot is bafflingly complex. It deals with a playwright who refuses to make his "A Modern Galahad" anything like "Under Mary's Bed," a convention of bed manufacturers, and a young Lothario who has to be respectable for at least one night in order that he may win the presidency of their association and that the playwright may obtain the hand of a newspaper woman.

Involved in the intricate proceedings are a melancholy chambermaid, admirably played by Amy Ongley; a female house detective, a pair of actresses, three assorted "lady delegates," a vamp, a professor of mental science, and his flirtatious wife.

Robert Emmett Keane, the embodiment of cocksureness, works hard as "the most immoral man in Michigan." Not featured, but more effective is Russell Fillmore, as the unfortunate playwright. Claire Whitney makes a most personable flirt. And one of the actresses is Antoinette Walker, still as piquant and charming as she was in the days when she was Player Queen in Uncle Walker Whiteside's "Hamlet."

JEWISH ART THEATRE. EAST-WEST PLAYERS. Four one-act plays presented on May 21 with the following players:

Madeline Davidson	S. Robert Wyckoff
Dorothee Nolan	Allen W. Nagle
Edward Steinmetz	Ralph Cahn
Joseph Thurst	Edward Saunders
Gustav Blum	Michael Yamin
Jane Manners	Elies Brucker
Sid Ellen	

FORTUNATELY "The Wonder Hat," a ridiculous harlequinade by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, followed closely on the gruesome heels of Eugene O'Neill's tragedy, "Where the Cross Is Made," otherwise, the audience witnessing the East-West Players' performance at the Jewish Art Theatre might have gone home to a veritable mental ghost-rampage. The little tragedy is a morose thing, filled with the mutterings of two men whose



minds have gone astray dreaming over imaginary treasure, the wails of a young girl forced to live with the two maniacs, and the appearance of four malevolent looking creatures from the land of ghosts.

While we have never dived in occult things, and have never had the pleasure of meeting four honest-to-Patience-Worth ghosts, we leave it to our ouija-board if the four ghosts in this sketch were not the genuine ghostly article.

In addition to the harlequinade, which was a rather sorry bit of fluff, and the O'Neill tragedy, there were two other one-act plays: "Daniel," a comedy by Robert W. Sneddon, which seemed to have no particular point nor leave any definite impression, and St. John Ervine's "The Magnanimous Lover," which the East-West Players have given before, and which always proves a success.

GARRICK. YOUNG PEOPLE'S THEATRE, INC. "QUEEN OF HEARTS," by Madame Alberti, and "THE STEADFAST PRINCESS," by Cornelia Meigs. Presented on May 21 with these players:

Miriam Battista	Madeline King
Wilmot E. Heitland	D. Durland
Ottile Amend	I. M. Remick
Elizabeth Dale	Mae Romagna
Beatrice Becker	Ina M. Perego
Nora Stirling	Florence M. Halsted
Julia Davies	Marguerite Wilson
Constance Berry	Susan Jane Stiles
Morgan Farley	Arthur Bond
Ian Wolfe	Douglas Fisher
Edgar Stehli	Remo Bufano
Emma Briggs	Mrs. Charles Meredith
	Josephine Carter-Waddell

THE trouble with the majority of plays produced for children and young people is that they are arranged for boys and girls of too varied ages. Those back of and promoting the young people's theatre movements very often attempt to entertain the children of nursery age with the same plays they offer for their older brothers and sisters.

Running true to form, the Young People's Theatre, Inc., under the directorship of Madame Alberti, at its formal opening, presented "Queen of Hearts," her own creation, and termed a "fantastic pantomime." It was a boresome and infantile thing built around the tart episode in a popular nursery rhyme. It was dragged along for an hour or more, when it could have been given in one tableau. Babies couldn't understand it, and children or young people above the infant class, would be sure

to feel that it was an insult to their intelligence to be expected to view it.

The second half of the programme was a bit better and was taken up with "The Steadfast Princess," a Drama League prize play, by Cornelia Meigs. In the case of this semi-fairy play it was a bit too advanced for the average young person, and away above the heads of children.

GARRICK. "NIGHTSHADE." Play in four acts. Produced on June 7 with this cast:

Miriam	Content Paleologue
Ellen	Nell Hamilton
Ezra	Alfred Shirley
Howard	Gerald Hamer
Moll	Dorothy Quincy
Cora	Grace Knell
Geoffrey	Gordon Burby

NIGHTSHADE" is the title of an anonymous play lately presented at extra matinees at the Garrick Theatre. Its author has tried a curious experiment. Acting, apparently, on the theory that realism of dialogue should now be discarded along with realism of setting, he has made his characters—a set of New England farmers and their women—speak an idiom as foreign to life as is that of grand opera.

The hill folk of "Nightshade" have no dialect, no solecisms, no provincialisms. They speak with simplicity, but almost never with any trace of verisimilitude. Their conversation is larded with platitudinous moralizings. Not content with discourse upon the specific facts of their experience, they are forever generalizing. "Life is strange," "Life is a puzzle," and "That's the way of the hills" is the oft-repeated burden of their philosophy.

The plot is slight. Its central situation reminds me of Bataille's "Les Flambeaux," wherein Dr. Bouguet, the scientist, accords his discarded mistress to his co-worker, Dr. Blondel, as a wife—with disastrous consequences. In "Nightshade" a Nietzschean farmer gives his mistress to be his own son's wife. Ultimately the farmer's wife realizes the situation and tries to kill the girl. When she is balked in the attempt, the son, during a thunderstorm, shoots through a window, apparently aiming at his father, but only succeeding in killing the already crazed wife-mistress. It is a scene of violent melodrama superimposed on a play which, though at moments powerful, is dramatically tenuous.

The best of the acting was done by

Alfred Shirley, who made a cynical farmhand, a lurking and sinister figure, by far the most creditable one in the play. Gordon Burby perhaps did as much as the play permits with the elder farmer, but the rest of the players were ineffective. The piece was skillfully staged by Henry Stillman.

PLAYHOUSE. "SEEING THINGS." Farce in three acts by Margaret Mayo and Aubrey Kennedy. Produced on June 17 with this cast:

Andrew Adair	John Westley
James Moseley	Frank McIntyre
Gregory	Harry Lillford
Yogi	William Wadsworth
Constable	Jay Wilson
Olive Adair	Dorothy Mackaye
Patricia Bingham	Marion Vantine

THIS farce, presumably fathered by Aubrey Kennedy and doctored by Margaret Mayo (who, according to time-honored custom, therefore places her name first in the list of authors), is sheer inanity and ineptitude at their zenith.

It is one of those yogi and ouija-board things, with spirit-rappings and food snatched from behind a screen. Its authors surely had an extra-brilliant inspiration when they selected the supposed suicide of an overwrought young wife for their humorous situation!

Said wife is obsessed with the fear that her husband after her death will remarry. He doesn't deny the allegation promptly enough, and the thieving yogi encourages her belief. As a final test, she persuades a friend to report her drowned in the near-by lake, whereafter her frequent reappearances in the household are taken for ghostly manifestations by a husband who has apparently become a blithering idiot.

With this incredible material, a small cast does all that can humanly be expected of it. Dorothy Mackaye's valiant labors almost bolster the hysterical wife to the verge of reality. Frank McIntyre uses his physical peculiarities for the purposes of the only real fun in the piece, albeit his manner too often seems but a faithful copy of John Cumberland's.

Marion Vantine does the vamp-ing—oh, yes, they have a vamp in it, and everything—in a set of imperceptible hosiery. And John Westley is the husband bereft at one and the same moment of both wife and all semblance of human intelligence.

Altogether, it is a sad little affair, this business of "Seeing Things."



# WORKING WITH PINERO, BARRIE AND SHAW

*Well-known English-American actress compares  
the methods of the three master playwrights*

By HILDA SPONG



THE polished Pinero, the imaginative Barrie, the formidable Shaw—these are three lion-tamers of whom we players naturally stand a good deal in awe. Yet what a debt we owe them for the stimulation they have given the theatre, for bridging that swift current of theatricalism in which the old fashioned plays were threatening to inundate our artistic lives. Personally, I like the old fashioned plays, such as Tom Taylor wrote, for instance, and I much prefer any play of that period to the new problem plays in which we must always reckon with psychology.

People in real life never do anything because psychology tells them to. The psychological moment when it comes is forced on us. How many really know when it comes or what it is? Pinero never mentions it, Barrie abhors it, and Shaw annihilates it. Ibsen has been accused of it, and yet his characters on the stage are so simple, natural, real. Maeterlinck may need the word in an explanatory sense, and, of course, Oscar Wilde enjoyed it hugely, but it has never taken root on the British stage. If there are any psychological moments in the plays of these famous playwrights I have not interpreted them, and I have played most of the leading parts in their best plays.

Because they are all English playwrights, they form a particularly happy choice for me, since I am an English woman and understand the soil of their souls. Still these are only the impressions of an actress who has the most supreme awe of any one who writes.



NOT any one who typewrites, but anyone who creates. Of the three dramatists I know Pinero best. I have rehearsed with him, which means that I have felt the grip of a playwright who knows what he wants, and who insists upon eliminating what he does not want. He is beyond all others the autocrat of the stage. He leaves no detail to inspiration, no room for suggestion, no temperamental impulse can disturb the mathematical tranquility of his direction. It is said that as an actor he was far from inspiring, but as a playwright he requires no inspiration from the actors. I can imagine that Pinero enjoys the only perfect performance of his own play in his imagination. In this way, of course, he attends the first performance and sits in solemn state as critic and audience combined.

He began his playwriting career in "The Magistrate," a farce noted for its exceedingly fine characterization. Then he became serious and analytically brilliant. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was the first of his plays in which he revealed the interesting discoveries of his dissecting room. With keen penetration he ripped the soft layers of a woman's soul apart, and found a good deal of moral obliquity underneath. It did not help them to be English women either. Actresses and critics have insisted upon their own interpretation of what Pinero meant these sex-portraits of women to

be, but there is no deviation in Pinero's mind as to what they were like. Whether it is "Iris" or "Paula" or the woman in "Mid-Channel" the playwright did not intend them to be tests of temperament in the Theatre for trick acting. That is one thing Pinero has done for the Theatre since we must take his work respectfully, he has not written for trick actresses. They are perhaps one of his pet aversions, and that is why he insists upon teaching his actors with the most painstaking but severe instruction.



IT is his custom to take the actress he has chosen for a part on a promenade of confidential advice. It usually takes place at rehearsal. He takes you by the arm and while he strolls back and forth across the apron of the stage, he explains. He gives you the voice, the style, the walk, the gesture, the heart and brain of the character. After that he devotes three days to you exclusively, squeezes your inmost soul into the mould he wants. Then he takes the next character in the same way, and so on, till the actors are stirred from a lethargy of tricks to a spontaneity that defies imitation. I have said he was never regarded as a good actor when he was on the stage himself, but he can suggest all that he himself could not do. He treats the stage with all the reverence an artist has for a piece of white canvas upon which he is going to paint his masterpiece. He wants all the colors at rehearsal. He insists upon scenery, properties and costumes being ready before he directs the play. In "Trelawney of the Wells" the women wore their hoop skirts at all rehearsals. Not a word is ever altered, not a word is ever added, the breath of life is in the manuscript and woe be he who alters a sigh, a smile, a tear in it.

Some have wondered at Pinero's source of information about women. He has the most charming home life with his wife and children to whom he is devoted, and one feels in him a man of great kindness and aristocratic charm. One feels, also, however, that behind his penetrating keen clear eyes, there is a brain vivisection of your inner self. He draws you out in the most winning and interesting way, he is measuring you and you cannot resent it because it seems to be flattering. I always leave him with an uncomfortable feeling that I have been thoroughly dissected. I asked him recently why he had not written another Tanqueray play, and he said it was because there were no actresses to write for.



THERE is a warmth about Pinero's plays, however, a heart throb that makes one believe he is an emotional writer. I should not consider him a mental type exclusively. His tragedies are those of deep emotional perception, constructively perfect, no doubt, but far beyond the horizon of Shaw's emotionalism, or Barrie's tender whimsicality of thought. Pinero's characters are not English clay, they are mixed with the

Oriental fire and fate of foreign blood, as he is himself. That of course only adds to the emotional scope of his parts. Personally, I like the big, wholesome, feminine English character, meeting a crisis with the unerring traditions of devotion to the men of the household. We spoil our men in England, but they are ours, and we must love them as we wish to.

There is nothing of the foreign nature in Barrie's plays or in Shaw's. Their women are strictly British, as Oscar Wilde's women were, or R. C. Carton's. Carton never conceived such women as the more modern playwrights, because he was essentially gentle, tender, uncompromisingly faithful to his ideal. Ideals are talked about today, but are they realized? Are they understood in the deeper sense of their importance to every day? We tramp over them in the mad anxiety to reach the "great day" of our lives, forgetting that every day is the big day according to the respect and love and gentleness we put into it.

I can imagine that Barrie never loses an ideal in any day. They are all big days to him because he seems to be riding his gentle hobby of satire without jolt. No fiery steed of runaway violence is it, no racing spirit of impatient speed inspires it. And yet, Shaw might have conceived some of Barrie's women. They look alike, they are alike in their souls, but Barrie smiles with them and Shaw be-devils them, stimulates them out of themselves. I don't think Barrie could possibly conceive Shaw's women, because Shaw strips them of their sentimental adornment and leaves them to their fate.



NOT that Shaw is lacking in heart, but he prefers the mental sympathy with women to the poetic sympathies of Barrie. I don't suppose any play of Barrie's has passed the rehearsal test without doubts as to its success. He takes his serious theme and arm in arm they stroll away together from the beaten paths of dramatic principles. He says to his theme, "Now look here, you serious dear old thing, take off your spectacles, put on a soft collar and we'll go for an open-air stroll. Don't talk too much, whistle if you can, and together we will think out a play that has fairies in it. We won't talk about symbolism, or psychology, or epigram, and yet, mind you, old man, we won't forget them entirely, because that's why I need your help."

There is nothing of the autocrat about Barrie. As he hides behind the smoke-screen of his pipe, we get an idea of him only from his lines, and they are in the voice of the poet. In studying a Barrie part I find the women sensible, simple, natural to a fault. There is not a character in "Dear Brutus" that is extraordinary or dramatic, or startlingly clever. They are the most ordinary people, talking in common-place language and thinking as obstinately and sometimes as tenderly as ordinary people do. When the satire intrudes it is as grateful as an ideal, because it is warmed with the tolerant humor of one who finds humanity without lasting sting. It is a joy to

(Concluded on page 34)



**N**ESTLING in an amphitheatre of green hills on the Island of Mount Desert, where the mountains kiss the sea, lies a beautiful Greek temple, where music lovers from all over the world worship. It is the Building of Arts at Bar Harbor, Maine. No lovelier setting could be found for so lovely a temple dedicated to the inspiring and interpretative arts of the voice, instrument, and motion. Around this modern temple of art in July and August gather one of the most critical audiences in America. Built a few years ago, the Building of Arts was the outcome of a gathering of a few lovers of music, and since that time has become the shrine of musicians from all over the world. The foremost musicians, actors, singers and dancers have given their art within its corinthian col-



*The Building of Arts,  
Bar Harbor, Maine*



*The Washington Square Players  
bring their art to the Greek Temple*

umns. Only a partial list includes the names of Mme. Emma Eames, who sang at the opening concert; Josef Hofmann, Fritz Kriesler, Alma Gluck, Gabrielle Gills, Olive Fremstad, Nijinsky, Ruth St. Denis, the Washington Square Players, the Coburn Players, Edith Wynne Matthison, Olive Oliver, Mlle. Novaes. The



*An al fresco rehearsal*



*Among those present*

Trustees and Board of Governors consist of Mr. George Dorr, Mrs. Robert Abbe, Mrs. Henry Dimock, and Mr. Dave Hennen Morris, who are the custodians, though the building is now included in the property taken over by the United States Government for the new National Lafayette Park. The committee of music and entertainment, headed by Miss F. M. Cottenet, is elected each year, and has proved a tremendous success financially and artistically. The regular season is on the Saturdays in August, and includes two concerts, and generally two plays given in the pine grove open-air theatre at the side of the building, though hardly a day passes in July and August without the building being occupied by some great artist.

A D R A M A T I C T E M P L E B Y T H E S E A



play one of Barrie's women because they confirm ideals that, in the usual course of events, seem so difficult to find. He picks them up as he goes along with an eager delight as if he had not expected to find them. And in the same way the audiences feel that they have found them themselves, in spite of the play and the playwright. The art with which Barrie accomplishes this defies imitation. Like Caruso in his way, no one else can make the heart sing like Barrie.

I AM not quite sure that Barrie's satire is related to the satirical impulse as we usually understand it. Satirical impulse is an acid flavor, designed to slay the opponent. No one, I fancy could indulge in satirical debate with Barrie without losing something of the antagonism of satire. He simply won't assume that human nature is wrong, no matter how complex the circumstances may be. He is a poet, just as Dickens was, with that boundless sympathy. Contempt is not in him, nor exaggeration, nor malice. He is like poets who deny that life is competitive, because they find it so inspiring. Barrie does not object to changes at rehearsal, because he has the tolerance of a man who understands others.

Between Barrie and Shaw, there is the difference of perspective and color. Just as one artist sees one color and the second artist sees quite a different color, though they are looking at the same ideal, Barrie and Shaw apply their satirical strokes in their pictures. I find Barrie's women are women I have always known, and I find Shaw's cleverer than most women.

The best, I think, of the Shaw women is Candida. I have played Candida, studied her with the industry and misgivings that Shaw's women impose upon an actress, and I find her the most understandable. Beside her in point of life-likeness, I put Lesbia in "Getting Married." They are different women, but essentially sound. Both are also essentially English. Candida is a Junoesque type of English woman, whose battle is with the pigmy egotism of man. She penetrates their formulas of thought and feelings, sustains their bombastic souls in spite of her vision of bombast in them, and does what so many English women do with their men. mother them in escro. I liked Candida because she was a woman of pure emotion and her feminine reasoning was logical. In Lesbia I found another woman, poised, clever, living from the center of her heart.

On the whole, I think Shaw's satire is perhaps too obviously purposeful, it spreads from the blazing mentality of his literary taste. He frequently gives the actress speeches that require the most careful articulation. They are so hard to speak, one gets so easily tongue-tied with them that they seem to be turned out of steel. Like barbed wire they entangle one's speech. His lines are not the flowing simplicity of every day, they are the highly polished product of literary craftsmanship. They are handed out as if they had come straight from the cleaners, with that stiff, glossy finish and a slightly acid odor to them that one finds in a pair of gloves that have been cleaned, and that were so much softer when they were new. Not that Shaw's plays are anything but the most original of satirical form known to the theatre. But he seems to delight in playing hand ball with his lines, he loves to watch them bounce when they hit the stage. His plays are more brilliant in their mental aspect than Pinero's, and more defiant than Barrie's satirical mood, but Shaw's women are intensely clever to begin with, or they turn out to be intensely clever before the play is finished. He seems to be determined to show that whatever emancipation for women may bring about, it will make them mentally brilliant which is a desirable outlook. How true it is doesn't matter. My own experience in acting Shaw parts is that the author insists that women are mental in spite of their emotions, and that their emotions are more or less a part of their mental campaign against man.

IN an entirely different way does Shaw approach the theme of his play than Barrie. Shaw does not take his theme into his confidence, he leaps out upon the old gentleman, tells him what a stupid old thing he is, and having driven him away, establishes an entirely new one of his own. I have often wondered whether Shaw understands women at all, whether he cares to understand them, whether he doesn't prefer to make them over to suit his intellectual aspirations for them. And yet there are places in the voluminous industry of his dramatic writings, which reveal a great deal of heart. It is a peculiar heart, not jumpy or irregular, it never beats too fast but you could always hear it thumping. He seems to despise sentiment that is not reasonable, that is according to his reason, and most forms of emotion seem to amuse him immensely. His sympathies with human nature are only remotely

related, because his real sympathy is with his own intellectual opinion. They are brilliant, stimulating, often so cunningly conceived that they appear to be life-like, but are they?

I AM speaking of course entirely from the point of view of an actress who has been given the task of interpreting some of Shaw's portraits of women. I have found the portraiture difficult because at times he seems to ridicule the portrait itself. He stands alone before the world as a fearless demonstration of a man who doesn't care whether you believe him or not, so long as he entertains you, and incidentally entertains himself, sometimes at your expense. Shaw is a very industrious author at rehearsals. Those actors who take his instructions literally become very much confused. Those who are afraid of him when he begins to punctuate his ideas with personal satire, sometimes would like to retaliate. Shaw as everyone knows I believe, is a vegetarian. Mrs. Patrick Campbell who created the character "Pygmalion" in Shaw's comedy of that name, retaliated one day at a rehearsal with her usual classic wit. She had been particularly irritated by the author's interruptions, and stepping to the footlights, she said to him, "Mr. Shaw, if anyone gives you meat, God help the women of England."

HIS women are like that, they seem to suggest savage possibilities should the disaster which Mrs. Campbell predicted happen.

Since I first went on the stage at the age of twelve, I have had to interpret all sorts and conditions of women, in all kinds of plays, and in the best of them there is one prevailing similarity, they all have certain decided tricks of theatrical association. After Pinero stimulated some old-fashioned theatricalisms with a decided and successful effort to make the people on the stage, talk and move like real people, those playwrights who now occupy the intellectual places among the famous have indulged in satire. The satirical heroine is a comparatively new type in the theatre, though I suppose she has lived since the days of Cleopatra. Pinero revealed her satirical opportunities by uncovering her emotions. Barrie in accord with her complexity of emotions, poked gentle fun at them. Shaw impatiently, savagely, but unerringly warned her against insincerity.

## THEIR SECRET AMBITIONS

Raymond Hitchcock:—To play Romeo.

Trixie Friganza:—To play Juliet.

Bert Williams:—To play Othello.

Marie Dressler:—To play Desdemona.

Fatty Arbuckle:—To play Macbeth.

Billie Burke:—To play Lady Macbeth.

Charlie Chaplin:—To play Falstaff.

Elsie Janis:—To play all "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Ed Wynn:—To play King Lear.

May Irwin:—To play Rosalind.

Douglas Fairbanks:—To play Hamlet.

Mary Pickford:—To play Ophelia.

William S. Hart:—To play Shylock.

Marguerite Clark:—To play Portia.

Louis Mann:—To play Richard III.

Ina Claire:—To play Cleopatra.

Eugene O'Brien:—To play Caliban.

Frances Starr:—To play Puck.

Maurice:—To play Petruchio.

Florence Walton:—To play Katherine.

George Arliss:—To play Uncle Tom.

Rose Coghlan:—To play Little Eva.

Bertha Kalich:—To play Topsy.

Lew Fields:—To play Simon Legree.

Robert Mantell:—To play Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Ethel Barrymore:—To play Trilby.

John Barrymore:—To play Svengali.

John Drew:—To play Rip Van Winkle.

Wilton Lackaye:—To play Beau Brummel.

Al Jolson:—To play Cardinal Richelieu.

Amelia Bingham:—To play Peg o' My Heart.

William Collier:—To play Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Frank Bacon:—To play Oliver Twist.

HAROLD SETON.



Holbrook Blinn as the Mexican in  
"Borderland," a new comedy drama  
produced out of town and shortly to be  
seen on Broadway



Below)

Frank McIntyre, Marion Vantine and  
John Westley in Margaret Mayo and  
Aubrey Kennedy's farce, "Seeing  
Things," at the Playhouse



Photocraft



White

S C E N E S   I N   T H E   N E W   P L A Y S



# THE BOY PRODIGY CLASS GRADUATES

*Past season rich in instances of juveniles safely over the precocious period*

By WILLIAM BARTLETT REYNOLDS



DONALD GALLAHER

THERE have been "boy actors" since the lines of Juliet and Rosalind were piped for Will Shakespeare at the Globe Theatre. The first of these was a most precocious youngster known to theatrical historians as Master Betty, who set all London agape when, at the age of thirteen, at the Drury Lane Theatre, December, 1804, he gave his first London performance. His success was so great the nobility sought to entertain him, and the society belles overwhelmed him with attentions. The English universities honored him. He addressed learned societies. But, leaving the stage to complete his education and returning to it when twenty-one, the spark had died. He failed ignominiously and spent the rest of his life in obscurity.

Not so with our more modern prodigies, with whose names, programmed in "kid rôles," knickerbockered or hesitatingly in long trousers, we first become familiar. Then a season or two of intermittent appearances intervening, they are seen as "juvenile" lovers, or even young husbands, perhaps in some very bedroomy farce.

A PLAYGOER need not be very old to remember Eugene Santley and "Little Joey," father and son, the latter, of course, our Joseph of musical comedy, husband of Ivy Sawyer and father of little Joey, 2d. In "From Rags to Riches," Little Joey, somber of mien and doubtless trying to grasp the terrible truth of the les-

son it was his duty to drive home, was required to step to the footlights, much curled and lace-collared, and exclaim, "*Beware the man who speaks of love and not of marriage vows!*"

Following the death of Eugene Santley, the career of the young Joseph was fostered by his mother, an actress of merit. He went on tour with Lincoln J. Carter's thriller, "The Heart of Chicago," and for two years played weepy child's



WILLIAM COLLIER, JR.  
"Buster Collier"

rôles with the Corse Payton stock company, in Brooklyn. Then, inevitably, he became one of the dozens of Lord Fauntleroy's. Next he appeared with Belle Archer in "Jess of the Bar Z Ranch." After an engagement with Mary Hampton in "The Price of Honor," he headed his own company in the first of the series of melodramas in which he starred. Approaching seventeen, with his first "longies" and his voice determinedly set on a bass note, he wrote a play himself, called in "Lucky Jim," and starred in it, to the delight of the adoring young patrons of the "popular price" circuit, and the enrichment of William Woods, his manager. It was Daniel V. Arthur who first saw his possibilities for musical comedy and subsequently placed him in attractive juvenile rôles in support of Marie Cahill and De Wolf Hopper. His success in that field was substantial, and he has remained there since. We saw him last season in Mr. Dillingham's "She's a Good Fellow."

Joseph Santley's brother, Frederick, came into his own recently in "The Royal Vagabond."

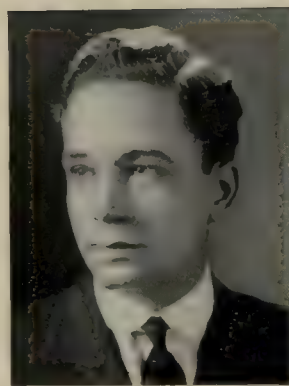
THE paternal guardian angel of the youthful player the past season would seem to have been George Tyler. Perhaps the latter became imbued with a Peter Pannish instinct from his profitable association with "Pol'yanna." With "Clarence," "Penrod," "Bab" and "Pollyanna," Mr. Tyler's salary list doubtless reads like the weekly report of the junior class, Mount Vernon High School. But his youngsters are chosen with uncanny foresight, and almost without exception have made good the producer's preliminary promises. Glen Hunter, who is Bobby in the New York cast of "Clarence," is perhaps less known than Gregory Kelly, who plays that rôle in the Chicago production, since Kelly has the advantage of a former success as Willie Baxter in "Seventeen," but Hunter displays immense promise and already has developed a delightful

sense of deft, sly comedy, much like William Collier's, could one imagine that comedian in his late teens.

No youthful career displays more amusing contrasts than that of Gregory Kelly. The boy first appeared hereabouts in a vaudeville concoction of Gus Edwards, called "School Days," and in it Kelly appeared as an extremely highbrow Boston boy, horn-rimmed glasses, satchel of books and all. Next he appeared with Mrs. Fiske, at the Lyceum, in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" and Schnitzler's "The Green Cockatoo." Then with Skinner in "Kismet." Next, under the patronage of Stuart Walker, he was a member of the Portmanteau Players, and appeared in short plays by Dunsany, Wilde and Walker. Then came "Seventeen" and a trial of "Piccadilly Jim," thence to "Clarence." And now, completely grown up, he has married the "baby-talk lady" of "Seventeen" and is living happily ever after, since she is a member, with him, of the Chicago "Clarence" cast. So *tempus fugit!*

HARKING back to Master Betty, we are reminded of but one American boy player who chose such a distinguished repertoire of famous rôles in which to launch his career. Walker Whiteside, it will be recalled, played Hamlet when but seventeen, and before he was twenty had acquired a repertoire including "Othello," "King Lear," "The Merchant of Venice," "Richard III," at the

(Continued on page 70)



JOSEPH SANTLEY



WALLACE EDDINGER

As he looked in his boy-actor days



WALTER LEWIS

As Dick, in the melodrama, "The Soudan"



# MOTION PICTURE SECTION



## M A E M U R R A Y

*The radiant Nell Brinkley girl of the "Follies" who afterwards danced to success in other stage productions, is now a popular andauteous star of the screen. A film actress of ability, she has caught the public fancy in the George Fitzmaurice productions of the Paramount-Artcraft Pictures "On With the Dance," "The Right to Love" and "Idols of Clay"*

From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston



# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



IN every resumé of the month's films, one picture usually stands out as utterly distinctive and apart from the average output. The quality that makes it so is not easy to analyze, though in general terms you may say its appeal lies in its direct relation to human life without pose or sham. And never was this quality more clearly marked than in the production of the best film of this month, the screen version of Fannie Hurst's "Humoresque," a Cosmopolitan production of a Paramount Artcraft picture.

**HUMORESQUE** served to open the second bill of the Criterion Theatre, and seems destined for even a longer run than the DeMille picture preceding it. "A laugh at life with a sob behind it," Fannie Hurst has called the familiar little musical fantasy written by the Bohemian composer, Dvorak. She has put this same spirit into her story of the Ghetto, and has given it the same title. As long as the scenario writer sticks to the Rivington Street scenes and the Fannie Hurst title, the film is safe, but when a typical movie plot emerges in the later reels, it runs into rather shallow waters. But these first pictures would give any film its real excuse for being, reproducing as they do, the swarming, tumultuous Ghetto and the warm devotion of the family, quarreling and forgiving, against its swirling background.

**THIS** family has a mother who had hoped that each child might be a musician, and hoped in vain. "When Isadore followed the organ grinder," she wails, "I thought he was the one. How was I to know it was the monkey he was after?"

But her prayers are answered in the person of a small Leon, who refuses his father's offer of an accordeon which "makes a swell noise" and howls for a real violin. Through this first gift he reaches a triumph far beyond his mother's dreams of success. And the last scenes fade out to the strains of the Dvorak fantasy, played before an admiring family group.

Alma Rubens is the fiancée whose dark beauty provides the not altogether convincing romance. Vera Gordon is the adoring "momma" whose adoration for her son strikes the key-note of the story. But the real acting of the play is done by Dore Davidson as the old vender of brasses. This bewildered old "poppa," half awed, half infuriated, by his son's genius, makes you feel the pathos so near to his awkward comedy.

**IN** violent contrast to this sentimental motif of mother-love, comes the prize comedy of the month, or, in fact, of many months,—the rollicking, dashing bit of nonsense produced by Goldwyn and known as "Scratch My Back." It was funny enough when Rupert Hughes first wrote it as a story, but, unlike most stories by professional humorists, it is even more uproarious as a screen farce. Most of the thanks for this should go to the supervision of Rex Beach and the deft direction of Sidney Olcott.

In spite of its unromantic title, the play is a love-story with a very charming heroine in the person of Helene Chadwick. To trace its plot would be much like following on foot the course of a frolicksome and runaway aeroplane. After the first reel, you are not bothering about the plot; in fact, you are too weak with laughter to notice that it has been lost in the shuffle.

T. Roy Barnes is the comedian who carries most of the cyclonic action. But, while the piece is excellently acted, the characterization was first made by the author and director who have produced a classic in screen nonsense.

**BOTH** of these films are valuable chiefly because of their theme and its presentation. In "The Man He Was" the chief interest is attached to the star. For it is the first film produced by Selznick for the purpose of featuring William Faversham, and, indeed, the first picture we have ever seen that half did justice to his suave and polished art.

It has that theme so dear to the scenario writer's heart—the complication of mistaken identity. We shudder to think

of what would happen to the scenario market if there were no twins in the world, or if so many moving picture heroes did not look so much alike that their own mother, sweethearts and authors could not tell them apart. In this case, it is a young American business man and a belted Earl (we trust he was belted), who are as identical as Mr. Faversham and double exposure could make them.

With the skillful characteristic of movie American heroes, the young man takes the Earl's place, rids the estate of debts and blackmailers, and falls in love with the attractive young woman who is wife in his double's name only.

The most puzzling development lies in the fact that the brisk young American with his Broadway slang takes the place of the stately Earl, who talks early Oxford, and deceives everyone without changing his accent. It is one of those cases in which the director moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. If you are not bewildered by these slight discrepancies, you will find the film both interesting and spirited, and will enjoy it thoroughly, as did Mr. Faversham. It has been further enlivened by the amusing sub-titles of Randolph Bartlett.

**EVERY** month must bring forth its sob-play. This month it is the Metro production of "Old Lady 31," which drew out the three handkerchiefs (per weeper) in the audience. Rachel Crothers' drama of the old man who was imprisoned in the Old Ladies' Home because there was no room in the Poor Farm, seemed to start the same floods of feeling from the screen that it did from the footlights. As in the stage play, Emma Dunn plays the rôle of the afflicted wife. She showed her usual success in lifting the action up to comedy whenever possible and in carrying the sob-scenes which in less skillful hands must inevitably have become pathos, pure and simple. The film, of course, had a number of realistic scenes which the stage production lacked. It made the foreclosure of the mortgage so much more harrowing when the real farm was shown with real cows and chickens to bid the old folks farewell.

**NURSE MARJORIE** is another film which is all sentiment, although it is not as weepy as the idyl of Indian Summer mentioned above. It was written by Israel Zangwill and put into screen form by the Realart Company to feature Mary Miles Minter. It succeeds admirably if by featuring the aforesaid M. M. M. you mean presenting this pretty young person in a series of carefully studied poses. Now, everyone knows that the costume designed to make a pretty girl just twice as attractive is, above all, a nurse's uniform. This is back of the desire of so many young girls to soothe the feverish brow as a vocation, forgetting the more prosaic details of that profession. But these do not intrude into the screen life of "Nurse Marjorie." She goes right on soothing the feverish brow, and the plot is further refreshed by the fact that the brow belongs to no less a person than a member of Parliament. Of course, they all live happily ever after.

**MOST** of the films this month have been original screen stories. The most important stage classic to be screened is "If I Were King," which the Fox Company have produced for William Farnum. This old favorite, immortalized to the gallery-gods by E. H. Sothern, had its screen possibilities long before the moving pictures had passed the nickelodeon stage. While the screen version is necessarily changed and amplified, it has lost nothing of the dash and color which made it popular behind the footlights. J. Gordon Edwards has seen to that. Farnum as the swashbuckling hero is rather more ponderous and less restrained than Sothern, but he registers with great activity in the many fight scenes.

**NO** record of the month's films would be complete without mention at least of the latest Mack Sennett sermon on domestic problems, which bears the significant title, "Married Life—Not a War Play." ALISON SMITH.



(Right)

A scene from Selznick's production "The Point of View" in which winsome Elaine Hammerstein stars. Rockcliffe Fellowes plays opposite her



(Below)

Wanda Hawley, who combines beauty with rare acting skill, is now a Realart star. As "Miss Hobbs" the man hater, who wears Greek costumes and favors cubist painting and crystal gazing, she is a veritable delight



Alice Joyce, long a favorite in the films, can always be counted on to give an interesting performance. She is seen here in her latest Vitagraph picture "The Prey"





**BEBE DANIELS**

*Always a striking figure in the films, Miss Daniels has recently been elevated to the stellar ranks. Seen recently in Paramount-Artcraft's "Why Change Your Wife?" she is next to be presented as a Realart star*



Witzel



Evans

**BERT LYTELL**

*One of the cleverest of our film actors, who recently finished work on "The Price of Redemption," a Metro picture. He will be seen next as Jack Craigen, the civil engineer, who develops into a cave-man in order to teach the girl in the case a lesson. "The Misleading Lady" is the title of the film*



© Evans

**TOM MOORE**

*This favorite of the movie fans will be seen next in the Goldwyn picture, "Stop Thief," in which Hazel Daly is to play opposite him*



**MILTON SILLS**

*A virile young actor and a popular leading man who plays Peter in Goldwyn's "The Street Called Straight"*

**THEY SCINTILLATE ON THE SILVER SCREEN**





LOUISE HUFF

*Who, after a long absence, returns to the screen under the Selznick banner. She is as dainty and appealing as ever in her new picture, "A Dangerous Paradise"*

Monroe

(Below)

ETHEL CLAYTON

*The Paramount-Artcraft star, who can count a host of film fans among her admirers, is now being featured in "The Ladder of Lies"*

Edward Thayer Monroe



Ira L. Hill

NINA CASAVANT

*Whose youth and prettiness is a valuable asset in Pathé serials*





# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By M. B. KEHOE



IT has been said that the amusements of a people are an essential part of their efficiency, and big business interests have been quick to realize the truth of the assertion, if we are to judge from the reports that reach us from all sides, concerning the fostering and encouraging of dramatic activities among their employees, by executives at the head of large industrial enterprises.

The war brought home to us the realization that something more is needed in building up a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries, and the building of homes—and that something, the development of what might be termed a civic *esprit de corps*—a strong community spirit.

THAT same community spirit and feeling of fellowship, at work within an industrial organization, is equally as essential and vital, not alone to the efficiency of employees, but to the mutual interests of both employer and employed. One far-seeing executive anticipated the community spirit which the war set on foot, and with his associates has accomplished what would have been deemed an impossibility a few years ago—they spanned the bridge between Art and Industry, enlisting the aid of the Drama, not alone as an educational force, but as a means of developing the social instinct among their employees, and permanently establishing a fellow-feeling between workers and executives.

For the first time in the history of big business, the Drama has been accorded a permanent place in the scheme of things, and the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company's six dramatic organizations are striking examples of the success of the venture. This company has given the strongest financial backing to the dramatic activities of their employees, and the trail they have blazed points the way to an era of understanding and co-operation between capital and labor, that the

## A PLEA FOR THE DRAMA IN INDUSTRY

most sanguine dreamer of some few years ago would hardly have dared to credit.

ANOTHER interesting venture that has come to our attention, was a play given last month by the employees of the American Writing Paper Company, at Holyoke, Mass. Under the leadership of Miss Priscilla E. Childs, secretary to an executive of the company, a play committee was formed, composed of fourteen employees, all of whom had had some previous theatrical experience. Then various sub-committees were formed which represented every branch of the company's activities, giving a number of people an opportunity to participate, and as a result of

their splendid team work and the enthusiastic support of executives and employees in general, they produced "Bunker Bean," and played to a capacity audience made up of both executives and employees of the company—all united in their mutual pride in, and enjoyment of the play. The success of this, their first venture, brought about a decision to give a play each year, and this brief quotation from a letter which Mr. George A. Galliver, President of the American Writing Paper Company, addressed to the Play Committee, bears eloquent testimony to the feeling of mutual understanding and good fellowship which the giving of this little play brought about: "I thoroughly enjoyed it, and as I sat and watched it I felt mighty proud to be a member of the 'Eagle A' organization."

MANY other large industries can boast of thriving dramatic clubs, but there are not enough of them. First, because it is one of the strongest of humanizing elements, and, second, because of its power as an educational factor, the Drama should be accorded a permanent place in every large industrial organization. It brings to leisure hours the revivifying touch of the world of fancy—and it has been aptly said that what we earn while we work, we put into our pockets, and what we spend during our leisure time, we put into our character. And so we make a plea for the Drama in Industry—and we quote Victor Hugo to strengthen our plea:

"On the day when Christianity said to man: 'Thou art twofold, thou art made up of two beings, one perishable, the other immortal; one carnal, the other ethereal; one enslaved by appetites, cravings and passions, the other borne aloft on the wings of enthusiasm and reverie—in a word, the one always stooping toward the earth, its mother, the other always darting up toward heaven, its fatherland'—on that day the Drama was created."



Upper: Miss Priscilla E. Childs as *The Flapper* and Mr. Wallace Green in the title rôle in "Bunker Bean." Lower: Ensemble of players in "Bunker Bean" as presented by the "Eagle A" Dramatic Association, all of whose members are employees of the American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Mass.



# THE REVIVAL OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA AT BRYN MAWR

previous May Days; Mr. Placido de Montoliu, composer and director of the dances in the Masques; and Miss Constance Applebee, director of the dances on the Village Green.

The eight performances given simultaneously on different parts of the campus comprised representatives of nearly every type of dramatics, except tragedy, popular in the days of Elizabeth; two plays, based on popular legends of national heroes, Robin Hood and Saint George, the one gallant and romantic, the other a piece of nummery with startling comic elements, and the grotesque antics of a dragon as its chief attraction; two morality plays, mediæval in tone; two plays of magic and enchantment, as different in kind as "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Old Wives' Tale"; and two court masques.

"THE OLD WIVES' TALE," a "pleasant, conceited comedy," by George Peele, seemed even more removed than other plays of the period from classical or modern dramatic conventions. But with all its imperfections, there is a distinct charm in its loose structure as a tale within a tale, in the delightful inconsequence of the harvesters' interludes, in its mesh of magic riddles and enchantments, and in the final intervention of the ghost, a strange and lovely skipping sprite, to break the spell of the sorcerer Sacrapant. The one part which gives the play genuine dramatic appeal is that of Sacrapant himself, taken this year by Cornelia Skinner. Throughout the part, Miss Skinner managed to capture and hold the sympathy of the audience for the fell hero, without a single false note of



Miss Elizabeth Vincent, the charming Queen of the recent Bryn Mawr May Days



What could be more exquisitely beautiful in its simplicity, than this glimpse of *The Dance of the Flowers and the Garden Gods*, in the Masque of Flowers at Bryn Mawr

Miss Cornelia Skinner, daughter of Otis Skinner, as she appeared in the rôle of Sacrapant, in "The Old Wives' Tale," at Bryn Mawr College



melodrama or sentimentality; and the death scene of Sacrapant was exceptionally well done. Miss Skinner, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner, has already had professional experience, and expects to continue her training next year in Paris.

"THE PAGEANT OF JEPHTHA," staged by Bryn Mawr alumnae, deserved special mention as the first performance of the play ever given in America. It is an anonymous play of the seventeenth century, published for the first time this spring from a manuscript discovered by Dr. Carleton Brown, formerly at Bryn Mawr. The other morality play, "The Nice Wanton," a "preaty interlude" licensed to the printer in 1560, was given by the resident graduate students with a degree of finish and an artistic completeness hardly to be expected from the type or subject-matter of the play. (Continued on page 66)

BOTH pleasure-seekers and serious students of the drama found in the Bryn Mawr May Days this year a noteworthy revival of Elizabethan plays and pageantry. Not only the picturesque opening procession, the crowning of the May Queen, and the dancing on the green, but the eight separate plays and masques given each in its own particular hollow of the campus, offered a remarkable instance of the spectacular effects, which may be attained by brilliant color and movement against a natural background, without any reliance upon artificial lighting and scenery. The dramatic interest, moreover, rivalled the spectacular. Even the Village Green, where the latter element predominated, exhibited many an instance of sustained and effective dramatic effort: as in the part of the Village Idiot, taken by Marie Litzinger, Will Kempe, the "nine-daies wonder," by Jeannette Peabody, and in the continuous frolicking and by-play kept up the entire afternoon by the Morris dancers, chimney-sweeps, tumblers, milkmaids and the host of country folk, in an excellent and varied program of folk-dancing. The credit for an Elizabethan revival on so large a scale must be divided, of course, among a number of persons, chief among which are Mrs. Otis Skinner, General Director and coach of "The Nice Wanton"; Mr. Samuel Arthur King, Director of Plays for this and

AMONG the plays which, though rare elsewhere, are old favorites in Bryn Mawr May Days, "Robin Hood" continues to hold first place. The Bryn Mawr version is a compilation, based chiefly on the plays by Anthony Munday, 1597, and Robert Greene, 1587; and acted on a terrace lined with maples, with a vista through the trees perhaps a quarter of a mile long, the figures of the lusty, singing merry men in Lincoln green, the long, slow cavalcade of Fair Ellen's wedding party, and the never-failing thrill of the messenger who arrives at full gallop to warn Robin Hood of his danger, combine to form one of the most effective outdoor plays given anywhere. The peculiar success of this year's performance lay in the graceful and convincing characters of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, as played by Lois Kellogg and Elizabeth Vincent (who is also the May Queen). Both singly and as a pair, the two excelled any previous Robin Hood and Maid Marian, critics at Bryn Mawr are agreed; certainly, they might rival those of any performance. Alan-a-Dale, the wandering minstrel, and the sad lover of Fair Ellen, was interpreted with engaging sincerity. And the juxtaposition, for an instant, of brilliant Will Scarlet and the golden-haired Maid Marian, in her dull green gown, was one of the entrancing moments of the whole May Day.



## BY THEIR FRUITS

*An Historical Pageant  
given by the Y.W.C.A.*

By EDNA EARLE WILSON

**H**ALF a century ago life was not such a strenuous affair as it is now for the business girl of New York City. The girl of 1870 had time to struggle with the intricacies of a hoop skirt, and to arrange her hair in numerous puffs and curls. She also preferred needlework to headwork, and could spend an exciting evening playing dominoes! As one walks down Fifth Avenue today and brushes against its crowds of alert young women of affairs, who somehow suggest bulky pay-envelopes, basketball and swimming matches, it is hard to believe in the real existence of this maiden of the past. She seems like a dream creature out of a story-book. But she was brought to life recently in an historical pageant given by the Central Branch of the Y. W. C. A. in celebration of its fiftieth anniversary.

The growth of the Central Branch of the New York City Y. W. C. A. from its unpretentious beginning in a quaint old house in University Place back in 1870 to the present world-wide organization is depicted in this pageant play "By Their Fruits" written by Miss Evelyn Hilliard. Thirty-eight members of the drama classes of Ballard School composed the cast, among the characters of which were a number of the charter members of the Y. W. C. A. And although they seem so far-away and picturesque, all of the scenes of the play representing early days in the life of the Association are based upon fact.

The pageant is in four acts. The first act is entitled "The Soil," the scene being a reproduction of a New York boarding house in 1870 where five genteel working girls in the quaint costumes of that time bewail their hard lives. There is nothing to do, and no place to go, for the movies

have yet to be born. One could not at that period fritter an evening away, admiring Mary Pickford's million dollar curls, or marvelling at the equally lucrative feet of Charlie Chaplin. To be seen upon the streets very much was not considered ladylike. In fact, sleep seemed the only refuge left for a tired business woman.

In the second act, however, one is cheered up a bit. This act, which is labeled "The Seed," shows the parlor of the Young Ladies' Christian Association at 64 Irving Place. Here a number of young society women have gathered to consider what can be done for the poor working girls of the city. The immediate outcome of this consultation is the giving of a party, which comprises the third act, called "The Bud."

**T**HIS prim entertainment is reminiscent of far-off days, the conversation being upon such topics as the then new and marvelous Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine, while games were on the order of "Going to Jerusalem." A parlor soloist sings "Alice Ben Bolt," and somebody else recites "a piece." And when the guests depart they are presented with old-fashioned posies as souvenirs of the happy occasion.

The fourth act, called "The Fruit," is the real pageant part of the performance. Upon a crescent-shaped seat on a raised platform sit the Spirits of History, the Future, Love, Knowledge, and Helpfulness, representing the constructive forces in the lives of girls. A little to one side are gathered the opposing forces in the symbolic figures of Ignorance, Selfishness and Laziness. From the golden book of life History reads the present time.

**W**HEN History recounts the growth of the Ballard School with its many up-to-date courses for young women and girls, Ignorance slinks shamefacedly away. Selfishness departs at the mere mention of girls' clubs, but Laziness lives up to her name by going to sleep and snoozing blissfully throughout the turning of the pages of Y. W. C. A. history. The Spirit of the Future complains that while History has told about the deeds of the past, nothing has been said of tomorrow. Then the Spirit of Praise calls for the women of the present as indicative of what the future generation will be. Two hundred and fifty girls, representing the varied activities of Central Branch, from First Aid to Public Speaking, pass across the stage. The strenuous exertions of Tennis, the energetic antics of Folk Dancing, and the lively prancing of Horseback Riding prove too much for Laziness, who awakes only to depart in great disgust.

At the end of this scene the various groups form a tableaux and the performers and audience join in singing "God of Our Fathers."

**T**HE incidental music of the play was arranged by Miss Lucie B. Benedict, and the spirits' costumes were created by Miss Stuart Hamilton. Miss Hilliard, director of the drama classes of Central Branch, and the author of this historical pageant, has also written a number of successful children's plays. "By Their Fruits" has been given in New York City upon three occasions with great success, the last performance being at the Waldorf Astoria on March 19. It is now being translated into Spanish, preparatory to a presentation in Buenos Aires.



## THE DRAMATIC OPPORTUNITY OF THE PILGRIM TERCENTENARY

By ROLAND HOLT



**T**HE celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims is to be held this year. This is what W. S. Gilbert would have called "A most engaging paradox," for the Pilgrims hated and condemned the theatre. In 1625 they suppressed the first Community Pageant in the United States—the maypole of Merrymount—an account of which can be found not only in history, but in Hawthorne's famous story of that name. Early in that century a Puritan divine preached on "The Theatre, the Highway to Hell." It was the Puritans who closed the theatres in England in the year 1640; who banned all acting, amateur or professional, in the city of Boston, Mass., until the year 1700; who caused a riot when plays were first given in Faneuil Hall in 1750; and who would not permit a theatre in New Hampshire until the year 1800!

Yet, as a unique example of the aforementioned "engaging paradox," it is through plays, masks, and pageants that the Pilgrim Tercentenary will be celebrated, not only in America but in England and Holland as well, following the route of the Pilgrims from their first embarkation.

Because the Pilgrim spirit was a pioneer spirit it is fitting that the celebration should (and will) extend from one end of this country to the other. Already two thousand cities, towns and villages have signified their intention of taking part. New York will hold appropriate ceremonies. San Francisco is now preparing a great pageant. Many of the Little Theatres of California are producing Pilgrim plays. Chicago is rehearsing a pageant entitled "The Pilgrims." Detroit's pageant will be on the water. Boston has dramatically unified its whole city through Pilgrim drama. Cape Cod, including Plymouth and Provincetown, will go in for pageantry. "Raleigh, Shepherd of the Ocean," a pageant by Professor Frederick Koch, now being produced at Chapel Hill, South Carolina, begins the Southern side of the Tercentenary celebration.

For those who wish to join in this nation-wide movement, which will continue from June, 1920, till January, 1921, there are a number of appropriate plays and pageants obtainable at all bookstores. Amongst them are:—

"America, Yesterday and Today," a pageant by Nina B. Lambkin.

"A Rose o' Plymouth Town," a play in four acts, by Beulah Marie Dix, and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland.

"Standish of Standish," a play in three acts, by Anna Russell Marble.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," a play in one act, by Eugene Presby.

"The Life of the Corn," an Indian Dance-Drama, with Indian music. To be found in "Indian Games and Dances," by Alice C. Fletcher.

### FOR YOUNG PEOPLES' CELEBRATIONS.

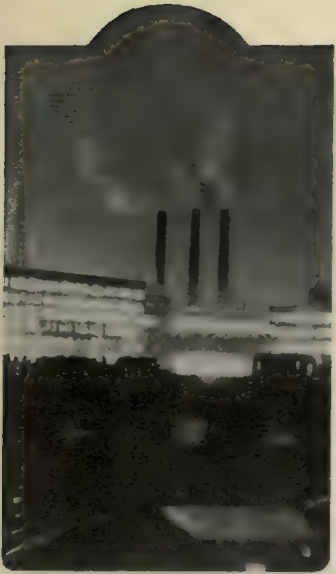
"A Little Pilgrim's Progress," a one-act play, from "The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children," by Constance D. Mackay.

"Finding the Mayflowers," a one-act play for girls, by Blanche Proctor Fisher.

"In the Good Old Days," a play in four scenes, from "Plays, Pantomimes and Tableaux for Children," by Norah Archibald Smith.

"The First Thanksgiving Dinner," a play in one act, by Marjorie Benton Cooke.





# THE DRAMA PLAYS

## A NEW ROLE

### FAIRY GOD-MOTHER

### TO INDUSTRY

**D**RAMATIC art is playing a vastly important part in modern industry.

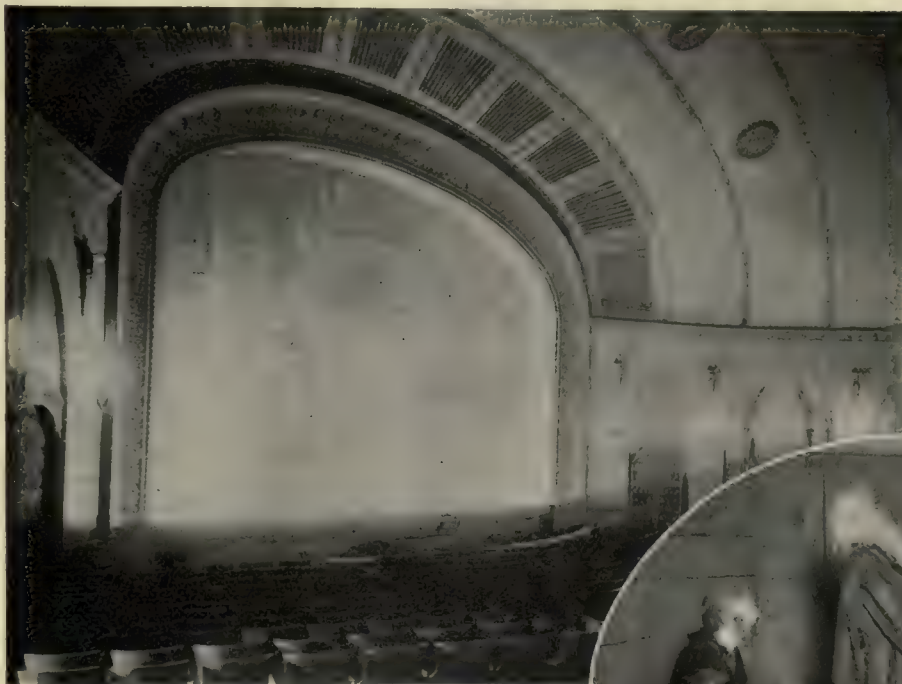
It is taking its place as one of the fundamental elements necessary to the successful carrying on of big business, and is becoming recognized as one of the many essential components in the present day's newer and broad-visioned program being undertaken wholeheartedly by humanitarian leaders in business and by employers of labor, in an effort to humanize industry in a manner more comprehensive and effective than ever before thought within the realm of possibility.

Twenty years ago we would have hesitated to venture the prediction that dramatics would be functioning integrally in the scheme of industrial affairs today. But twenty years ago such a dream actually was entertained by a few courageous captains of industry, who were able at that time to envisage the future industrial development of the world—and after years of careful nursing the seed so delicately sown, at last has blossomed forth in such forceful manner as to lend tremendous impetus to the movement now linking up dramatics with industrialism.

Today dramatic art, having been given a recognized place in industry, is serving effectively to conduce more of a harmonious relationship between employer and employee. It is helping to create a community of interest among industrial workers, and to establish a middle ground of understanding between capital and labor, lending strongly beneficial influence to the nation-wide effort to allay industrial unrest and to crystallize the spirit of co-operation and good will among America's vast army of manual toilers.

**D**RAMATIC art is helping at least one gigantic manufacturing institution to preserve the human element in industrial operation, and is serving also to foster the spiritual and intellectual as well as the material, in promulgation of this company's vast humanizing effort, by helping to build men and women as well as product. It is perhaps the first outstanding instance where dramatics have taken a recognized place in the set scheme of business. The experiment so far has been found so successful by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio, that one of the largest and handsomest theatres in the

country has just been dedicated to the thirty-five thousand Goodyear employees, and to the six flourishing dramatic and musical organizations existing within the ranks of office employees and manual workers. And the dramatic and musical talent in Goodyear instantly proved itself worthy of the encouragement so splendidly afforded by the company, by inaugurating Goodyear Theatre with a remarkably successful presentation of



The magnificent theatre dedicated to their employees by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. The French Renaissance scheme of interior decoration has been employed throughout, the auditorium seating 1686 people

Scene from "The Sign of the Cross," produced by the Three Arts Club, with three talented members of the Goodyear organization: Graham H. Lewis, Frederick W. Willey and Elizabeth Hobson, as "Titus," "Flavius" and "Stephanus," respectively



De Koven's famous light opera, "Robin Hood," following it with the still more elaborate production of Wilson Barrett's "The Sign of the Cross."

**T**HE staging of "Robin Hood" was the first presentation of that popular opera since the death of its composer in Chicago. Presentation of "The Sign of the Cross" was noteworthy in that it was the third time it has been played since 1900, when Wilson Barrett, the famous English actor brought it to this country and introduced it to the American theatre-going public. In scope it can be compared with "Quo Vadis." The play originally was written for the purpose of raising the standard of stage productions—and the Goodyear artists offered it in the same spirit.

In both productions amateur talent of a highly creditable character manifested itself. There were unusually good voices. There also was creditable dramatic technique. In fact, both pro-

ductions flavored more of professionalism than of amateur talent. Special scenery was built for each play. Electricians spent days preparing for special lighting effects. The Goodyear orchestra rendered special scores for both, and added greatly to the successes attending the presentations.

**T**HE Goodyear Three Arts Club has been in existence since December, 1916, and has signalized its brief existence so far by unusual success in dramatic and musical presentations. Edward J. Samuel is in no small degree responsible for the permanency and success of the organization, having fostered it from its inception and serving as the organization's first president. Others largely instrumental for the unusual talent developed, and success enjoyed, by the club have been Edgar Lord, musical director; R. C. Eichhorn, manager dramatic section, and S. Taylor Scott, manager musical section. Officers of the club are L. H. Gladwin, president; George Fuller and Miss Clara E. Bingham, vice-presidents; and Miss Julia Kenniston, secretary. Devoting its energies to the three divisions of drama, dancing and music, the Three Arts Club expects to follow its 1920 successes with the presentation of "Florodora" or something equally as elaborate, during its next season.

In addition to The Three Arts Club there are within the Goodyear organization other dramatic and musical clubs, including the Friars and Green Room Club, both prototypes of famous New York organizations of similar name, the Goodyear Male Chorus, "Our Girls" club, and the "Silent" dramatic club. The latter, perhaps the most unique of the group, is composed of the non-speaking deaf, who are members of the seven hundred Goodyear "Silents," comprising the largest deaf mute colony in the world. Pantomime burlesque is specialized in by these Silent dramatists, and the introduction of "Silent





*The ensemble from "Robin Hood," produced by the Three Arts Club, of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, in the splendid Theatre presented to the Goodyear employees by the Company*

Drama" in Akron has been heralded with outstanding success. Frank Andrewjeski is president of the club and largely responsible for its fame. Its latest success was "The Fatal Necklace," given this spring.

THE Goodyear Friars devote their talent to minstrels and concerts. C. H. Roth is Abbot of the eighty members. Only recently twenty of the two hundred Goodyear Akron factory experts who will be transferred to the company's new California plant to form the nucleus of a new organization on the Pacific coast, were initiated into the Friars. They will organize the Goodyear Friars No. 2 at Los Angeles. The Friars number among their members several ex-minstrel troupers. Most of the productions staged by them are for charity and for the benefit of various charitable and philanthropical organizations in Akron.

"Rebekah's Triumph" as given by "Our Girls' Club" at Akron this spring scored a tremendous success. The Green Room Club artists also scored signal successes in the presentation of "The Texas Ranger," "Arizona," and Rex Beach's "Going Some."

Every presentation by any of the Goodyear dramatic or musical organizations, always finds an interested and democratic audience, made up of manual workers, office executives and officials of the company. And there is one who never misses a play. He is C. W. Seiberling, vice-president of Goodyear, and known as the soul of this great humanitarian institution. Intensely interested in all welfare and educational activities calculated to improve the morale and maintain the contentment of Goodyearites, Mr. Seiberling is a genuine "First Nighter."

Goodyear Theatre is itself a thing of unusual beauty. It is housed in Goodyear Hall, the handsome new recreational and educational institution recently opened for Goodyear employees, and recognized as one of the most pretentious buildings of its kind ever erected. It also houses Goodyear Industrial University—an

educational institution without parallel the world over, whose doors are open to all Goodyearites, and whose flexible curriculum offers educational advantages ranging from elementary grade school work to post-graduate collegiate work. Already the university has a faculty of 117 and an enrollment of more than 5,500.

THE idea of a double stage serving either separately or simultaneously the handsomely appointed theatre, or large gymnasium, is embodied in the Goodyear Hall construction. The auditorium seats 1686 and is the largest in Akron and one of the largest in Ohio. It is of the acoustic shell style of architecture, being built in megaphone shape. The French Renaissance scheme of interior decoration is used throughout, with an indirect lighting system. Two Murals adorn the side walls, one, the Bay of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius showing in the distance. The other, an Amazon rubber plantation. There are handsomely appointed foyers, smoking rooms for men, lounges and rest rooms for ladies, and check rooms. One of the outstanding features of the auditorium is its Gustavino tiled ceiling. The stage has a double aperture. It is forty feet wide and thirty-three feet in depth, with floor laid in sections, so as to permit instant removal for installation of swimming tanks, ice skating rinks or other appurtenances for extraordinary feature acts. A complete counter-weighting system is employed for shifting scenery, so as to dress either stage opening. The gymnasium has a seating capacity in excess of 5,000 and will be used for special events, one of which will be a concert by Mme. Galli Curci.

The theatre orchestra pit will accommodate a complement of forty instruments.

Above the balcony is a fireproof moving-picture projection booth, used to show educational films to Goodyear employees and for the exhibit of Goodyear made films, the company having its own camera men and corps of moving-picture experts. Principal among the Goodyear films recently developed is the "Story of a Tire." It

represents the culmination of weeks and months of painstaking effort and constitutes the acme of consummate achievement. Starting with a view of crude rubber as it arrives after its ten-thousand-mile voyage from the tropical clime of the Goodyear rubber plantation in Sumatra, the "Story of a Tire" takes the amazed cinema spectator step by step through the various intricate manufacturing processes until the tire is ready to deliver its thousands of miles for pleasure and business. The film is a visualization of descriptions contained in a booklet of the same name, published by Goodyear as an educational feature, and which more than 8,000 schools, libraries and colleges now are using for educational and reference purposes.

GOODYEAR long has recognized that success in industry depends upon the character of industrial citizenship, and it has found that dramatic art

must be included as one of the essential things necessary to successfully humanize industry and to improve the calibre of its citizenship. And its remarkable success and amazing growth from a firm of 125 employees to 50,000 employees in 22 years, may be attributed largely, if not entirely, to the manner in which it endeavors to foster the intellectual among its men and women, and to provide recreational and educational advantages.



*Miss Mary Rowe Davis, of the Goodyear organization—a merry Allan-a-Dale in their recent play*



# The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



MISS ELSIE FERGUSON chooses a large leghorn in Chinese blue with shaded ostrich plume of yellow and burnt orange for street wear, with a simple frock of blue crêpe de Chine. The roll of chenille at the edge is dotted with flecks of gold tinsel

Ira L. Hill

## THE INDIVIDUAL SHAPING OF THE HAT CONSTITUTES ITS STYLE

MISS FERGUSON has many interesting ideas regarding the wearing of hats. She says the psychology is well worth a close study, and that the results are unbelievable. The purchase of a charming hat that is apparently becoming is only the first step in making it characteristic and ultra-smart. One must adjust the hat several times before a mirror with a deft pressure here and there, rolling it in the back perhaps, or flaring it airily at the side. With a Leghorn, for instance, did you ever see any two that looked the same shape, and did you ever question the why of it? That smart droop and subtle tilt is attained by a little special attention to outline and silhouette.

OF all lovely hats, the lace hat along with the lace wrap serves as the most delightful consideration of the summer mode. Miss Ferguson has designed a bewitching little hat and wrap set. The cape is really a sleeveless short cloak of cream Spanish lace, hanging like a tippet in the back, and gathered into a high ruff at the neck. A wide band of silver tissue clasps it into a high choker collar, from which float tiny ribbons of lace. The hand-woven straw hat is shaped like a roll sail or, covered with lace, masqued over the eyes and lifted into a flowery puff of lace on the crown of the hat. With this is carried a lace and ivory fan and a parasol of Spanish lace with floating ends of lace attached to the long stick.



ELUSIVE CHARM LIES IN THE LONG  
SKIRT AND FLOATING DRAPERY

Models from Bergdorf Goodman



EMILY STEVENS, starring in Zoe Akins' new play, "Foot-Loose," frames her blonde beauty in soft clinging lines that are ever correct and typical of the American woman

Geisler & Andrews



THE loose lined suit comes in for renewed interest when it is of marine blue tricotine, with burnt orange stripes at the front and on the three-quarter sleeve. A fine hand-embroidered collar and inside sleeves of batiste lift the simplicity of the suit into one of ultra style

THE cunning little hat is plain, severe, untrammled, but it has a frill of lace—a tiny masque veil scarcely discernible in the photograph, but most alluring and flirtatious in reality. With a wee bit of tulle or a length of sheer lace, the clever woman can build for herself the most beguiling addition to her hat

FASHION sponsors a wide diversity of silhouettes this season, so every woman may dress to suit her personality and individual style. Miss Stevens relies on mauve-colored georgette for the summer dinner gown; it is sans trimming of any kind, but it is distinguished by unusual drapery, a surplice bodice and a fetching new sleeve

AGAIN the eerie loveliness of lace and chiffon fascinates the eye, and convinces us there is nothing half so desirable for an "entre-nous" gown. Here it is of jade green chiffon in sheath-like skimpiness, with swirls of drapery that circles the figure, ascends to the waist and cascades into a feathery side train



THE "lily silhouette" is most becoming to the American figure, and suggests a flower-like effect that corresponds with the fragile type of beauty. Soft black satin built on slender lines clings to the figure, and swirls into lily petal design at the waist, with an inner facing and curve of white organdie. The deep yoke and lily collar of white organdie hints at the demure nuns' garments—hence the cloister gown

(Oval)

AND one must have wraps to go with lovely gowns—and most important perhaps is the weekend coat or one that may be worn over light frocks in the car. Miss Hammond has a favorite, and we are showing it here because it is an indispensable coat of "cafe au lait" duvetyn, heavily embroidered in dark brown silk. The design of the sleeve and the clinging line of the garment is most aristocratic. It folds into the tiniest space

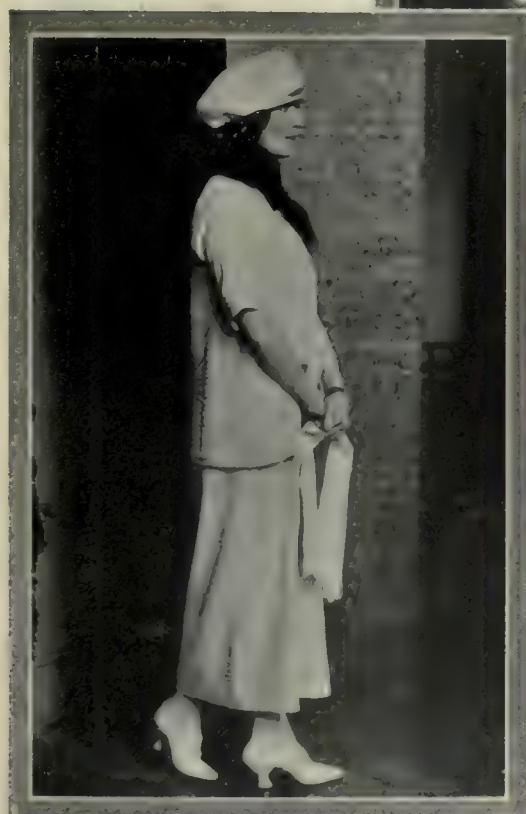


# THE FLATTERING AND PIQUANT "CLOIS- TER" GOWN AND THE "LILY SILHOUETTE"

Models from Hickson

VIRGINIA HAMMOND, the talented young actress appearing in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," wears her gowns with infinite chic and grace

Ira L. Hill Studio



TO own such a suit is to know you are smartly outfitted for numberless occasions—a pale ivory serge made on straight lines is certainly a comfort for the summer days—besides it is decidedly Hicksonesque in cut, with its rounded corners and front ties of serge ribbon

EVEN Oriental brocade is modeled into the lily silhouette. For formal dinners and similar occasions, the slender lady has found a perfect idea. Regal dignity is expressed in every line, and where the gold cloth of the bodice meets the outline of the lily, the form is flattered delightfully



FRENCH  
FROCKS  
WITH  
SASHES

THAT  
TOUCH  
THE  
FLOOR



Models from  
Bonwit Teller

Ira L. Hill

*DOROTHY DICKSON, that ever-enchancing sprite, now appearing in "Lassie," can wear French frocks in a way that is hard to imitate. Instead of adjusting the frocks, you must adjust your figure, which, by the way, is a special talent of Miss Dickson's. Over an underslip of flesh chiffon hemmed with black, falls a chemise frock of chiffon heavily embroidered in white silk floss, with insets of black lace medallions. The soft sash is edged with lace, and, like the smartest French modes, the sash-ends touch the floor*  
A Madeline and Madeline Model

*RENÉE has made Miss Dickson an adorable confection of black lace and yellow chiffon sash for the dinner hour. The tunic of black net over black charmeuse is embroidered in a trailing yellow flower design, with a front panel embroidered in yellow beads. The back is cut quite high over an extremely décolleté underbodice, but the blouse effect gives a charming silhouette. Again we have the chiffon sash tied in front and reaching the floor*

*SILVER embroidered net over mauve chiffon, with tiny made geranium petals outlining the neck and front of the frock. It is girlish and chic, and just the thing for dancing, as the clinging skirt is flimsy and full and cut into graceful points outlined with tinsel fringe. The double sash folds slimly about the waist in rapturous tones of mauve and nasturtium, ties in a double knot and billows like a cloud about the feet. A Cheruit model*





# FRENCH FROCKS WITH THE FULL GATHERED SKIRT

Models from  
Bonwit Teller

IRENE BORDONI, whose appearance in "As You Were" always produces a sensation, is the delight and despair of the fashion-makers. Her style-sense amounts to a genius. In a Lanvin model of black taffeta, she shows the new full skirt with applications of black taffeta roses, faced with white organdie. The wee bodice and long train-sash emphasize the newest fashion features

Further distinction is added to a black charmeuse frock, with an emerald green and jet bodice, and swinging ribbons of jet from the waist. A plaque of jet and latticed girdle introduces a new note in American fashions. Designed by Bonwit Teller.

Cardinal red Chiffon velvet, with full gathered skirt, depends for distinction on the neck treatment, high girdle of silver tissue and black velvet, and adjustable full sleeve of silver cloth. A Lanvin model of Russian inspiration



Egyptian lines, silver-flecked tissue and blue beads. The draped sides again repeat the suggestion of earrings



A French hat of black liserie with cut ostrich feathers of silver and blue. The pon-pon earrings are fetching and novel

Charlotte Fairchild





## THE MODE AS AFFECTED BY THE RETURN OF THE DEMI-MONDAINE

By HOWARD GREER

*A sports-suit of white wool and burnished silver braid over a blouse of black satin. The girdle is of shiny blue leather, and the hat is of blue straw and silk violets*

*A typical Parisian dancing frock, snapped at Claridge's during the tea hour. It is of pleated orange voile, with sash and collar of yellow and black foulard*



IT is Summer in the Champs Elysées! What more could one say? What more could one desire? The magic and mystery of perfumed foliage has taken Paris unto itself again. The song of the Sirens was never more aggravating to the ancient mariners than is the melody of the cascade in the Bois, or the whispering of the leaves in the Tuilleries to the wanderer. Little wonder that this is the season "in town." Little wonder that Milady's wardrobe should claim prime attention. The Parisienne's morning walk, her afternoon tea-dance and her dinner or theatre at night are but an excuse for the promenade *en plein air* in company with crisp, dainty frocks that rival the freshness of Nature.

A month ago the lady of fashion was basking in the sun that gilds the Riviera and taking her daily exercise 'round the roulette wheel. A month or so hence she will be strolling upon the beach at Dauville or drinking from the "Springs of Eternal Youth" in the mountain resorts, but, for the moment, Milady is resting *chez elle*. If her year were but a day, this might be the hour of repose before *dejeuner*. At the same time, this is the *crise des domestiques*, and the home season is most opportune in aiding the present fad (among women who can well afford to hold aloof from manual labor), of busying oneself during the morning hours with the duties of parlor-maid or cook.

There are the races, *thé dansants* and theatres for recreation. But the all-important note of the month which has added considerably to the above-named events is the reappearance in Parisian circles of the beloved *demi-mondaine*!

Twice since the armistice have we had the "first signs o' spring," and it is high time that we have the first real sign of Peace. What would be more assuring than the return of the "worldly lady"? The naughty, irresistible

sorceress about whose fascinating existence no end of novels has been written. During the war she disappeared. Her daring and coquetry gave way to the more serious work of canteens and hospitals, for the adventuress is as humanely generous as the Lady of Quality. There was no one to fill her place in society, and the pitiful pretenders of the boulevards and theatre-lobby became but a passing evil of the time. They

lacked the subtlety, the ingenuity and finesse of their wiser sisters. The skillful *demi-mondaine*, the "gorgeous lady," goes about her charming in a picturesque and not-to-be-despised fashion. And at last she has emerged from the five long years of obscurity. She is again the *maitresse* of *M. Trois Etoiles*, the deputy from the Department of the Seine, or of *M. Comment-s'appelle-t-il*, the famous author, and she appears in his company at Claridge's, Armenonville, or in the theatre loge. Right welcome she is in this period of political hecticism, for she is the harbinger of all that is chic and distinctive in feminine apparel. She is the one illusion of life that does not shatter under a "close-up."

The exclusive *demi-mondaine* of Paris is as much a celebrity as a star of the theatre or a divorced duchess. She is openly criticised, secretly admired, and forms the most interesting topic of conversation in the best salons. She may not be admitted into this élite circle, but she knows, and the little circle knows, that her life is no sadder because of the deprivation. She affords the world a constant source of gossip; her Martine apartment, with the gold-cloth walls and the black lacquered furnishings; her bath of silver mosaic; her service of carved jade; her tapestry of seed-pearls surmounting an authentic copy of the Marie Antoinette bed in the Palace of Fontainebleau; her horses, dogs, domestiques and motors. She lives as Cleopatra never dreamed of living, and adapts herself to luxuries with amazing ease.

SEVERAL evenings past I was idling away the entr'acts of a play at the Theatre Rejane in strolling about the lobby. An amusing audience had assembled for a *reprise* of "The Love-Child," by Henri Battaille. There was a marked simplicity in the attire of fashionable people, all of which made a perfect background for the ultra-chic of Sarah R.....

(Continued on page 54)



*A stunning fan of black lacquer and white aigrettes; and two addresses from the new revue at the "Vaudeville"*



# Perfume your Boudoir with Vanline's Incense

**S**IMPLY place a small quantity of this delightful burning powder in a burner and apply a match. It will immediately ignite and diffuse a dreamy fragrance most pleasing to the senses. When burned in reception hall, its perfume will pervade the upper rooms, purifying the air by absorbing all odors. In the boudoir, its soothing perfume is said to induce restful sleep, and when burned near clothes closet or press, will impart a most pleasing odor to all clothing, draperies, etc.

The dreamy, soothing fragrance of Vantine's Temple Incense brings to mind the subtle, languorous sweetness of tropical gardens and of blossom-laden breezes blown from palm-fringed islands set in turquoise seas.

Sold by the best shops everywhere, in sets consisting of artistic burner and package of incense, at \$1.50, or separately in unique packages at 75c, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Burners, 75c and up. Should your dealer not have it, write us, sending his name and we shall see that you are supplied.

"Acquaintance Packet", containing a generous sample, mailed postpaid upon request. Address Dept. M

**A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.**

436-438 Fifth Ave.  
New York



Never heard of Sarah R.....? You couldn't have loitered long that evening without having a detailed account of her conquest poured into your ears. Whether you listened or not, you would have turned to stare after her dazzling white back and her enormous fan of pearl-gray ostrich feathers. It would be exceedingly unworthy of her charm to say that she was "ravishing." She was much more than that. *Je ne peux point trouver des mots à vous dire.*

Her robe was of black net and diamonds. The bodice was low and pointed in Elizabethan fashion, almost solid with sparkling stones, while the skirt billowed and flared in countless ruffles. Her powdered hair was simply coiffured and bound with a filet of pearls. Her long green eyes were painted after the manner of Egyptian princesses, which is to say that the blackening began inside the lid and shaded away toward the temples in an oblique fashion. About her throat was a slender chain of platinum, from which was suspended the most tremendous emerald that I have ever seen. The emerald, too, has a history, but it is not more interesting than the story of its present owner!

THE following afternoon I was mingling with the throng upon the Rue de la Paix, that street of wealth and fashion where the poor little rich folk stare out from their glass-enclosed limousines upon the poor little poor folk, who lean indolently against the plateglass windows of famous jewelers and stare back with ill-feigned ease.

I had been to Cartier's with the Woman from Chicago. Seated at a rosewood table, spread with white velour, a suave designing Frenchman poured ropes of pearls before us with a touching affection. Lustrous, gleaming fruit o' the



If Milady objects to the nudity of her arms with the short-sleeved garments of the moment, she can cover the intervening space with bracelets of jade or ivory

sea, worth several kings' ransoms. The Woman from Chicago lifted the heavy strings from the table and balanced them upon the palm of her grey-gloved hand. I felt an undertow of thrills dragging me beneath the surface of tranquility and splendor. The *savoir faire* of the salesman, the *ennui* with which the velvet carpets yawned over the spacious floors, the lazy voluptuousness of countless jewels—these were but the *hors d'oeuvres* of a Patrician orgy. Round about, at other little tables, sat princesses and ladies of fabulous wealth and—ah! the joy of the feast!—one of those fascinating *demi-mondaines* of the peace period. She was dawdling with a chain of emeralds. Quite seriously she studied the gems in a gilded mirror held before her by one of the attendants. I found myself becoming more absorbed in the buyers than in the bought. Faintly I heard the Woman from Chicago humming to the tune of hundreds of thousands. Her choice would depend largely upon the final figure, but the courtesan was not bothered

with value. She was busying herself with sheen, design and effect. Mercenary details were for another.

At length we left the shop and walked toward the Place Vendôme, for it was the hour of tea. Before the house of Pacquin a regal motor, with two men in mulberry livery upon its box, was staring coldly over the vulgar taxis and the cars of plebian rank that wriggled past. The Woman from Chicago sighed profoundly when she glimpsed at the soft interior, the curtains of silver net and the mound of brocaded cushions. Of a sudden the door to Pacquin's flew open and the *chaussieur* sprang to attention. One of the footmen leaped from his box and opened the door of the motor. Two frilled maids appeared and stood at either side of the opening. And then—like an extra-good-measure of the breath of spring—came Marion de L.....! Of late she has been the filling of the smart tea-sandwich. She is the sort that one knows at first sight. There are a thousand descriptions of her hair, her eyes, her frocks and her pursuits, in circulation. Never having seen her before, I know it was Marion de L..... Along the *trottoir* people paused to look—and it is indeed something when the sophists of the Rue de la Paix turn upon their polished heels and raise their lorgnettes for another glance. But the charming *demi-mondaine* was worthy of their attention. Her glazed toque of bright blue straw, her trim *tailleur* of serge and head embroidery, her scarlet lips and her large grey eyes—they were Paris incarnate—the Paris one must have found before the war.



Vera Serjin, in the "Love Child," wears this clinging robe of green metal cloth, with a tunic-scarf arrangement of green and gold sequins and brilliants



The Lady at the Auteuil Race Course wore a pleated skirt of blue serge, a blouse of white satin embroidered in black straw and a loose-cape of serge lined with yellow-figured chiffon





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# A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

By  
ANGELINA

**F**UNNY..... not a single soul in my large circle of relatives and friends and acquaintances was a June bride this year. It's the first time that I can remember such a thing happening since I came to years of discretionary shopping. Usually between the collective family there are at least half a dozen presents to be hunted down and given. Very thoughtful of everybody, I call it.

But to make up for the lack of June brides, there were three new July fiancées on my list to provide for—with engagement presents, I mean. Since I knew them all in just about equal degree, I had to give presents weighing equally in the scales of expenditure. Problem: What should it be?

That somewhat nice person, my Mother, was consulted. But, for once, like the Queen in "The Young Visitors," "she wasn't up to much." Leastways I didn't care for her suggestion. Handkerchiefs..... Banal, don't you think?

Lunching with a nice young business



Timothy Crowley neckwear has an originality and nonpareil exquisiteness of finish. Either of the two pieces would "make" the plainest frock, the stunning underbodice of net and Irish lace, or the long collar of organdie voile, also combined with Irish



Cuffs and little undersleeves are parts of the Crowley ménage. Above are net puffs, or white organdie and coarse yellow lace "slip-ins" for short sleeves; and butterfly-looking "slip-ons" of organdie, piped, and with tiny linen-covered buttons for long ones. These have, of course, their collars to match

man, last week, I happened idly to bring up the question.

"Let me settle it for you," he said, enthusiastically. "After lunch we'll 'hop a taxi' and I'll take you down to a place I know about where you can see the most stunning neckwear at first hand. If you don't find something there to give..... I'll eat my hat."

I rather opened my eyes. What could he know about feminine neckwear? Also I was a bit "thuthpithuth," as Ernest Truex used to say. Had my host an Ulterior Motive? Nobody likes that animal, do

they? However, I'm broad-minded, and as he earnestly assured me that my visit need commit me to nothing if I didn't wish, I was willing to take a chance. And neckwear certainly was a splendid suggestion, especially for July.

We taxi-hopped down Fifth Avenue, elevatored up to a suite in the top story of a large building, and were met in a charming little reception room by a gracious lady. The long window-seat upholstered in blue that I was asked to grace started me off well. And the neckwear that was brought

out and laid on the long dark oak table in front of me made a precipitate and overwhelming conquest. I didn't give a hang whether my host had an Ulterior Motive in bringing me there or not: I was so enchanted.

As a matter of fact, he did. But it was together human, started by that idle and which that idle and meddling little season

with a view to laundering, so that it may come out from under the iron as perfect as when it was new.

I chose for one of my July fiancées



A collar for a real Eton jacket, of fine French piqué, with a pleated frill of sheer white Swiss

known as the Spring. He, too, wished to give a present—he'd overheard it being asked for—and to use my judgment in selection, but without having to betray whys and wherefores. I was only too delighted to help. But aren't men, poor dears, such delicious old ostriches! How did he know about this particular place, you wonder? Oh, that's another story. Let's tell about the neckwear itself.

To begin with, there's nothing else like it in America. That's flat! And even Paris would be hard put to match it. Every piece of material used is of the finest quality, soft French piqués, and Irish linens, and "permanent finish" organdies, that stand up without starching after washing, sheer and lovely. The designers of this neckwear know with artistic surety whether the lace for a certain collar should be Irish or Valenciennes, where it should be cream colored and where white, just the spot a lace button is needed as the finishing touch. Best of all, every piece is made



An underblouse for the sleeveless Eton of white wash net, with organdie collar and cuffs, and a border of hemstitching and embroidered dots

a smart and simple set of sheer organdie collar and cuffs, in a soft corn color, with yellow net frills to match. And for another a little vestee of heavy white linen, with a pleated border of handkerchief linen embroidered in small black dots. You may see both of these in the sketch at the lower left-hand corner. For my third, I chose a long collar of soft French piqué, with a pleated frill of fine white edging. That is shown above at the left. For my host to give as his present I selected the beautiful Irish lace (he said it *must* be Irish), and organdie-voile collar at the top of the page. And in return for my services I was beautifully rewarded by a self-chosen underblouse of net, with turned-back organdie collars and cuffs, hemstitched and dotted and all. Of course, this selecting at headquarters was a very special favor, and only permitted infrequently to a few privileged individuals.

Write Angelina, Care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City, to learn at what shop Timothy Crowley neckwear can be found.



For the young person there are organdie collar and cuffs in yellow, with white net frills; and a most tubbable little linen vestee, with pleated handkerchief linen border embroidered in black dots



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## The Programme of Fashion



Ira L. Hill

A Bessie Damsey negligee, the "undo-without-able" breakfast coat, in which every woman is so deliciously charming. This charmer, worn by Cleo Mayfield, has an underslip of flesh-colored georgette and a coat of the same colored ribbon and beige Chantilly lace

### CLEO MAYFIELD, RECENT STAR OF "LOOK WHO'S HERE" DECLARES THE NEGLIGÉE TO BE A POTENT FACTOR IN THE LIFE OF WOMAN

THE negligée has ceased to become a synonym of boudoir gown. It is really synonymous with any sort of house gown, which includes the boudoir gown, the pajama and the tea gown. In the past even the smart woman of fashion was content with making her negligée of least importance in her wardrobe, but that was before the psychology of color and fabric was appreciated as it is today. One of the new ideas is the Ming-Toy pajama, inspired by the Chinese comedy, "East Is West," and created by Bessie Damsey. It is not tailored, as shown in the shops heretofore, nor is it a sleeping garment, but very frilly, cut on irregular lines, and infinitely becoming. One owned by Miss Mayfield is of coral crepe meteor, with knickers that garter below the knee with purple tassels, and an overblouse slip-on coat that ties about the waist in a huge, soft sash. Cleo Mayfield declares that the negligée is as potent as a cocktail in the effect on nerves and disposition, and that just as soon as women realize the inspiration gained from learning to relax and looking beautiful at the same moment, they will all be wearing negligées at the slightest provocation. "I change my mood with glorious colored house gowns, as some women change their mood with music. I adore music, but do not always have access to it, while my negligée is always at hand with its rapturous colors and si'ken sheen."

A quaint and youthful fashion for the slender figure; when the surplice becomes a sash or rolls into a girlish bow at the back a solution is found for the sheer summer frock



'Tis a mode that one does not tire of, and may be piped or embroidered, or finished with long sash ends. The smart long-waisted effect is easily acquired in this way



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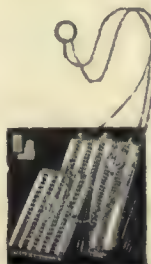
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## The Programme of Fashion



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Ira L. Hill

BERNICE DEWEY, one of the pretty "Florodora" girls, in the revival of that successful musical play, suggests about the most becoming and smartest bathing outfit a girl can wear. It is an Annette Kellermann "Two-in-One" of navy blue and beige wool jersey, with the new jockey cuff fastening about the knee to add to comfort and style. Of course, there are some who prefer the taffeta and fancy suits, but when the tights and the bodice and the belt and the skirt are made in one and can be adjusted as quickly as a bird can spread its wing, what is left to be desired in a bathing suit? The cunning high satin and rubber boot gives support to the ankle and is first choice this season.



MME. VARNÉE wears a chemise gown of black Crystal Knit, with yoke and long sleeves of finest black net. It is her idea of draping a lovely tricolette fabric without cutting. Sea green beads and jet form a

finish at the neck, which color scheme is repeated in a swinging ornament at the waistline. An unusual effect is found in Paradise feathers floating on a wheel hat of horsehair



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Wallack's, Daly's, Bijou, Star, etc.

The Cover by Hamilton King, lithographed in ten colors is well worth framing

40c. Will Bring A Copy To You





Scene from "A Winter's Tale" the recent Hunter College Varsity play

## DRAMATICS AT HUNTER COLLEGE

THE pantomimic Indian Operetta, "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water," recently presented by the Science Club, was an innovation in Hunter College dramatics in that it was the first music-drama ever attempted by the students.

PRODUCE a Shakespearean play! Never! You could not make a popular success of it," cried the doubting Thomases of Hunter College, when "A Winter's Tale" was finally announced as the Varsity Play Committee's choice of a play



Indian maidens and papoose in "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water."

The costumes and papoose were loaned by the Museum of Natural History

Professor Frances E. Dutting, Head of Pedagogy in Music at Hunter College, made the performance musically possible. The Indian Music based on genuine, vocal utterances of the Indian, was exemplified by Cadman's "Four American Indian Songs"; Lieurance's "By the Waters of the Minnetonka," "The Canoe Song," "Wi-um," and "I Love You"; and the Skilton Indian dances, and, thanks to the long arm of coincidence that happily drew together College students who caught the spirit of the Indian song and whose voices were equal to those difficult selections, they were rendered with splendid effect.

The College Choir in character, the flute and the College Orchestra furnished a running accompaniment throughout to sustain the action, and the tireless, well-directed efforts of the Pantomimic Director, Miss Glenn Raymond of the Spoken English Department of Hunter College, made the action so realistic that there was an entire abandon of twentieth century mannerisms for those of primitive life, in the responsive action and co-ordination of the entire ensemble of seventy-five.

for the annual performance. But the committee, composed of the faculty of the Oral English Department and eight student representatives, had definitely decided on a Shakespearean play, and, after two well-attended performances had been given, everyone admitted that their confidence had been justified. "A Winter's Tale" proved to be rich in opportunities for college dramatics, with its mingling of pathos and comedy, and its moments of dramatic intensity. A capable cast was chosen with Anne MacKay as Leontes, Judith Rosow as Polixenes, Helen Luckey as Hermione, and Minna Ast as Paulina.



Dorothy M. Helbig, as "Cululu," in the Indian Operetta, presented by the Hunter College Science Club



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"vin-ordinaire,"

The Tommy on his tea,  
But the Doughboy had to  
have his cigarette.

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in boxes of 10, 50, 100, as usual

## A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

(Continued from page 56)

AT the neck of my net and or-  
gandie underblouse is a ribbon,  
you will notice, one that came with  
it—in blue.

As soon as I looked at the ribbon  
I recognized it for an old friend, a  
bit of Johnson, Cowdin's "Democ-  
racy Grosgrain."

That reminded me..... And  
when we came down and out into the  
street I realized that we were only a  
stone's throw away from the John-  
son, Cowdin building.

"As they put it in fairy tales," said  
I to my companion, "one good turn  
deserves another. Come with me  
while I see the latest in ribbons. I'd  
like your judgment on them, too."

NO, don't say, "Now, Ange-  
lina....." to me, the way father  
does. I wasn't trying to be enticing  
and flattering. I really meant it.  
You'd be surprised how much good  
taste even the average man has  
about women's clothes, if left to  
himself. By that I mean when he  
isn't confused and dazzled by their  
being connected in some way with  
The Particular Girl. In which case  
his judgment goes stone blind, and  
he can't tell bad from good. Not  
only will he stand for anything, but  
actually admire it. But as there was  
no bedazzlement in my case, I ex-  
pected his judgment to be good.

It was—very. We made it a game,  
and told him that first of all he must  
make three selections in order. First  
of all he must choose what he  
thought was the simplest, yet most  
effective, ribbon; next, one that was  
still simple but a bit more "lookish";  
and finally his preference among the  
elaborate brocaded aristocrats.

HIS first choice, after looking  
over all the long counters piled  
with bolts of ribbon, couldn't have  
been better. And it was strictly up-  
to-date. Those lovely two-tone satin  
ribbons, which Johnson, Cowdin  
started in the pastel shades with  
their famous "Lady Fair," and whose  
enormous popularity obliged them to  
go further and make them up in the  
darker tones. They are in every

combination of colors, taupe with  
turquoise, brown with blue, green  
with gold, any you could ever wish,  
and in widths from a half-inch up.

"That," said my young man, "I  
consider the maximum in effective  
simplicity. It gives you such a pleas-  
ant feeling of surprise, too, when you  
find the ribbon is a different shade  
on the other side."

WHAT delicious little shocks June

Caprice must give all her men  
friends, then, I thought, when she  
wears a certain frock I have seen, of  
navy Indestructible Voile, with a  
girdle that carries numbers of  
streamers in half-inch-wide two-  
toned satin ribbon, navy on one side  
and old blue underneath.

The young man's second fancy  
was as good as his first, and similar  
to it. He chose two-tone again, but  
this time the outside was of silver,  
with the underside of the satin in the  
different colors. I really hadn't seen  
those ribbons myself. They were  
adorable. And, you know, they are  
using silver ribbons so much just  
now on midsummer georgette and  
taffeta hats, as narrow bindings for  
the brim, as twists around the  
crown.

WHEN we came to the most elab-  
orate ribbons of all, those won-  
derful wide and supple, brocaded, and  
silver and gold effects, our chooser  
said that "right there was where he  
fell down flat." He would like to take  
some of them home and hang them  
in panels on the walls of his apart-  
ment, as one did rare Japanese and  
Chinese embroideries, but he'd be  
dashed if he could make a choice as  
to which was the superior.

I let him off, because I appreci-  
ated exactly how he felt. All my ad-  
jectives turn tail and flee, when I  
come near that particular ribbon sec-  
tion of Johnson, Cowdin's. They  
know that they're going to have to  
work overtime. You really can't  
make a choice between them.

Still..... have you seen the Pea-  
cock Pattern, or the "Dream" rib-  
bons, or the "Plumage" series?



## COLUMBIA RECORDS

In this latest song for Columbia Records  
Van and Schenck state that "All the Boys  
Love Mary," and go on to explain why.  
The reason is closely connected with  
Mary's daddy's well-stocked cellar. Harry  
Fox makes the same words mean many  
things in the merry refrain of "Way  
Down Barcelona Way," the laugh pro-  
vo'ing coupling to this song.

The name of the Art Hickman Or-  
chestra's latest fox-trot played for Colum-  
bia Records is "Take It Easy," but it's  
not on record that anyone who has heard  
it has ever taken it easy until the last  
note was played. The same orchestra  
plays as the coupling the Southern one-  
step "Come Back to Georgia."—Advt.





Premier was the first car in existence to adopt the Cutler-Hammer Magnetic Gear Shift as standard equipment (now in its 5th successful season)—a feature that appeals instantly to the woman who through choice operates her own car.

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# At last! A New Idea in Talcum Powder!

WOMEN everywhere are talking about a wonderful new, improved kind of talcum powder made by the specialist who created the popular La-may Face Powder. This new invention is two articles in one. It can be used for everything for which talcum is now used, and it has double value in preventing the souring of perspiration. It is the souring of perspiration that people who perspire freely find so objectionable. Women who use this new talcum say it is wonderful for this purpose,



and that it is also an excellent high-grade toilet talcum. It is healing, soothing and delightfully fragrant. Of course, it is called La-may. The package is also new. The box is so attractive that it makes a beautiful dressing-table ornament. When you use this new La-may Talcum you will understand why it is almost impossible to get enough boxes to supply the great demand. If your local druggist has not got it yet, he will cheerfully order it for you.



## The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WHAT two beauty requisites claim first attention in midsummer? Now, then, children, all together. Yes, quite correct. Most certainly! Powder and perfume. Everything else comes after. First, we must have powder to take away the shine, and then perfume, that we may be as fragrant as summer flowers.

So we have been hunting both of these requisites up, seeing what there was excellent or new to offer you. We went to the American representative of one of the best-known and oldest of French perfume firms.

"What have you that is new in perfumes?" we asked him.

"Well, Madame," said he, "not much that you can strictly describe as new, just at the minute. Yet that does not mean that our perfumes are old—not old, that is, in the sense of being *démodés*. Never! Our perfumes are eternal, like the hills. They have been. They will continue to be. For always they are wonderful, like the flowers from which they are made. Women know and love them.....they must have them....."

"Tell your friends, rather," he continued, "of our powders, which are truly a new departure with us, made in every perfume we sell, and in more shades than anyone else." He showed and explained them to me, eight in all. "First, there is white, for very white skins. Next, *rosé* No. 1, in light pink, for very light complexions. Then, *rosé* No. 2, a trifle darker. *Rachel* No. 1, for a dark brunette; *rachel* No. 2, for a light one. Natural; mauve for evening; *mauresque*, a specialty of ours—you see, it is light gold. And all these powders stay on the skin marvelously, yet are very fine in quality."

WE had the gentleman give us a list of those famous ones, which you also might care to see. And there was a totally new one in the list, too—a toilet water composed "of essences of Sicilian fruits and flowers of France, for the bath.....friction.....massage." We saw its stunning bottle, two hands high, that would make the fortune of any bathroom.

As we were questing about we went to a smart beauty salon on the Avenue, for a treatment. Which we liked immensely. Not only we. Several people spoke, unsolicitedly, of "how well you are looking," that day. We were so encouraged that we have gone back for a summer series, and expect to surprise all our friends with our bee-yu-tiful appearance, when they return in the fall. Sometime, perhaps, you'd like to hear more about these.

The treatment ended, of course, with a dusting of powder, which turned out to be one of the many excellences of the excellent treatment, and I noticed, lasted for a long time after, though it was a particularly "shiny" day. *Poudre d'Illusion*—the Powder of Illusion—was its apt name, just heavy enough, a perfect skin color, a powder for those demanding the extreme of exclusiveness and quality. Another powder from the same beauty salon, a little heavier in quality, and a little lighter in price, was called "Venetian Flower Powder."

WE were pleased to find that if we chose to dash away for a vacation in the midst of our beauty course, we could carry along, in a magic Beauty Box—put up by this Beauty Salon—and admirably adapted for traveling, the requisite preparations to carry on the good work. It could be a large Beauty Box, containing all the "needfuls"; or a medium-sized one containing fifteen; or an adorable, size-popular, "Baby" Beauty Box (makes you think of baby vamps, doesn't it?) containing nine preparations, the ones considered indispensable, including a box of powder, and amounting to a trial package.

(Write us concerning the list of famous French perfumes: the new powders put up by the same firm; the "Powder of Illusion" and "Venetian Flower Powder"; and the alluring "Beauty Boxes." Care The Vanity Box, THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City.)



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and  
softness

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DISREGARDED, AND STEVENSON,  
MACAULAY, LAMB AND ALL THE  
REST BECOME DUST-LADEN WHEN—

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## K L E P T O M A N I A

(Continued from page 12)

FAULKNER

DOCTOR, I think art has been shamefully neglected in this country.

WILSHIRE

(Sighing gustily)

Ah, quite true—quite true! We are living in a commercial age, Mr. Faulkner—a get-rich-quick age. It is very deplorable!

(Flossie crosses quickly to the mantelpiece and glances around. She sees the two pocketbooks and transfers them to her handbag. Then the watches attract her attention, and they, too, go into the rapacious maw of her handbag. She is furtively handling a small silver picture frame, when the doctor turns around and sees it in her hand.)

Are you very fond of beautiful things, Mrs. Faulkner?

FLOSSIE

(Putting down the frame as if she had merely been examining it, and turning to the doctor with a smile)

Ah, yes, doctor! I just adore them. When I am in an art museum, I can hardly refrain from taking some of the treasures. Isn't it dreadful to have such a feeling?

(Dr. Wilshire and Faulkner exchange glances)

WILSHIRE

That is only natural, Mrs. Faulkner. We are all prone to envy the possessors of the beautiful things in this world.

(Turning to Faulkner with a fatuous smile)

I am sure, my dear fellow, that many men have envied you the possession of such a wife.

FLOSSIE

(Smiling and holding up her hand in mock disapproval)

Fie, fie, doctor! You musn't make love to me so soon. Do you say such nice things to all your patients?

FAULKNER

(Laughing)

Of course he does! That's what he's paid for.

WILSHIRE

(Protestingly)

Oh, I say, my dear fellow, don't be an iconoclast! Let us say out pretty speeches occasionally. Life is the sweeter for the flowers—eh, Mrs. Faulkner?

FLOSSIE

(Toying with the silver picture frame)

Yes, indeed, doctor! My husband is horribly matter-of-fact.

FAULKNER

One has to be in Wall Street, my dear. A little too much sentiment once cost me a small fortune.

WILSHIRE

Ha, ha! You will have your little joke, I see.

FAULKNER

(Genially)

One must laugh and learn, doctor.

(Crossing to picture of Pasteur)

Ah, I see you have a picture of Pasteur!

WILSHIRE

(Turning around)

Another great man, Mr. Faulkner. He did for medical science what Rembrandt did for the world of art.

(Flossie quickly places the picture-frame in her handbag. Dr. Wilshire hears the movement, and turns around. Flossie takes a handkerchief from the bag and dabs nervously at her face.)

FLOSSIE

Pardon my restlessness, doctor. I seem to be terribly nervous this morning.

WILSHIRE

Don't apologize, my dear madam. It's quite all right.

FLOSSIE

(Crossing to her husband)

Dear, I think we had better go. I seem to be all unstrung.

FAULKNER

(Patting her shoulder soothingly)

There, there, my dear! We will go right back to the Vendome and the doctor can call on you there this afternoon.

(Turning to Wilshire)

Can't you, doctor?

WILSHIRE

Certainly—certainly!

FAULKNER

Let me see! Will two o'clock this afternoon suit you, doctor?

WILSHIRE

(Smiling)

Most excellently.

FAULKNER

(Going to mantel and glancing around meaningly)

By the way, doctor, you owe me a good dinner.

FLOSSIE

(Looking surprised)

Owes you a dinner?

FAULKNER

(Smiling quizzically at the doctor)

He understands. Eh, doctor?

WILSHIRE

(Looking around and observing that the watches, pocketbooks and surgical instruments are missing) Yes, I understand. Suppose you and Mrs. Faulkner take dinner with me at the Vendome this evening?

FAULKNER

Good suggestion! We accept, eh, Flossie?

FLOSSIE

We shall be delighted, doctor.

(Concluded on page 68)





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Cast of "Al Fareedah," presented by the Pi Eta Club of Harvard University

## PI ETA THEATRICALS

ORIGINAL in substance and elaborate in presentation, "Al Fareedah," the fifty-second annual production of the Pi Eta Club of Harvard, was recently received with much enthusiasm by audiences in Greater Boston.

Ever since its organization in 1865 the Club has had an enviable place in the history of the play at Harvard. Until the beginning of the twentieth century, the efforts of the Club were largely directed toward the production of well-known plays, although occasionally some original work, notably in the field of light opera and burlesque, was undertaken. Since 1900, however, it has been the custom to produce modern musical comedies, written and staged by the members of Pi Eta. Each season the plays have become more and more elaborate, and have been anticipated with the keenest interest by people about the Hub. Although

New Yorkers have had little opportunity to see the Pi Eta productions in the past, if present hopes materialize, a trip to New York will be included in future schedules.

The charm of Araby smoulders in the incense-burners of "Al Fareedah," a modern "girl and music" show served up with tuneful musical numbers and clever dialogue, and garnished with elaborate costumes and scenery (and a real plot), and flavored with various original specialty acts and dances.

The book is by Russell Gerould, '20, and Scott W. Hovey, '21, the lyrics by Winslow A. Duerr, '20, and the music by Malcolm H. Dill, '20. Dill, who is president of the Harvard Glee Club, combined a good tenor voice with unusual grace and charm in the rôle of Ella. He was supported by an able cast of thirty-seven, including twelve lively "show girls" and "ponies."

## THE REVIVAL OF ELIZABETHAN DRAMA AT BRYN MAWR

(Continued from page 43)

ance may be due in part to the play itself; but much more, one is inclined to suspect, from the skillful coaching of Mrs. Otis Skinner, and to the talent of the actors, among whom were Mary Price of Girton College, Cambridge; Margaret Knapp from Cornell, Monica Flannery from California, and Jane Davies of Bryn Mawr, who played the title rôle.

If the successful revival of the early plays was surprising in many ways, much more so was the transformation of the plotless, characterless reliques of the old court masques, by clothing their dry bones in all the loveliness of filmy costumes and eurythmic dancing. Ben Johnson's "A Hue and Cry After

Cupid" and "The Masque of Flowers," by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, were the two masques given. Among the solo dancers, it would be hard to choose among Zella Boynton's "Gal-lus," Eleanor Boswell's "Prima-vera," or Helene Zinsser as "The North Wind"; but with so little opportunity for dramatic action in any of the parts in the two masques, Emily Kimbrough gave quite an astonishing performance, from a dramatic as well as a terpsichorean view, in her interpretation of the part of Silenus. Miss Kimbrough has had considerable dramatic training in the outdoor theatre at Berkeley, California, and was with Margaret Anglin in the summer of 1915.

## VICTOR RECORDS

Galli-Curci has the gift of doing the most incredible things with the simple delight of a child. As you listen to her Victor Records you feel that she surely must be mixing laughter with her singing—and in this you are correct. Les Filles de Cadix (The Maids of Cadix) as sung by Galli-Curci on a new Victor Record will evoke from you laughter—the laughter of delight.

Mischa Elman, this month, records on a new Victor Record a delightful pastoral number—a Scotch pastoral—such a tune perhaps as some plaided shepherd

must first have given to the moorlands. Orville Harrold, the great American tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company takes the part of Rodolfo in "Bohème" and makes his first Victor Record, "Racconto di Rodolfo" (Rodolfo's Narrative). The aria is one of the most touching in all modern Italian opera and Harrold sings it with magnificent power and intensity from its first tuneful moments, to the final declaration of love where the voice rises triumphantly and superbly to the apex of the great love-motive with its golden high C.—Advt.





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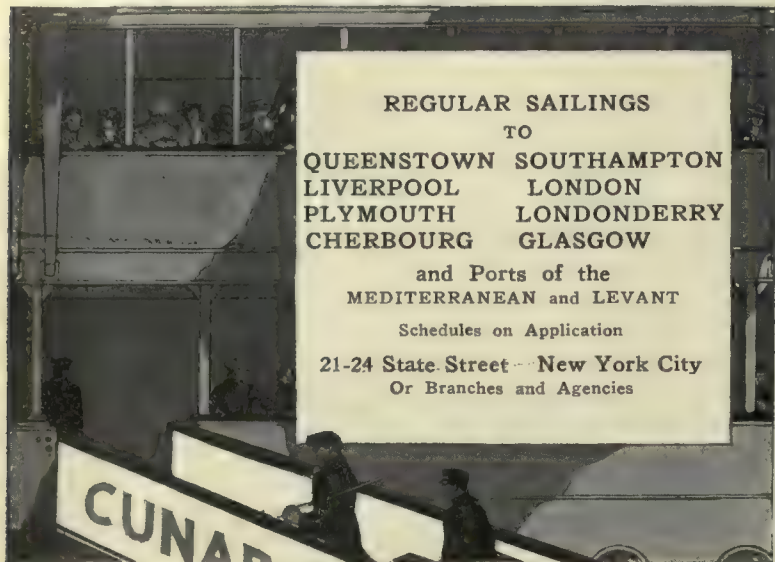


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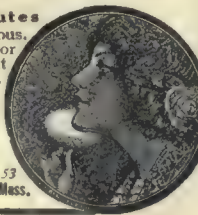
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## KLEPTOMANIA

(Continued from page 65)

FAULKNER

(Taking Flossie by the arm and  
starting for the door)

Then we shall expect to see you at  
two this afternoon, doctor?

WILSHIRE

Yes—at two sharp.

FAULKNER

Good morning, doctor.

WILSHIRE

Good morning, sir.

(To Mrs. Faulkner, with a gal-  
lant bow)

We shall soon have your nerves in  
shape, madam.

FLOSSIE

I already feel better, doctor. You  
have done me a world of good.

(Bowing with a bewitching  
smile)

Good morning!

WILSHIRE

(Again bowing)

Good morning, madam.

FAULKNER

(Motioning significantly toward  
Flossie's handbag)

Everything shall be adjusted this  
afternoon, doctor. You understand.

WILSHIRE

Perfectly!

(They exit and the door outside is  
heard to shut. Dr. Wilshire in a high  
good humor walks around, rubbing his  
hands together complacently. Sud-  
denly a thought comes to him and he  
walks over to the table and picks up  
the telephone receiver.)

WILSHIRE

Give me the Vendome Hotel,  
please!

(Pause)

Hello, is this the Vendome? I  
want to talk to the clerk, please.  
Hello! Is that you, Duncan? This is  
Dr. Wilshire. Pretty well, thank  
you. Er, Duncan, I want you to give  
the chef an order for a bang-up  
dinner for three this evening. I am  
dining with two of your guests, Mr.  
and Mrs. Faulkner. Yes!

What's that? You don't? There  
must be some mistake. I am refer-  
ring to Mr. Timothy Faulkner and  
wife. He is a New York broker and  
they have a suite in your hotel.  
How's that? Why they just left my  
office for the hotel! You must be  
crazy, Duncan. Look over your  
register, will you, please? Yes,  
Faulkner—F-a-u-l-k-n-e-r. I'll hold  
the wire.

(There is a pause and Wilshire  
looks distinctly worried. He  
frowns and drums nervously on  
the table)

Hello, hello, Duncan! Wait! Say  
that again. No such people are  
registered at the hotel? Why—why  
—What's that? Of all the damned  
fools. No, of course I wasn't talk-  
ing to you.

(Shouting)

No, I tell you! I meant myself.  
I-I—Damn it, no! Good bye!

(He hangs up the receiver with  
a bang and then collapses into his  
chair, a comical expression of  
despair on his face)

Good Lord! There's one born  
every minute—and I'm the latest ar-  
rival.

CURTAIN

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applied nightly, will  
nourish, stimulate and  
promote growth of eye-  
brows and lashes, mak-  
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Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full  
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MAYBELL LABORATORIES - 4305-99 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

CHICAGO



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Camels supply everything  
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## CIGARETTES

**Y**OUR taste will prove that in quality, flavor, fragrance and mellowness Camels give you a real idea of how delightful a cigarette can be! You will greatly prefer Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels hand out satisfaction you never before got from a cigarette. They have a wonderful smooth but satisfying mildness that meets the most fastidious desires, yet, that desirable body is all there! And, Camels are so refreshing—they do not tire your taste!

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Camels superiority is best proved by comparing them with any cigarette in the world at any price. You realize then as you never did before just what quality can mean to a cigarette!

*Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.*

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By ARTHUR HORNBLow

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"Rich in material that still lives among the most delightful of my memories."—JAMES L. FORD in *N. Y. Herald*.

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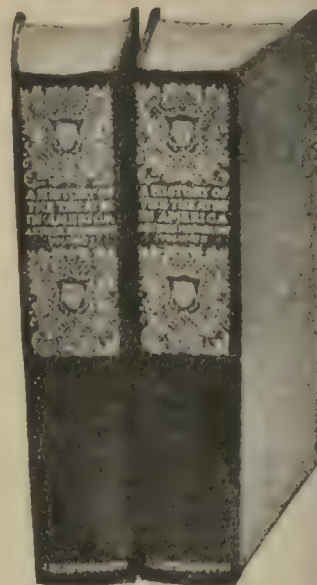
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WALTON H. MARSHALL,  
Manager



## Obituary

MADAME RÉJANE, the famous French actress, is dead. Thus ran the cable dispatch of June 13th, recording the end of one of the most notable histrionic careers of the last generation.

Endowed with a theatrical skill well-nigh perfect, Mme. Réjane combined a considerable power of emotional expression, with a strong vein of natural humor. Utilizing her fine, clear voice, commanding stage presence and unusually expressive face, she created some of the most popular stage characters of her time. In her own way she held a position quite the equal of Sarah Bernhardt's. Like Sarah, also, she had her own playhouse, the Theatre Réjane, which she owned and in which she acted with her own company.

Born in Paris June 6, 1857, Mme. Réjane was from early youth intimately associated with the stage. Her father was an actor, and her aunt, Mme. Apta, under the stage name of Arnault, was a *pensionnaire* of the Comédie Française. At the age of five her father died, and she was removed from contact with the theatre, but her natural inclination soon asserting itself, she entered the Conservatoire, and at the age of fifteen won honorable mention for her skill in comedy.

Réjane made her début in 1875 at the Vaudeville Theatre in "La Revue des Deux Mondes," but her first great success did not arrive until she appeared as Gabrielle in "Pierre."

On October 27, 1893, Réjane made her first appearance at the Vaudeville in Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne," a rôle for which she had been personally selected by the author and with which she became closely identified in this country, coming to America in 1895, and appearing at Abbey's Theatre with tremendous success, and later touring the country. Wherever she appeared in this play, whether in the large cities of America or the capitals of Europe, she was everywhere accorded the greatest ovation.

Another rôle which she created and popularized, and which has since found its way into opera, was that of the actress, "Zaza."

In February of this year the Red Ribbon of the Legion of Honor was awarded to the famous artist at a luncheon given in her honor in the entry hall of the Theatre Réjane, the gathering being attended by President Deschanel and many of the nation's socially and politically prominent.

SINCE securing the interview with Clifton Crawford on page 8 of this issue, this popular actor met with a fatal accident on June 3rd last in a hotel in London, where he had gone for a well-earned rest. By the same perverse twist of fate which has affected the lives of so many prominent players, the career of Clifton Crawford ended at a point when he had just reached a new phase of development which gave

(Continued on page 70)

*America's First  
Cord Tire*

On the same road with your new *Silvertown Cord Tires*, you will find a lot of the *Silvertown Cords* of last year, and the year before, still delivering the miles.

**Goodrich Tires**  
*Best in the Long Run*

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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## TO VACATION LAND

where woods are cool, streams alluring, vacations ideal. Between New York City (with Albany and Troy the gateways) and

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SARATOGA—THE ADIRONDACKS  
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## Hudson Navigation Company

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New York

## "The Searchlight Route"

## GOING ON THE STAGE

(Continued from page 6)

admirable thing for the theatrical profession were those persons who are remote from it to devote more thought to its artistic side and less to the morals of those who follow it. These narrow-minded ones visit the theatre, when they go at all, in the hope of confirming a previous deep-rooted belief that the women who are there to entertain them are "no better than they should be." It must be a terribly difficult thing to play against such an adverse feeling.

When we consider the amount of good advice that might be offered to an inexperienced girl, the counsels of the foolish seem all the more deplorable. Instead of bidding her hold aloof from her associates she should be told to establish with them as friendly relations as possible, for through them she can learn many things that are not taught in the dramatic schools. Above all, she should learn to respect them, for that will teach her to respect the parts that they assume. To do this she should pay no heed to scandals

and be chary of judging unkindly those whose upbringing has perhaps been different from her own

AND, though giving respectful consideration to the characters that surround her in the mimic world, she will learn the importance of paying the closest attention to those with whom she plays a scene. In short, she will learn to listen or "feed," as it is called, and she can have no better recommendation for professional advancement than the fact that her associates and those managers who may have watched her across the footlights declare her to be "a good feeder." That is the sort of young actress that every star in the country is looking for—one who will by eager attention heighten the value of that star's work.

"Consider that awful thing that you have there before you—that collection of human hearts, and respect it," said the wise Bronson Howard, and his words should be displayed conspicuously in every dressing-room.

## THE BOY PRODIGY CLASS

(Continued from page 36)

Grand Opera House in Chicago, in a company of which Cora Tanner was the leading woman. When twenty-two he had added to his repertoire "The Red Cockade," "The Cousin of the King," "The Man in Black," "We Are King," and "Heart and Sword." Of some of these latter plays the star was also the author.

IT was with a bit of a shock that we discovered Donald Gallaher in the vamping environment of Theda Bara in "The Blue Flame" last season. How all those little misses who adored him with Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way," or with Millie James in "The Little Princess," or the slightly older misses who still adored him, in first long trousers, with Laurette Taylor and Henry B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," would shudder for his safety! But Gallaher is now an established "juvenile," safely over the border from his precocious boy prodigy days. He really was an "infant actor," for his first appearance took place when he was but four, with Sol Smith Russell, in "A Poor Relation." He has been playing almost constantly since, in England as well as America, a widely varied range of rôles.

In "Wedding Bells" we again saw

Wallace Eddinger, released from numerous seasons of "The Boomerang." "Wallie" Eddinger is still young and a "juvenile," but it was—well, a bit over twenty-five years ago that he was little Dick Burleigh in "The Girl I Left Behind Me" when that play opened the aristocratic career of the Empire Theatre. Three years before, in the company of Richard Mansfield, of which his father, the estimable Lawrence Eddinger, was also a member, he had made his first appearance, as Johnny in the American première of "Master and Man" at Palmer's Theatre.

One encountered in a short-lived farce of the season, too, young Walter Lewis. The son of Horace Lewis, one of the most able of the "character" actors of a generation ago, young Walter appeared as a ten-year-old in "The Soudan," alternating with Master Eddinger in the rôle of the waif, Dick. On the screen recently, as well, there flashed young "Buster" Collier, the son of Paula Marr and stepson of William Collier. Although now well in his teens, and appearing only before the camera between school intervals, young Collier will be recalled pleasantly for his playing of boy rôles in a series of the Collier comedies.

## CLIFTON CRAWFORD

(Continued from page 69)

every promise of a brilliant future.

Born in Australia, Mr. Crawford's parents later emigrated to Scotland, where he took up golf and became the amateur champion. At the age of twenty-one he came to America in order to introduce the game to the wealthy people of this country.

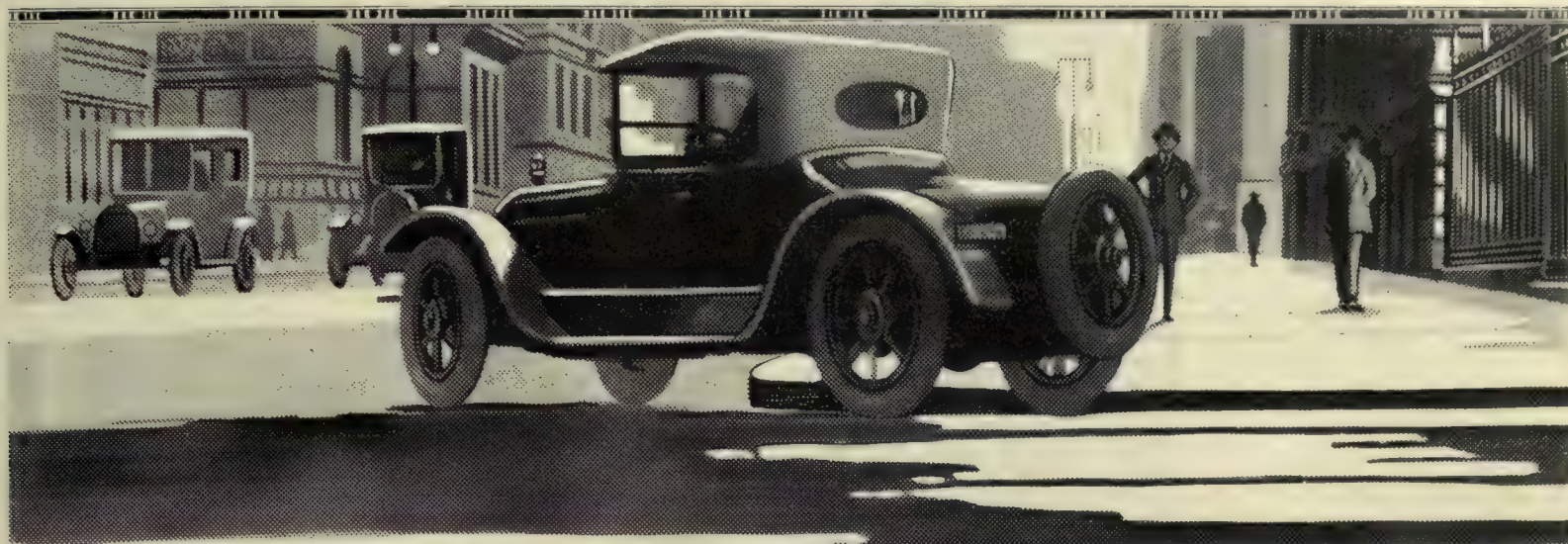
While out at the Boston Golf Club, Robert Barnett, director of the Boston Cadets, heard Crawford play and sing, and immediately recognized his comic powers.

Mr. Crawford's first speaking part was with Joe Hart in "Foxy Grandpa." It was in this piece that he first recited Kipling's "Gunga Din," a poem with which he later became as closely identified as De Wolf Hopper with his "Casey at the Bat."

Mr. Crawford made his first big Broadway hit in "The Three Twins." Of late years he has starred in "The Quaker Girl," "Her Soldier Boy," "I Love a Lassie," "The Peasant Girl," and "Fancy Free."



# Five Million More Tires than last year How much More Tire Economy



IT IS interesting to watch a car owner gradually becoming conscious of his tires. If his first tires don't give him what he has been led to expect, you will see him going back to the dealer for an allowance.

Finally he reaches the point where he prefers to shoulder his losses himself rather than argue the matter out with the dealer.

Meet him a year later and you will probably find him with two or three different makes of tires on his car.

\* \* \*

There is less conviction in the minds of motorists about tires today than about any other subject connected with motoring.

Despite all the claims, all the

*The driver of the car in the foreground probably does not realize that by rounding the corner too quickly he may be taking as much as a thousand miles out of his rear tires.*

*A great deal of tire trouble can be avoided by slowing down to a reasonable speed in negotiating corners.*

allowances, all the selling talks that are presented for the motorist's consideration, he goes along in his own way, seeking the tire that will give him the greatest economy.]

Often you see him running foul of the irresponsible dealer.

But sooner or later he finds out that claims and allowances and selling talks can never take the place of performance.

\* \* \*

More and more motorists are coming to realize that the only

way to tire economy is through better tires. Avoiding the dealer whose idea of business is merely to fill the eye or to supply a market and going direct to the merchant who deals in quality.

Never has the United States Rubber Company's policy of *quality first* been more thoroughly justified or widely appreciated than it is today.

Discounting, as it does, every temptation to force production in favor of a highly specialized, wholly standardized product.

\* \* \*

Even when the production of U. S. Tires has reached two or three times its present figure, the test will still be not how many tires—but *how good*.

## United States Tires

## United States Rubber Company



Fifty-three  
factories

The oldest and largest  
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and  
thirty-five Branches



# EVERY NIGHT'S A BIG NIGHT

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PARAMOUNT PICTURES  
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“E”

JOHN BARRYMORE in  
“DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE”  
Directed by John S. Robertson

“F”

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS’  
Greatest Novel  
“THE FIGHTING CHANCE”  
Directed by Charles Maigne

“T”

“THE COPPERHEAD”  
With Lionel Barrymore  
Directed by Charles Maigne

“C”

CECIL B. DEMILLE’S  
Production  
“WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?”

“W”

WILLIAM DE MILLE’S  
Production  
“THE PRINCE CHAP”  
WITH THOMAS MEIGHAN

A few of the latest  
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“E”

“EVERYWOMAN”  
Directed by George H. Melford  
With All-Star Cast

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Production  
“ON WITH THE DANCE!”

“W”

WILLIAM S. HART in  
“THE TOLL GATE”  
A William S. Hart Production

“G”

GEORGE H. MELFORD’S  
Production  
“THE SEA WOLF”

“W”

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR’S  
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“HUCKLEBERRY FINN”



DINNER’S over, and the cool  
of the evening calls you out.  
Whither-away? To the theatre  
that is showing a Paramount Picture,  
of course.

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There’s where the flame of romance  
burns bright.

There’s where the dusk is athrill  
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Every night is a big night if you  
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You may have to apologize for MURAD. You are proud of MURAD for any reason, and you are more MURAD than only for a few minutes.

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# Theatre Magazine



Vol. XXXII No. 234

MISS HOPE HAMPTON

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# Are Car Owners too Easily Satisfied with their Tires



*If the front tire of the car at the left should blow out several days after striking this stone at speed, its owner would probably be at a loss to know what caused it.*

*What often happens in a case like this is that the inner plies of cord or fabric are ruptured, leaving the tire ripe for a complete breakdown, if not immediately attended to.*

*The safest way to avoid all such contingencies is to keep a sharp watch on the road at all times.*

**I**N every community of any size there are two types of tire dealers—one who encourages his customers in their search for the best and one who tries to persuade them to be satisfied with what they have.

The first man is selling a service; the second, tires.

\* \* \*

There are still too many motorists who meekly accept the blame for a tire that has worn out before its time.

They will listen while the dealer tells them of all the varying conditions that a tire has to undergo.

They will agree when he pic-

tures them as lucky that they got what they did out of a tire.

Not one motorist in five has yet found out what a tire is really capable of—how much he really has a right to expect from his tires.

\* \* \*

The great mass of motorists in this country are just beginning to wake up to the fact that you can't encourage waste and have economy at the same time.

They are beginning to find out for themselves what makes for economy in tires.

And they are going to the dealer who not only sells good tires to the man who insists upon them

but who *refuses to have anything but good tires* in his store.

\* \* \*

From the beginning the whole weight of the United States Rubber Company—the largest rubber manufacturing concern in the world—has been thrown on the side of the *good* dealer.

Backing him first and last with all of its great and varied resources—greater and more far-reaching than those of any concern in the business.

And looking forward with confidence to the time when motorists *everywhere* will insist upon a higher standard of service.

## United States Tires

## United States Rubber Company



*Fifty-three  
Factories*

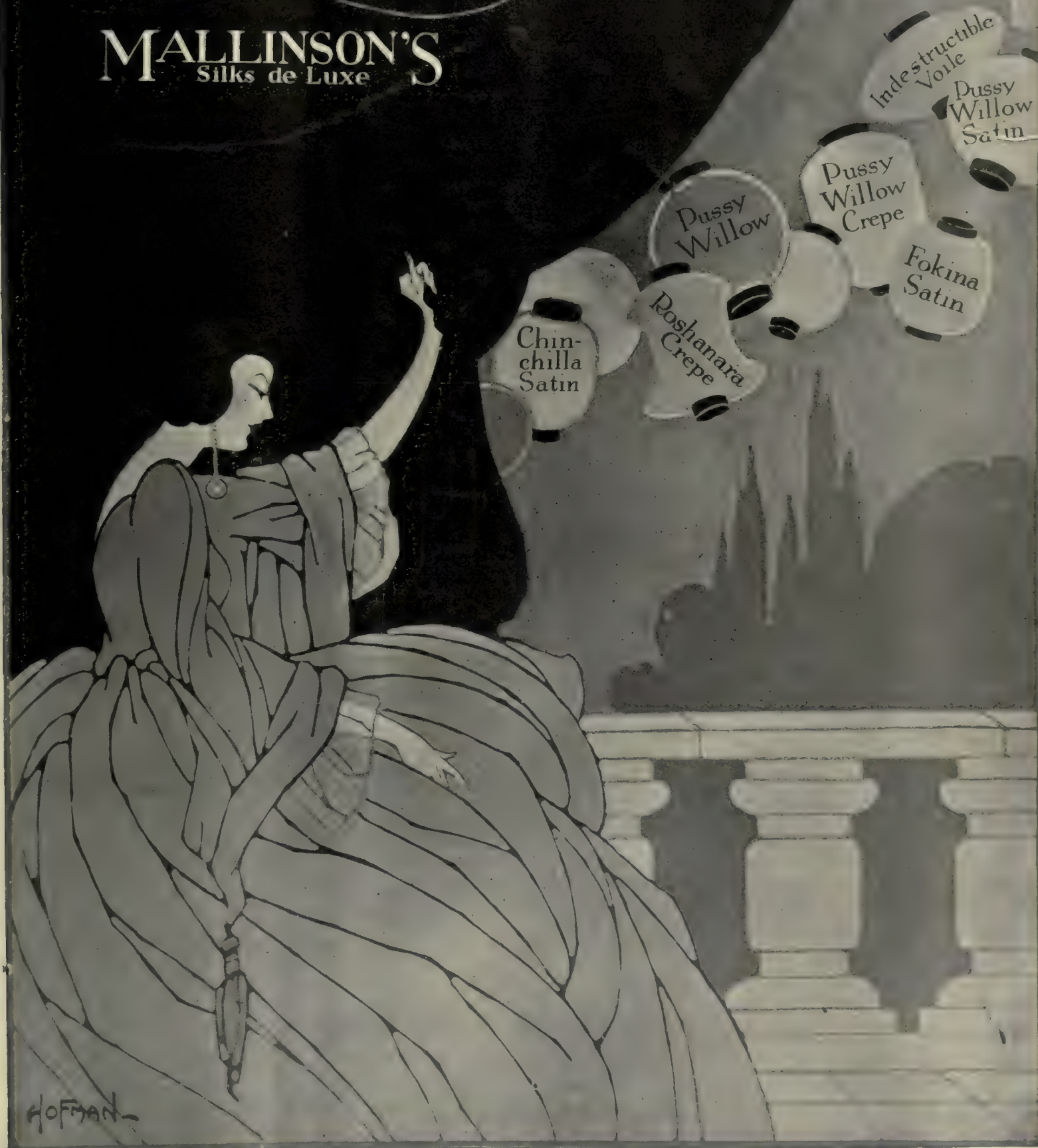
*The oldest and largest  
Rubber Organization in the World*

*Two hundred and  
thirty-five Branches*



We have drawn the  
Curtain on the  
Newest Creations  
in

MALLINSON'S  
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# Belber

TRAVELING  
GOODS



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ONE either intends to be *above* criticism—or one simply doesn't care. As in clothes and in manner, so in luggage—one is wholly *right* or entirely wrong.

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Traveling experience has proved time and again that just in *ease*, and *comfort*, and the courtesy of attendants along the way, this fine Belber Luggage is worth while possessing.

Belber is producing the finest Luggage in America today. It has all the style of custom-made merchandise, plus the *practical* qualities that have given Belber its splendid reputation.

The Belber name marks Luggage that is wholly *right* in every particular. It is *necessary* to look for this name to assure yourself of full value for your money.

Quality Luggage bearing the Belber name may be had from the foremost merchants in your town or anywhere else in the United States.

*Write us for details of luggage shown above  
and name of nearest Belber dealer*

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# We Have Done Our Bit. Will You Do Yours?



THE *Illustrated London News*, one of the oldest as well as one of the most conservative, of English publications, said editorially in its issue of June 12 last:

*"It is interesting to record that in May there was a celebration in New York in commemoration of the twenty years' existence of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. The jubilee number is duly gigantic and on a scale of luxury scarcely known in this country. Many leading critics, dramatists, managers and actors have contributed to its richly-illustrated pages, and it is of some significance that the Governor of the State of New York sent a letter to the publishers to congratulate them on their proud record. Neither in England nor the Continent is there any periodical devoted to the theatre which in variety and catholicity can vie with the THEATRE MAGAZINE."*

THAT is the impression this publication has made abroad. We think, as publishers, it is something to be proud of. Nor is the paen of praise confined only to England, where they speak our tongue and are more or less in touch with our drama. Everywhere in Europe, in France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Switzerland and even in far flung Australia, China and Japan have appeared the most flattering comments on the beauty of the THEATRE MAGAZINE and the extraordinary interest and value of its anniversary number.

YOU frequently hear people exclaim: "There are too many magazines." We quite agree. There are too many magazines and in the interest both of the paper shortage and the reading public's patience, some of them could well be suppressed. Unless a magazine fills worthily a legitimate field, or accomplishes some good and definite purpose, it has no *raison d'être*. It's a journalistic parasite.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE has a field particularly its own and this field, we may say without vanity or empty boasting, we fill thoroughly, expertly and exclusively. When, now more than twenty years ago, we entered lightly, with no idea of the cost, upon the expensive experiment of publishing each month a magazine truly representative of the American stage, there were many scoffers, many sceptics. The doubting Thomases gave us six months to live at the most. Hadn't all such attempts failed? Wasn't the highway of theatrical journalism strewn with such wrecks? But the croakers turned out false prophets. The THEATRE MAGAZINE was a success from its initial number. Today it is an institution—its authority recognized by public and theatrical manager alike.

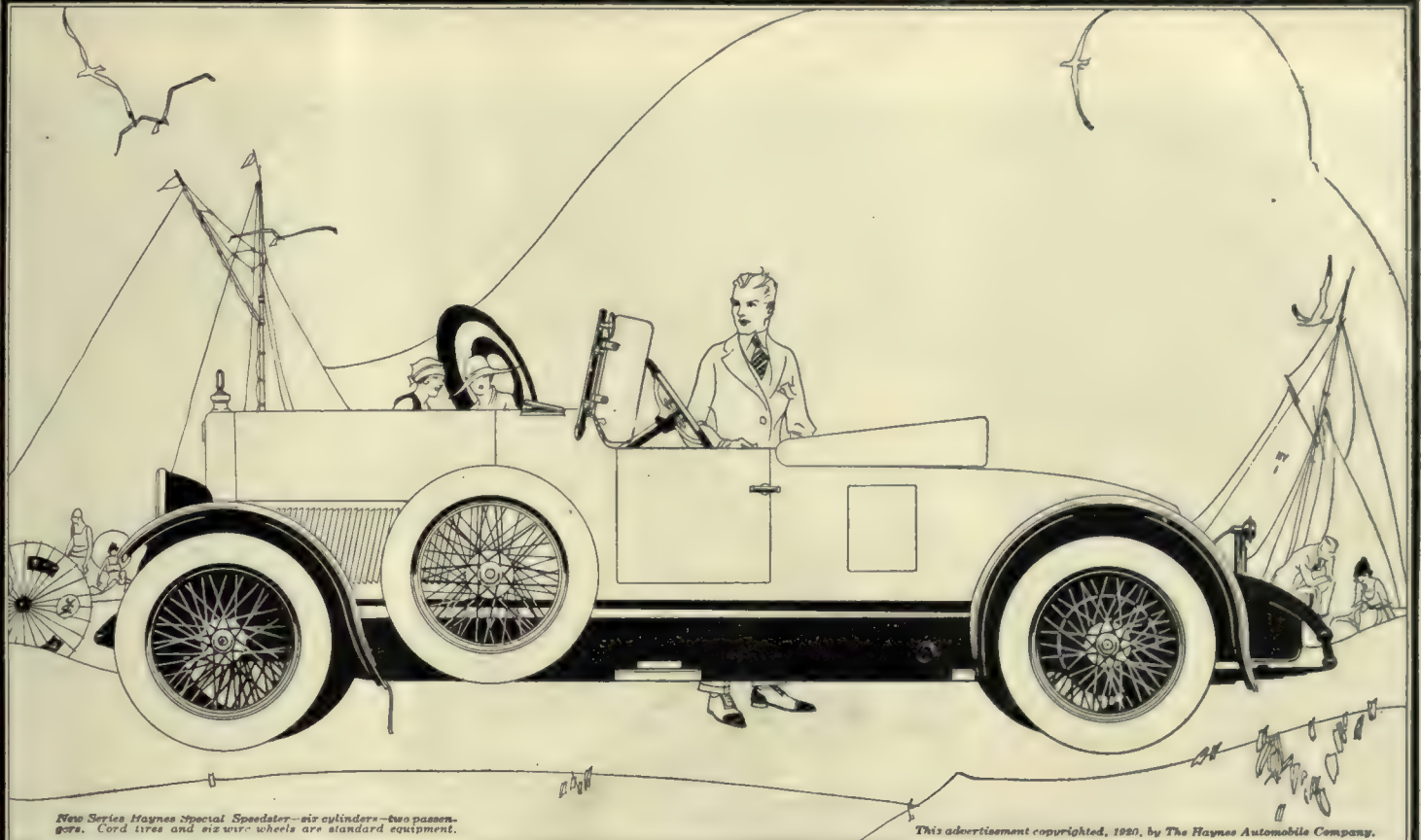
IT has not been an easy road to climb all these years. There was many a rocky corner to turn before the summit was reached. But attain the top we did, as may be seen today by the number and quality of our advertisers—the only sure index to a magazine's prosperity—and our vast army of subscribers and readers who hail from every country under the sun. Today the THEATRE MAGAZINE is seen on all news-stands from New York to California, from Maine to Florida. It is read on trains, steamers, in homes, clubs, hotels and public libraries—accepted everywhere as the infallible theatre guide. The pillars of the community are the Church, the School, the Stage. Each has its distinct mission. The THEATRE MAGAZINE also has its mission—to uphold the best traditions of the stage, to chronicle the passing show, and give its readers, in beautiful picture and authoritative text, the best of what the contemporary drama has to offer.

WE shall continue to make the THEATRE MAGAZINE the best publication of its kind in the world. We shall continue to improve each month in spite of the tremendous difficulties of both paper shortage and economic and industrial problems of all kinds, with which today all publishers are confronted. These difficulties are so enormous, so insuperable, that for the time being we are not seeking for new subscribers. We shall be content if we can still furnish a magazine each month to those old subscribers who have been faithful to us from the start. Until the world regains its reason, becomes more sane, until things settle down once more to normal, we don't seek to increase our subscription list.

WHAT we do ask is that you should help us, not to get subscriptions, but to make the THEATRE MAGAZINE even still better known. When you have finished reading your number lend it to your neighbor and let him pass it on to someone else. Or take it to your public library and see that they put it on the table in the reading room. In this way you can render us a real service, for you will help circulate still further what we very proudly consider the best and most sumptuous publication devoted to any art or trade yet issued in the United States.

THE PUBLISHERS





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The long, low, rakish lines; the deep leather seat for the two passengers; the individual

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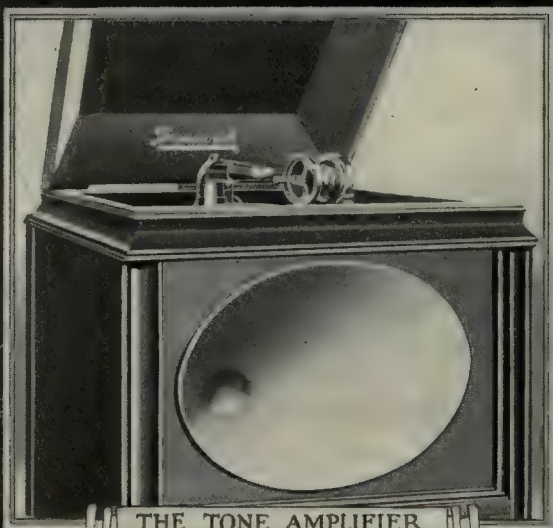


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### New ways

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One striking improvement was the Ultona, our all-record reproducer. This brought an exclusive feature. At a turn of the hand, the Ultona presents to each make of

record the exact needle and the proper diaphragm. Therefore each type of record is played exactly as it should be played. It is heard at its best. The Ultona does away with attachments and makeshifts.

### All for tone

Another feature is the all-wood, moulded, oval Tone Amplifier. It is connected directly with the tone arm. There is *no* cast-metal throat.

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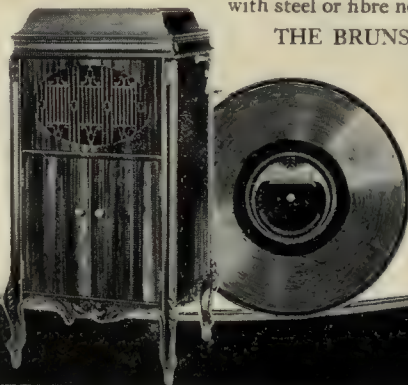
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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1920



**G**OOD morning—promises to be some theatrical season, doesn't it?

New shows being produced every day. Hard to keep up with all the new openings.

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Much easier way is to read the THEATRE MAGAZINE each month. It will enable you to pick out the show that's really worth seeing. Why waste your money on a poor piece? Consult "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play." He knows.

Besides, you have the pictures. In this way you get a better idea of what you and your best girl would like to see.

Better order your copy in advance. We're out early these days. October issue ready September 15.

That wonderful woman, Sarah Bernhardt, has once more achieved the impossible. In spite of her advanced age of 78, and, what is still more of a handicap in a player, the loss of a leg, this indomitable actress still has the energy and courage to study and present herself in new rôles.

This time it is as the heroine of Racine's tragedy, "Athalie," that she has won the plaudits of the French public.

In our next issue will appear a full account of this notable Parisian première, together with a personal chat with the distinguished tragedienne as given exclusively to the THEATRE MAGAZINE's Paris representative, Mr. Howard Greer.

Don't miss this special

feature. The article is full of interesting details of the celebrated French actress' home and throws quite a new light on the personal side of this world-famed artist—her views, plans and philosophic outlook on life.

Why does the naughty line get the best laughs in the theatre?

Suggestive situations are usually at the expense of some man. It is only human to be amused at the difficulties of others, and when the scene shows a strange man hiding under a lady's bed while she frantically simulates sleep as her prim aunt sails into the room, your risibilities get the best of your sense of decorum.

Florence Moore, a favorite comedienne, who has often displayed tact and skill in skating over thin ice in naughty Broadway farces, has some ideas on this subject, which she has put into an article for the October THEATRE. It is full of common sense and will help correct any prejudice you may now have against farce comedy.

Don't miss it. You'll enjoy it.

All the great flesh and blood actors are dead, wail the critics. Make room for the wooden actor!

Maeterlinck wrote his first dramas for the Marionettes—an art almost as old as the theatre itself—and George Sand and other literary celebrities toyed with them all their lives.

This season the Marionette will be more to the fore on our stage than ever. Tony Sarg, Gordon Craig and others have already blazed the trail; and now comes a new artist in the puppet world—Professor Dondo, of Columbia University, who has invented a set of diminutive players, which it is claimed, will revolutionize Marionette tradition. They are so extraordinarily human that the illusion is almost perfect.

Read all about them in the October issue.

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII. No. 234.

SEPTEMBER, 1920



MAUDE ADAMS

*After an absence from the stage of nearly two years, this popular star returns to Broadway this season as the pathetic heroine of Barrie's new play, "Marie Rose," which has had tremendous success in London*



# ARTISTIC THRILLS FOR WOMEN

*Fair sex more responsive to talent  
than to other masculine qualities*

By LEO DITRICHSTEIN



I AM not among those who believe that the world is any better or any worse, for the muddle of the centuries. Cleopatra's thrill for Mark Anthony was no greater, her sighs no deeper, her joys and sufferings no keener than those of any woman who imaginatively adorns her own particular hero today. There is a charm in some man for some woman the world over, so the tragic web of tangled lives is woven. When we examine the responsibility of charm, we begin to understand its thrilling value, for they depend not upon the senses so much, as upon that mystical quality with which, swift as the speed of light, they find the spirit.

Charm, that is the essence of the elixir that women find so thrilling. And what is charm but the spiritual glamour that can filter through the most unattractive human being. It is the inimitable note in the speaking voice, or the strange, haunting message of the heart in the eyes, or the graceful way of crossing a room, or the tenderness of the figure in repose, or the strength of character in a crisis. Elusive as the moonbeam, charm fills us with a sense of infinite things. As moonlight through a window floods an unlighted room with friendly ghosts that seem to tempt us away from familiar commonplace things, so charm finds its way into the imagination, filling its most neglected corners with a soft light that enables us to recognize half-forgotten dreams; dreams that were perhaps laid away in us by some remote ancestor.



IF my experience among artists has revealed one thing more vividly than any other, it has been this: that women are the predestined mediums of the artistic temperament. It is women who receive, by intuition, the sensitive vibrations of genius. It is they who become the guardian angels of the helpless artist. By his charm he thrills them, and by their virtue they sustain his charm. There is perhaps no thrill so precious to a woman as this discovery she makes in a man, the great discovery that he is gifted with artistic talent. It is peculiarly a feminine trait; most women have it, but few men. What is the average man, after all, but a stupid slave of tradition. Of what use would he be to the culture of the world if women did not show him its spiritual beauty? I am impatient with the obvious, because there are so many interesting secrets in human nature to find out. I prefer the play that unfolds the soul of a man, if he has one, to the play that reads like a copy-book. Being inclined to like the artistic temperament, I have found out some things about it that most women know better than I do. I have found that it is women who understand the weaknesses and the glory of the artistic curse. And I have found that women respond sooner to the charm of talent in a man than they do to the masculine qualities of his nature. Protection is the supreme thrill in women's lives, and no human being is so greatly in need of it as the artist.

To begin with, born with a magic that no one

suspects so fully as he himself, he is likely to have a lonely time of it, except for women. Take a tenor, for instance. There he is, with a marvelous thing in his throat that hampers and hinders him from the very beginning. He grows up to find himself a sort of sublimated alien among other men because of that thing in his throat, which they have not. The usual expectations of a young man's career are challenged. He can't be anything but a tenor, because of that confounded thing in his throat. What follows? A sly, humorous tolerance of other men, from which he seeks explanation of women, and finds in their encouragement and pride in his gift the only assurance that, being a tenor, he must develop all the emotional display of feeling that his career involves.



WOMEN are so grateful for any stimulating force in their spiritual lives, consequently they flatter the tenor—but—why do they find the basso tiresome? Because the thrill is not there, he has not the thrilling qualities of the tenor. Obviously, there is much we have yet to learn about the vibratory relations of sounds to the spiritual imagination of women. Undoubtedly, there is much to be said about the superficiality of women's thrills also.

That is why women go to the theatre—to be thrilled, or they may go to be only mildly amused. It depends on their artistic temperament. The play that thrills women most, I think, is the play that makes the cultured appeal, for true art in all things should stimulate the imagination, thrill the soul. To stir the soul of a woman is the highest tribute to the actor, though it is no exclusive privilege. Love is an artistic thrill more or less imposed on women.

I have many close and devoted friends among musicians, because I am very fond of music, and because they interest me immensely. The musician is an artist doomed to a terrific tension of body and soul. The actual life of success before him is very short. He lives two lifetimes to our one; therefore many small weaknesses can be forgiven in him.



HE is always a lost child, and when he grows up he is no longer the great artist that he was. The thrills he creates among women as a concert follower have really nothing to do with his art. It contributes, of course, just as the moonlight inspires dreams, but it is not the distinctive principle of the thing that brings the women in rapt crowds to the concert halls.

I can remember when Paderewski first came to this country and created the feminine hysteria that he did. It has always been my belief that the moment he appeared, a slender, graceful figure, with a strange pallor on his fine, æsthetic face, the marvelous, fine-spun blond hair, and the intense seriousness and earnestness of his man-

ner, that the women were thrilled by the great charm of his presence before he touched the piano. They would have been thrilled by it if he had not played at all. I mean, the thrill to women which a great artist gives, is not necessarily because of his art. The subsequent recollections of him will, of course, be associated with his genius, but it is not the artistic triumph that conquers them. I know a very great pianist, whose work was so distinguished, so inspiring, that he was understood and appreciated more by pianists than any others in his audience, and yet he didn't thrill his women hearers. He was unattractive in appearance and personality, and in spite of his supreme gifts, women did not care for him. He had no charm.

If I were asked seriously whether the charm of the artistic temperament in men is dangerous, I might answer yes or no, according to circumstances. It is dangerous when it is insincerely applied in art. That does happen. An artist, finding that he has the secret charm that thrills women, may misuse his power, waste it, alienate that mysterious quality in him from its true association with his art. In great artists this can never be, because art is as profoundly respectful of women as religion, but there are atheists who, having charm, deny themselves the luxury of conscience. In such men, charm is a menace to all women.



ON the other hand, a man may direct his talents so that they serve the highest inspiration in women, and through them he can appeal to the spiritual meaning of women's lives by the closest application to his art.

A great deal, if not everything, in the career of an artist, however, depends upon his understanding of women. He will find some who will destroy him. This is one of the penalties of the artistic temperament. Men whose environment spare them the emotional exertion in their work, are not so exposed to the deadly feminine complications, as the artist. He must always be on the defensive for fear the lady who has been thrilled by his artistic charm may lure him to the lethal mood that smothers the soul.

These are conclusions that have become a part, an impersonal part, of my work as an actor. I have always preferred the artist-type in a play, because it is so intensely interesting to penetrate the secret passages of his soul. To intensify the strength and the weaknesses of the artistic temperament in a character for the stage, the actor must abandon himself to sympathetic relations with artists in real life. He must adapt their charms to his own art, which otherwise may not exist in him at all. Charm is always one of the compelling arts of the theatre, and the actor learns to acquire a fair imitation of it. He alone knows that if the women in the audience feel it is in himself, that they are mistaken. He alone knows the charlatanism of his thrills for women. Nor should I confess this if it would deprive women of the romantic impulses that acting inspires.

(Continued on page 137)



JOHN CUMBERLAND AND EVELYN  
GOSNELL IN "LADIES' NIGHT"

*In this new peignoir farce by Charlton Andrews and Avery Hopwood, that popular comedian, John Cumberland, busy here tying Miss Gosnell's shoestring, plays a modest married man, who shrinks from taking his wife out into society because his sense of decorum is outraged by the scanty attire affected by the smart set. Even for the dog days the piece strikes one as being decidedly décolleté*



Photo White

LUCILLE LAVERNE, GAIL KANE AND  
ARTHUR AYLESWORTH IN "COME  
SEVEN," AT THE BROADHURST

*A real novelty is this comedy from a story by Octavus Roy Cohen, in which all the white players appear as colored folk. The characters may not seem the genuine article to the African, but to Broadway audiences it's as funny as if colored people tried to pass themselves off as white actors*



Photocraft

HUMOR IN DECOLLETE FARCE AND COLORED COMEDY



# THE COMING SHOW

*Barrie's latest success "Marie Rose" and impressive productions by Belasco, Cohan, Broadhurst, Hopkins, and others, outstanding features of the new season*



**B**ACKWARD-LOOKING Memory, and forward-looking Hope" smile at each other across the office desks of New York's producing managers just now, for the past season was a most prosperous one, and the new season just beginning gives high promise of varied and happy undertakings in stage productions. The season of 1920-21 finds manager and actor in more harmonious relations than a year ago, when certain factions and frictions plunged the theatre, vastly to its sorrow, into labor troubles disastrous to manager and actor alike.

A glance at the offerings contemplated by New York producers, shows that plans of unusual magnitude are under way on every hand.

David Belasco will fire the opening gun of his New York season by an impressive production, entitled "Call the Doctor," which is at this moment in enthusiastic rehearsal at the Belasco Theatre for production in August at the Empire. Other activities by Mr. Belasco include "The Return of Peter Grimm," which indicates the return of David Warfield to the home theatre in one of his most worthy successes.

Ina Claire and Lenore Ulric will continue in their New York hits, carrying the Belasco banner on tour with "The Gold Diggers" and "The Son-Daughter" and there are hints of a possible new play for both these talented girls in the late Spring of 1921. Many other enterprises will claim Mr. Belasco's unflinching enthusiasm and unflagging energy, of course, and a new play entitled "One" is promised for Frances Starr, whose marriage will not interfere with her Belasco engagement.



**N**EVER has the office of Al. H. Woods seethed more bubblingly with dramatic plans than at the present moment. Twenty-odd plays will flow in a tumultuous cascade of lingerie from the Woods atelier, and these will be accompanied to the footlights by several offerings of a serious—even a classic—literary nature.

True to the Woods tradition, however, the great clientele of the Eltinge, the Republic and other houses flying this manager's banner, will be treated to the display of the advanced style in bedroom furniture and negligées, to which they are accustomed.

Adolph Klauber, singly and in conjunction with the Messrs. Selwyn, promises a refreshing activity for the new season, and while last year's amazing success, "Nighty Night," will continue with the original cast, a new play by the same authors will be offered early in the season.

Other plays which Mr. Klauber will produce are subject to change of title, and, indeed, some of them are as yet unnamed, but the list is an imposing one.

Joseph Klaw will do a number of plays, and it goes without saying that each offering made by this youngest of producing managers will show well directed energy and the best possible taste. And in these days, when the quality of charm and delicacy that marks Mr. Klaw's offerings is

not an ever-present feature of theatrical productions, it is a good thing for the theatregoer that the young blood that pulses red and forceful in the veins of the new school of producers is stimulating public taste to a demand for plays that thrill or stir to laughter without a blush.

It is regrettable that the present season sees the dissolution of two very successful partnerships. The firm of Klaw & Erlanger has passed out of existence, and so has the happy alliance of Cohan & Harris. Mr. Erlanger will continue his theatrical activities in conjunction with a number of partners, notably Charles Dillingham and Florenz Ziegfeld, with whom he will make several productions of interest. Marc Klaw, long associated with Mr. Erlanger, will give New York a new theatre which will embody the last word in adequate housing for the drama, and he will be actively interested in several affairs of impressive magnitude.



**E**ACH member of the late firm of Cohan & Harris will produce a number of plays, and it is even whispered in the groves of Broadway that Mr. Cohan, who is presenting his talented daughter to metropolitan audiences presently, will, later in the season, produce a comedy introducing George M. Cohan himself. Mr. Cohan, with valor undiminished, has assumed the responsibility of managing Arnold Daly, who has been absent from New York for some time, and whose return under Mr. Cohan's direction will be in many ways of definite and decided interest.

Sam H. Harris is already very much in evidence as a producing manager. With "Honey Girl" stamped as an overwhelming success by both New York and Chicago, Mr. Harris starts "on his own" with a great and encouraging hit, and in the field of spoken comedy he has secured a number of plays, in one of which Grant Mitchell will be starred.

Arthur Hopkins will continue to make interesting history for the American theatre by producing a number of plays with every claim on the respect and consideration of audiences.



**T**HE health of John Barrymore permitting, Mr. Hopkins' interesting and studious production of "Richard III" will take up its run where the illness of Mr. Barrymore cut it short last spring, and that other Barrymore, Lionel, will continue, of course, under the Hopkins direction: Russian gloom of the deepest dye will pervade the matinees at the Plymouth Theatre again, with matinees of "Night's Lodging," as presented last season with much success by Mr. Hopkins. Other plays which engage the energies of this manager at present will be presented to the public with the usual Hopkins accessories of worthy casts and artistic investiture.

Richard Walton Tully has in view a season of quite unusual activities. Guy Bates Post will continue in "The Masqueraders"—for the ninth

season, and Mr. Tully's perennial "Bird of Paradise" will continue with several companies. Mr. Tully has recently returned from Europe with a new enthusiasm for the American drama and will prove the faith that is in him by producing a number of native plays.

Our own young Gilbert Miller, who has made an enormous success as an American producer in London, will, later this season, again invade Broadway with an English success, while giving the British metropolis a view of several of the pieces Broadway is at present applauding.

Henry Miller, in his own delightful theatre, will present Ruth Chatterton in a new play, when "The Famous Mrs. Fair" finally leaves New York. Blanche Bates, whose work with Mr. Miller has conferred added lustre upon her own art as well as that of her co-star, will continue under the Miller management, in the same happy partnership that has made stage history in "Moliere" and "The Famous Mrs. Fair."

A list of the forthcoming productions by the firm of Selwyn is as long as the Moral Law. Comedy is the keynote of the Selwyn plays, and nearly every American dramatist of particular note will present an offering through that firm this year.

Charles B. Dillingham, both alone and in conjunction with Messrs. Erlanger and Ziegfeld, will be active in many fields. Mr. Dillingham's own houses, the Globe and the Hippodrome, will be the scene of his principal endeavors, the Hippodrome plans being the most ambitious in its ever ambitious history.



**F**RED STONE and Elsie Janis will again be seen under the Dillingham banner, and "The Night Boat" will continue its merry cruise under Mr. Dillingham's captaincy.

"The Charles Frohman Company," with Alf Hayman in charge, will continue important. Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams in Barrie's new play, "Marie Rose," a sensational success in London, another new piece with a feminine star lurking in the background, and appearances of William Gillette are promised as the outstanding features of this firm's activities.

William Harris will continue to present his two great successes, "Abraham Lincoln" and "East Is West." A number of American plays dealing with vitally interesting phases of the life of today are under consideration for early production by Mr. Harris.

Activity reigns also in the camp of Oliver Morosco, who will keep on with the several plays which have been so successful under his management, and will try a round dozen of new pieces. The same may be said of John Cort, another manager who seldom fails to contribute at least one commanding success to New York's yearly quota of hits.

George H. Broadhurst's plans are of wide and varied scope for the coming season.

Helen Mackellar, who deservedly advanced to stellar honors in "The Storm," will continue in that success, and a new (Continued on page 148)





FRANZ MARIE TEXAS

*That burlesque spends more today on a single gown than the entire show cost in the old days, one readily believes after a glance at this charming portrait of the prima dona soprano of the "Folly Town" company, recently at the Columbia*



Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

GENEVIEVE TOBIN

*A young player whose charm and ability was shown in "Palmy Days," and who is soon to appear in Arthur Hopkins' coming production, "Little Old New York"*



Photo Old Masters Studio

CISSIE SEWELL

*A clever specialty dancer whose terpsichorean feats add no little to the success of "Honey Girl" at the Cohan and Harris Theatre*



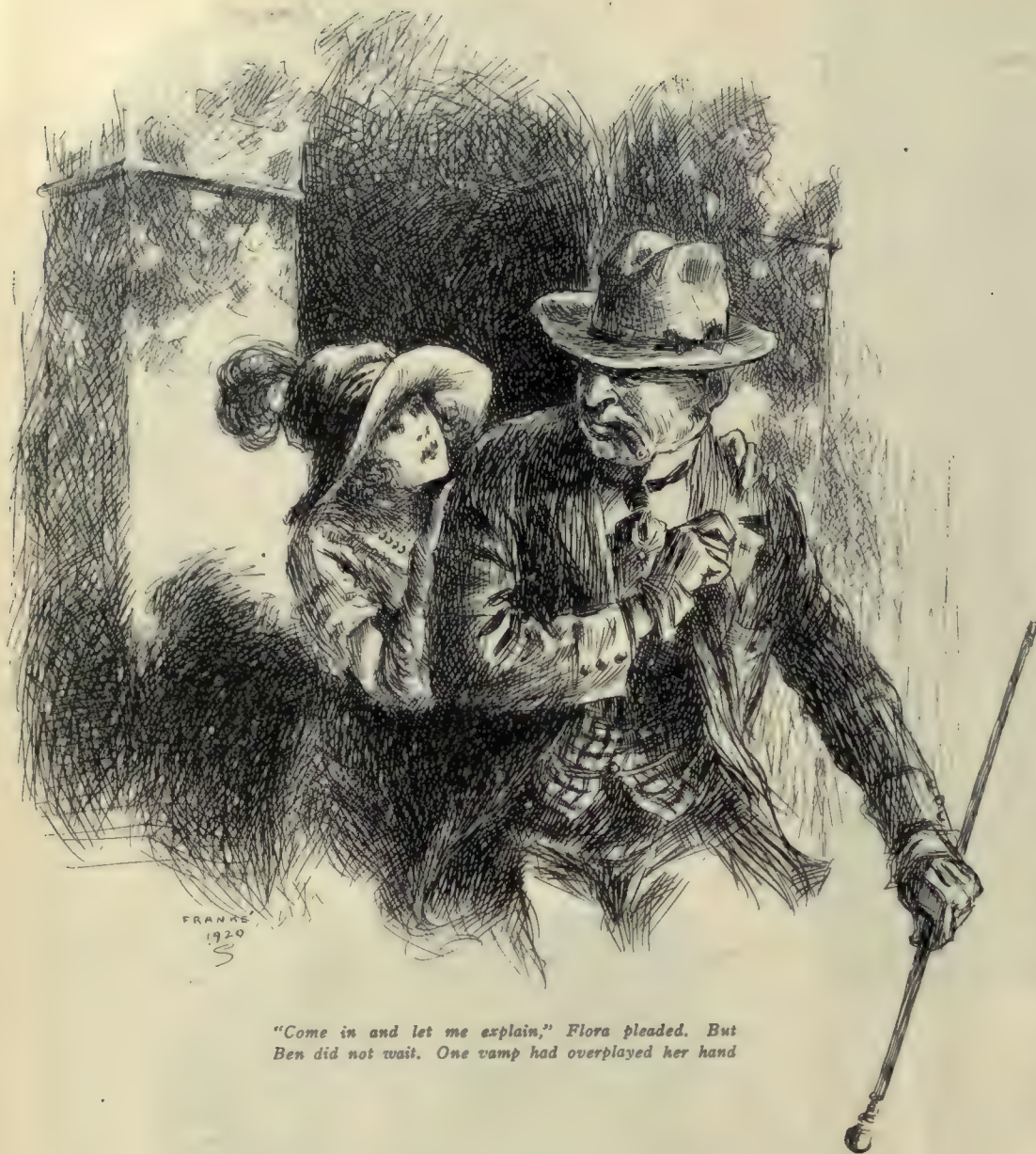
© Photo Strauss Payton

ELIZABETH RISDON

*Very sympathetic as Miss Trout in last season's "Dear Brutus," this young actress is equally attractive in the rôle of Alice Verney, in "Foot-Loose," at the Little Theatre*

## ARTISTS IN COMEDY, DRAMA, AND BURLESQUE





"Come in and let me explain," Flora pleaded. But Ben did not wait. One vamp had overplayed her hand

## SHAKESPEARE SAID IT

By JOSEPHINE VICTOR



TO his wife he was always "Bennie," to his mother "Bonnie leben," to his business associates "Ben," and to those who wished to cast a slur "chicken Ben." There were many of these, for Ben was rich and a power in his own particular field, that of showmanship. He had made his money in chickens, before investing in theatres, and his enemies had found him out. "Sure, I used to sell chickens in Delancey Street," he would tell them, unabashed. "And I still handle 'em, only them was kosher,—these ain't." Having said it, he would throw back his head and laugh loud and long, enjoying his own witticism hugely, incidentally disarming his inquisitor.

He was a showman par excellence! Wherever an eight sheet—and he revelled in the showiest of these, was headed "Ben Rich presents," theatre-goers knew it would be sensational or risqué and hoped it might be both. Sensationalism was Ben's specialty. He believed in the public and gave them what they would be sure to come and see. There was nothing highbrow about Ben Rich, either as a man or as a manager.

Miss Smith, his play-reader, always spoke of his simplicity, and was fond of quoting one oc-

casional in particular, to illustrate. A play she was reading to him ended with the heroine's ringing speech, "We women cry out for emancipation!" "Hold on!" exclaimed Ben, "what does that word mean?" "Why, to ask for one's liberty, to be free," interpreted Miss Smith, off-hand. "Well, why don't this author feller say what he means? Guys like me, who only went a coupla years to primary school and maybe a year or two in night school, pays their money to go to the theatre, too, don't they? Don'tcha suppose we want to understand why in hell the gal is raisin' all the holler? Yuh kin send the play back—get me kid—it's lousy."

On the other hand, if a play pleased him, he would chew up several high-priced cigars during the reading, while his feet would shoot out and be enthroned on the solid mahogany desk before him, his coat abandoned, shirt sleeves rolled up. Act two found him with collar and tie removed, and collar band unbuttoned. The big climax in act three saw him minus his belt. At curtain of act four, nothing held together but his trousers. Miss Smith lived in vague dread of what might follow if she ever had to read him a play with five acts. Had she ever voiced her

fears, the chances are Ben would have replied good-naturedly, "Well, try it, kid, try it," and chuckled at his own joke.

A CHICKEN strike started by East Side housewives forced Rich out of business and found him after some hesitation the backer of a burlesque show. It was a "road show," and he never saw it until he attended the final "dress rehearsal." He found everybody connected with the show nervous and anxious. There had been the usual trouble with the chorus, and the stage-manager was fretful. Soon Ben found himself getting nervous, too—he had invested a lot of money and was becoming fearful of the results of the venture.

As the rehearsal progressed he heard Feinman, his partner, ask Miss Black, the leading lady, if she had any suggestions to make. She expressed a liking for the scenery and costumes, but added that in the *School Girl* number the girls ought to have "white trunks." Ben stared at the speaker for a moment, then asked sharply: "What did you say them girls ought to have?" She replied: "White trunks."

Just then the second act was called, and Miss Black hurried away. Ben turned to his partner and expressed his opinion in no choice language. "She's a damn fool," he said. "She may be a grand leadin' lady and sing songs and everything, like how you told me, but what does she know about trunks? Chorus girls ain't got nothin' to put in trunks, anyway, and white ones!—hell! They'd have to paint 'em every week to keep 'em lookin' clean; besides, how many trunks does she think this show is gonna carry, anyhow?"

Feinman found a chance to explain the garments Miss Black had meant by "white trunks." Ben admitted, "It might look all right," but added: "Why didn't she say white pants, so I'd understand? Where does she get that white 'trunk' stuff?" That was his first meeting with "friend wife," his fond way of alluding to Miss Black after their marriage, and many a good laugh did they have together over the days when he was "green at the game."

BEFORE she succumbed to the lure of the footlights, Miss Black had been plain Becky Schwartz. Four years later she evolved—Ray Black, Burlesque Queen. Her once dark head of hair had become straw color—then red—then gold—and now was nothing in particular. She had left burlesque soon after her marriage to Ben Rich, but to him, whatever the color of her hair, she always remained Queen. She ruled him. He deferred to her opinion in theatrical matters. Her shrewdness in scenting real estate investments had made him rich. He looked up to her, admired her, was afraid of her, and, in his way, loved her.

Next to being called "The King of Thrills"—a press title bestowed when he first put on "The



Rape of Moscow" with such fidelity—it pleased him to see his wife dressed in the very newest and richest that money could buy. On first nights she was always present, vivid and aflame with the sparkle of jewels; and Ben, among the standees at the back of the house, would swell with pride as he watched "friend wife" glorying it down the center aisle, stopping now and then to bestow a smile or a handshake on friends and acquaintances.

They were happy, with but one regret—they had no children. Having plenty of time on her hands, Mrs. Rich had gone in for polish and culture, excelling in riding and driving, her "stunts" being often commented on in the dailies. She made frequent European trips, to places known and unknown, often combining business with pleasure—buying plays for her husband or appraising him of a "find" in the way of an unknown artist. At a word from her, Ben would sail at the first opportunity, not even pausing to burden himself with a toothbrush. He bought necessities as he required them, and traveled without baggage. It was his boast that he had gone all over Europe, "just as he stood." Mrs. Rich had tried to correct his stubborn attitude towards water and dress—pointing out that five-dollar neckties and star sapphire cuff buttons didn't enhance a soiled shirt—even if it was made of silk—but the lecture was as unheeded as drops of water that roll off a duck's back.

Then America entered the Great War. The war as such has nothing too do with the story of Ben Rich, but it has a bearing, for with its coming—or because of it—came the change. I mean in his habits.



LIKE the majority of his fellow-citizens, Ben Rich proved himself a one-hundred-per-cent. American and willing patriot—subscribed handsomely to all the war charities—threw his theatres open for Liberty Loan and Red Cross drives—bought bonds—and worked hard to make others come across, too.

"Friend wife" worked just as hard in the patriotic cause. She talked on the stage and off for the Loans and the Red Cross—rolled hundreds of yards of bandages at the Stage Women's War Relief headquarters—and took a course in first aid. Then came the red-letter-day when the ambulance she had equipped was ready and her husband had gathered a crowd of pressmen and photographers to give her a preliminary send-off and incidental publicity. A few days later she sailed for France.

Wisecracks, who are always on tap to predict bad times in any national crisis, now cried aloud against the theatre as a war-time luxury. This was unjust because the theatre is the best gloom-dispeller, and of all the arts the best loved and most popular.

Theatrical men held conferences and finally issued a statement that they had decided, during the period of the war, to do their bit, and, in view of the great stress and emotional storm the people were passing through, to give the public only the lightest kind of entertainment, in the hope of dispelling some of the gloom and dispensing cheer to the best of their ability. Cheerfulness would be their slogan—cheerfulness would help win the war. They were forced to this decision because an ordinary column of war news or a special correspondent's story of some incident along any part of the theatre of war held more thrills than any genius of melodrama could invent.

In line with the times Ben Rich announced that he would open the new season with the "Pink Canary"—"a girlish farce with music"—"a sure cure for worries and the blues."

The rehearsals began towards the end of June. The "beauty chorus" reported daily, in spite of the hot weather, and worked hard, too. Flora Fay was to play the ingénue lead. This caused quite a stir, for she was a coveted beauty in demand. The sprightly Miss Fay had achieved her present popularity via "The Follies." Her rise to stellar possibilities dated from the night she appeared as Lady Godiva. Newspaper space was lavished upon her achievement. So much publicity won the attention of managers, and Miss Fay found herself the recipient of many flattering offers.



THROUGH her press agent, she now told the public "how happy she was to come under the management of Ben Rich. Under his managerial wing she hoped to go far. She was ready to go into some obscure stock company to learn to act, and," she added wistfully, "who knows, some day I may be talked of as Fay—not Flora Fay—just Fay—like Bernhardt, you know."

Musical plays were insipid and only mildly interesting to Ben Rich, in contrast to big spectacular productions. He was accustomed to working out huge mechanical effects, and now to watch chorus girls, however pretty, learning new dance steps, annoyed him greatly. Summer had come. The heat was enervating, and Ben was bored. He was also lonely.

At the first signs of warm weather he became solicitous of his aged mother, and persuaded her to go to the country. "Friend wife" was still in Europe. His gorgeous apartment in its summer covering was not Ben's idea of home. It looked and felt deserted. He hated to go into it.

Left to shift for himself, he had formed the habit of driving to one of the nearby beaches for dinner. The day's work over, he would pick up a companion or two, these varying from the sublime to the ridiculous, a high-priced actor, or a famous playwright, a ticket speculator, or an old player living on his bounty. It was all one to Ben. He was friendly with all the world.

The dress rehearsal period of the "Pink Canary" was at hand. Everybody was nervous and ready to jump if given a cross word or look. The chorus were "dear" or "darling" to each other or not speaking at all. The stage manager was like a saw with newly sharpened edges. He, poor man, wasn't allowed to have "nerves," even when the principals walked in late at rehearsal with—"Late? So sorry. Had to stay up all hours; study, you know. Some 'pill,' this part!" By virtue of her position Miss Fay was allowed special temperamental privileges, and today she took advantage of them all.



IT was "blue Monday," and everything had gone wrong, including the weather. Intermittent thunder showers left things and tempers sticky and unpleasant. Every one was glad when the moment of dismissal came. The one most pleased was Ben Rich. He had seen so much temperament displayed in one day that he was sick of it.

The rehearsal over, with the company manager he walked through to the front of the house and stood in the lobby of the theatre bearing his name, watching the groups of players as they emerged through the stage door.

As his car rolled up to the curb, Miss Fay came out the stage entrance. She was alone. She paused, as if in search of a taxi, just as Ben and his companion moved towards the big car. Ben hailed her with a cheery, "Wanta come along, kid." She turned on him a radiant smile. "I'd love to," she replied, and preceded him without assistance into the car.

They were well on their way towards the Fifty-ninth Street bridge before Ben Rich recovered from his surprise at her prompt acceptance of his invitation. He now turned to her. "We are on our way to Long Beach—for dinner—does that suit you?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes," she beamed. "I love dining outdoors—and a ride like this after a hard day's work is so nice—don't you think?" She had a way of making a statement, then deferring to you for approval that was flattering, and as nearly all the men of her acquaintance liked it, she felt it ought to please Ben Rich. The company manager didn't count. He was only important on the day he passed around the pay envelopes. The rest of the week he was less than zero—except, of course, if you wanted to borrow an advance on salary. Then he loomed important again.

The two men listened and wondered at the volubility of the temperamental little lady. The anecdotes she told kept them in laughter all the way.

After dinner, the wine unloosened her gift for story-telling—stories that were a trifle off-color, but delightfully told and very funny. The men were in gales of laughter. Over the coffee she asked them to call her Flora, and a course or two earlier Rich had looked pleased when she playfully addressed him as Bennie.



GETZ, the company manager, sat back and wondered at the way of "vamps," and tried to remember the antics of those he had seen in plays. He decided Miss Fay had them all beat, when she proposed a moonlight dip in the sea. Rich seconded the motion, and, with a shrug of resignation, he followed the two out. His was the rôle of chaperone.

On the homeward drive Miss Fay snuggled between the two men and lightly rested her drowsy head against Ben's shoulder. He felt very fatherly as he tucked his motor coat about her slight form to keep off the midnight chill in the air.

They saw her home, and Ben entered his own apartment whistling. He was in a cheerful mood. He looked about, and it struck him that somehow the usual forlorn aspect of the place was gone.

The next day, while he was lunching with a party of business men, Miss Fay waved to him from a table across the room. The man at Ben's right asked who she was. She was so pretty and so attractively dressed that he felt a sort of pride as he answered—"That's Flora Fay, my leadin' lady in the 'Pink Canary.'"

Miss Fay breezed out of the restaurant soon after. As she passed their table she hesitated charmingly, then came toward Ben. The men pushed back chairs and rose. Miss Fay was blushing prettily as she acknowledged introduction to the others. "Oh," she chirped, "hope I'm not disturbing." She turned to Ben. "Those two boys I told you about last evening," she said, "are to call for me, and we're all going to Long Beach tonight. I wish you'd come along. Now, don't say no," she pouted.

The man seated next Ben Rich looked up impudently and addressed Miss Fay. "Why not invite us all? I'd love to go." "And I," said the



man beside him. Ben laughed. "All right, kid," he said, "if these guys are goin', I go, too. Now run along. We gotta talk business." She ran, quite pleased. Five men were to be her escorts to the beach!

Rehearsals progressed rapidly, and so did Miss Fay's acquaintance with Ben Rich. He had left the deserted apartment and moved to a hotel. There Miss Fay would 'phone him to make dates for lunch or dinner, or meet him to discuss her part. Through her friendship she had gained many concessions, and her triumph came when she won his promise to star her. She would shut her eyes and see the brilliantly illuminated sign, "Ben Rich presents," and in larger type, "FLORA FAY." She sighed contentedly.

And then people began to talk. The members of the company nudged each other when Miss Fay and Rich passed, and whispered: "She's smart. Got him eatin' out of her hand." The office staff would deliver her messages promptly. They were afraid not to. Then someone kidded Ben about her, and Ben got mad, which was unfortunate, because it sent his tormentor away convinced of the worst.

Unpleasant gossip travels in undercurrents and gains momentum as it goes. People wondered how a nice man like Ben Rich ever got mixed up with a creature like Flora Fay. All the blame fell on her. Ben's wife came in for sympathy, and his old mother was pitied. People decided they ought to be told. As Mrs. Ben Rich was known to be "somewhere in France" an anonymous letter found its way to Ben's mother. The old lady had the letter read and explained to her, and was very angry with her daughter-in-law, whose place, she had felt from the beginning, was beside her son. And so she wrote her and enclosed the anonymous missive. Both letters reached Mrs. Rich at a Y. M. C. A. hut in France: After reading them, she asked for indefinite leave of absence, and, without a hint to the home folks, she quietly sailed for America.



THE "Pink Canary" opened in Atlantic City, and theatrical wisecracks said it "got over big." Flora Fay had scored a huge personal success, and to celebrate the event she had asked Ben to breakfast with her in her rooms at noon that day, so they could talk it over quietly.

Ben arrived and was shown up to Miss Fay's suite. He found a table set for two in the sitting-room, and a moment later Flora entered the room. Ben turned cold then hot at sight of her. The room became oppressive. He wanted to leave. Yet he did nothing but stare. There, standing before him, wreathed in smiles and hugging her newspaper notices, was Flora Fay, clad only in chiffon pajamas!

A knock on the door set Ben to mopping his forehead nervously, as Miss Fay admitted the waiter with the breakfast tray.

As in a dream, he followed her example and sat down to eat. The whole thing seemed to him a nightmare, out of which he would soon waken. He had helped stage scenes like this one—but, of course, that was only in fun and in play, and to think that here he was, Ben Rich, respectable and married, the hero of just such a scene. He couldn't believe it. It was unthinkable. It was too awful! Suppose his wife heard of it, or his mother! The poor man wriggled miserably in his chair.

He knew Flora had been talking to him, but he hadn't heard a word. He was planning an excuse—some good reason for beating a retreat, and had just recalled a good one the leading

man in a like position in the farce, "May's Boudoir" had used, when the telephone rang.

Miss Fay answered it. "Yes?—yes, he's here. All right, I'll call him." She turned to her guest: "It's for you, Ben—important."

He took up the receiver. A second later he uttered such an extraordinary sound that his hostess, daintily pouring coffee, was startled.

"What is it—what's the matter," she asked, moving toward him. But he waved her back. "I gotta go, kid. It's my Mrs.—back from France. She come down here as a surprise." He wiped his clammy hands as he moved towards the door.

"Won't you stay for breakfast," urged Miss Fay. He shook his head. "But you got to eat," she protested, "and I have so much to say to you."



BUT Ben was outside the door and taking long strides down the corridor to the elevator.

Flora, left alone, regarded her pretty self in the looking-glass. "Well," she muttered, with a toss of her head, "I guess people knew what they were talking about when they named him 'Chicken Ben.' He's chicken-hearted, all right! But, we'll see!"

The lines of her fine figure showing to advantage in the trim service uniform she was wearing, Mrs. Ben Rich was out on the boardwalk with her husband proudly but fearfully walking by her side. Since he so precipitately left Flora Fay to her lonely breakfast and hurried to welcome his wife in answer to her telephone call, he hoped and feared that she would open a way for him to explain, but she had kept away from the subject. She related some of her experiences abroad—told about her work there—talked about submarine attacks and Zeppelin raids—but not a word about Flora or his visit to her rooms. The omission fretted Ben and made him unhappy. He knew "friend wife" and had a premonition of future ills to come!

A ghastly thought passed through his brain. Suppose she no longer cared? Was she purposely avoiding the subject? The burden of that reflection was too awful. It nerved him sufficiently to approach the matter, though only distantly. "Yuh gonna see the show tonight—ain't you, Becky?" She nodded. "Gee, I hope yuh like it, kid." "We'll see," she vouchsafed. "Yuh know," he continued, "it's the first time in my life I ever put on a show without yuh to help me." She nodded again. "Guess yuh'll like the cast." He swallowed hard and added bravely—"And Flora Fay—she's the whole show—honest." He waited breathlessly for her answer. It came. "Yes, so I've heard."



IT was no use. He gave up in despair. His wife no longer cared! He wanted to be alone with his misery. He fumbled with his watch. "Becky, I got a date with a feller at the theatre—" he began. "Oh," she interrupted, "that's all right, Bennie—run along. I'll take a chair ride and meet you at the hotel for dinner." Before he could reply, she was seated in one and the attendant had pushed off.

He was bitter. "She'd sooner ride in one o' them baby carriages than be with me!" he muttered, and strode on angrily. "Seein' so many fellers in France is what's done it! I shouldn't a' let 'er go in the first place, then none a' this wouldn't a' happened." Just what it was that would not have happened, he did not formulate

in words. He could not. He was too hurt and outraged, and showed it.

Meantime Mrs. Rich had stopped at the telegraph office and sent a message to her mother-in-law that had taken some effort to compose. She had written several before handing one in that read: "Home again. Here with Ben. Be reassured. Gossip all nonsense." She signed it, "Affectionately, Becky."

That evening, from a stage box, Ray Rich watched the "show" and Flora Fay. The latter never looked prettier or played more vivaciously. As if conscious of it, she sent a triumphant glance toward the box where she had seen Ben Rich sitting beside a woman in a service uniform. So that was Mrs. Rich! Well, she was ready for her.

The first act over, Ray followed her husband out into the foyer to listen to the comments of the audience. They were joined there by the authors of book and lyrics and the composer. Each man, experienced craftsman though he was, lent a respectful ear and hung on Mrs. Rich's criticism. She had made notes, and they were eager to scan them. The signal for the second act being given, they dispersed, but arranged to meet at the Richs' hotel afterwards for a bite of supper and to compare notes. "Oh," she said to Jacobs, the composer, "bring along Flora Fay. I may have one or two suggestions for her, but before I make them, I want to get a 'close-up,' as they say in the movies." He nodded, and she passed on before Ben was aware that she had stopped.

After the final curtain, she congratulated her husband on the novel way the whole piece was mounted, the pretty chorus and costumes and the clever company. There was no doubt about it, the thing was a hit!



BEN ventured once more. "What do yuh think a' Flora Fay?" Mrs. Rich was busy studying the program, but looked up to answer. "Miss Fay? Oh, she's an artist," and went on with her work. Ben's throat went dry. Just then a water girl passed, and he hailed her gratefully.

Before leaving the theatre, Ben went back stage to give some instructions in person, concerning the second act set and left his wife with Getz, the company manager, who was to act as her escort back to the hotel. As they passed out of the theatre lobby, Mrs. Rich paused before a frame displaying flashlights of the attraction, then passed on quite casually to the one beside it containing personal photographs of the principal members of the company. "Who took these of Miss Fay?" she asked. "Do you know? They are very good."

"Mrs. Holmesfair," answered Getz. "They show a good bit of her, don't they?" he added, by way of being witty. "Yes," replied Mrs. Rich, "but it's worth looking at."

Arrived at the hotel, she excused herself and went to her room. For the second time that day she sent a telegram. "Send immediately fifty photos, Flora Fay. Variety poses preferred. Charge account Ben Rich." It was addressed to Mrs. Holmesfair's studio in New York. Having dispatched it by a bell-boy, she straightened her jaunty hat to a more saucy angle and went down to join the others in the dining room.

Neither Miss Fay nor Ben had yet arrived. Mrs. Rich manoeuvred the seating of the others in a way that would place Flora beside her husband and opposite her. She ordered food and drink for those present. That disposed of, she was earnestly discussing (Continued on page 149)





H A Z E L D A W N

*Daintiness itself is this young player, who won popularity in "Up in Mabel's Room," and was seen recently out of town in "The Sacred Bath," a new play by Crane Wilbur. Later in the season she will appear in a farce whose alluring title, "Arabian Nighties," promises much*





© Moffett

**IRENE FENWICK**

*Who theatregoers will be glad to welcome back in the new A. H. Woods' production, "As the Clouds Roll By"*

(Below)

**ROSALIND FULLER**

*Whose freshness and sympathetic charm struck a delightful note in the popular revue, "What's in a Name"*



Francis Bruguere

**FAVORITES ALONG THE THEATRICAL FRONT**





© James Wallace Pondelicek

## Sundown

*A photographic study*



# THE DILEMMA OF WRITING PLAYS

*Sensational pieces or those of indecent appeal false to the best standards of our theatre. An interview with*

J. HARTLEY MANNERS

*Author of "Peg O' My Heart," etc.*



**I**N considering the dilemma of writing plays, one is at once impressed with the fact that there is no dearth of dramatic authors. The managers are swamped with plays. It would seem as though anyone who goes to movies, writes a play, which means everyone. Like hot cakes the plays must be made of a none too healthy mixture pitched over a hot footlight fire, and served brown. There is no objection to this dilemma which confronts, what I should call, the lawful playwright, excepting that the competition in what I should call lawlessness in playwriting, confuses one's ideas of the job.

Are plays being written with any respect for standards which can exist in the theatre if they are put there?

The question is one of the irritating dilemmas of the playwright. Once there were standards in the theatre. There are still. But we shall rapidly lose them entirely if we don't limit the art of writing plays to those whose art it is. In saying this I am aware that my motive is exposed to a misconception of the fact I have in mind. Having always had the deepest regard for those standards in the theatre that transcend the merely theatrical effect, that impose upon the play a certain character and form which can only take shape in realism on the stage by an artistic ritual that is more fixed than the box-office standards of it, I can see no chance in the theatre for plays that are written beyond the pale of discriminating art.

**W**HEN I say chance, I mean the chance that artistry strives for, not the chance that, because of gross theme, or vulgarity, or daring indecency, such a play may make a fortune for those concerned in its production. Entertainment varies, of course. The Germans demonstrated a form of entertainment which shocked the rest of the world. In their plays they undermined civilization with their views of entertaining themes, themes that found their sources in disease and sex problems. Degeneration vastly entertained them. For a long time it revolted other people who preferred their entertainment cleansed, washed up, purged of unhealthy impulses. It seems to me, at times, as though a large section of the American theatre is too much under the spell of that worn-out idea of German entertainment, the sex motif. If this conclusion is extravagant, it is an impression that any advertised list of plays will confirm. It is a list that is confusing to anyone whose traditions of playwriting are based upon fixed standards of what a play means, of what it should achieve. A play should have something to say, otherwise it is a work of incoherent platitude or indecent appeal, that violates the purpose of the theatre. That purpose has nothing to do with sensationalism, with plays that turn the stage into a peep-show.

On the other hand, I make no plea for certain exaggerated notions of an educational theatre. Restrictions are not needed in the theatre, excepting such control of lawless plays that lift them to the level of discriminating truth. A play

should maintain the same respect for an audience that common propriety demands elsewhere. The moment a play assumes an attitude of educational seriousness, then it obviously conspires to use the stage as a teacher's platform, it oversteps its artistic limitations. The word education does not adapt itself essentially to the theatre, because above all things we must have, first, entertainment; second, we must have truth. It may be an elaboration of principle to state that there is no essential truth in plays that pander to certain gluttonous appetites for crime, mystery and sex. It is possible, however, that not all of the truth in life is suitable to forms of art. One of the chief dilemmas of playwriting is the skill of selection, the good taste that eliminates wisely, sympathetically.

**E**LMINATION in all creative works is the common law in all the arts. It is the necessary skill of playwriting. Men and women who create, or to be more accurate, who recreate truth in the theatre have the instinct of good taste, plus the instinct to eliminate the improbable and the perverted vision in their work. No one can analyze the artistic instinct that separates good art from poor art. A fine play, well acted, is one of the miracles of the theatre. But, as any artisan measures with respect the course of his or her work in the art of the theatre, we can at least compel artisanship in everything we do on the stage.

The success of what I have called, for lack of a better description, lawless plays, is not to my mind a defense of their rights in the theatre. I do not object to them on the ground of their literary incompetency, which is offensive enough, but on the ground that many of them are written by authors who admit their incompetence to write for the theatre by submitting their manuscript to a process of re-writing, which is a common practise. Certain managers have on their permanent staff a theatrical magician, a man who will, on short notice, re-write a play by an author who has an effective idea for the theatre but who lacks the skill to—"put it over." That is one of the masterful phrases that has recently invaded the language of the theatre.

**A**PPROPRIATE to base-ball, it has become inseparably attached to the game of the footlights. The audience being the home plate, the re-writing genius is not particular as to how he "puts it over," so long as he does. The result of this demonstration has vastly increased the list of dramatic authors, and reduced the number of good plays. Not that it matters from the commercial point of view in the theatre what the play is about, because plays have long ago reached a zone completely freed of ethical motives. But, it is one of the dilemmas of professional playwriting.

It sometimes seems to me, that perhaps we have reached a miniature drama, a diluted drama that demands a limited vocabulary of say, three

hundred words. If plays can be written that overlap this diminutive standard of language, will the managers approve of them?

"What's that word mean?" asks the manager as the author reads him his play. When he explains its meaning, the manager will insist that it be changed, because it is not on the list of the three hundred words that are familiar to the modern play. While there is a possible advantage in this reducing process, because it strips the play of useless literary writing, at the same time it is lawless custom to the playwright whose vocabulary is hampered with a greater variety of words.

It has always been my contention that plays should be talked, not written. A chapter must be said in a line. The dramatic author must have the talking habit. It is also a great advantage in writing plays to be an actor, to know something about the stage that is practical. Primarily, my plays develop from character, character-drawing interests me most. Plots are ponderous. Then, too, I think a play should say something encouraging to people. It should sweeten the bitter fact, inspire the dullness of life, lead the heart from selfish impulses to a better outlook to love and happiness. Purpose in any art is one of my pet hobbies. No man should be denied his weaknesses, since they contribute to the usefulness of his work. Sometimes a man's hobby may be his stumbling block, as has been the case with some to whom playwriting has become an obsession.

**A**MONG the newest embarrassments confronting the man who writes plays as a profession, is the insistent demand that the play have a "punch." It's got to have a strong "punch" too. Just what it is in a play that makes it reach out with irresistible interest to the audience invites so much speculation that one might write a volume upon it. Plays that have held their own in the hearts of people who go to the theatre had nothing of the sort in the past. None of the old masters of drama made a point of the "punch." It was there, of course, but it was called charm, character, theme, wit, heart interest, literary skill. Plays that have survived the years were not merely "punch" plays. Today, a play is a mere anaemic bit of stage stuff if it hasn't got a "punch." Even managers differ as to the exact place in a play where the "punch" belongs. There's the penultimate act, of course, the traditional time of reckoning when the play turns itself inside out, if necessary, to amuse the public. That's a good place for the "punch," but it may turn up anywhere. Associated as the "punch" must be with the plot, it does not always concern the moral of the play. The best "punch" is often the immoral of the play which gives it a successful run.

Another problem in writing plays to-day is the stage direction, or, the stage re-direction, so far as some authors are concerned. In the manager's office, there is a figure of vast significance to the playwright, called the general stage manager. He's a genius in (Concluded on page 138)





Johnston

FAY CELESTE



Johnston

PAULINE LELAND



Johnston

ROSIE QUINN

*Who has long been a favorite in  
girly-girly shows*



Campbell

NINA WHITMORE



Photocraft

FRANCISE WHITMORE





Goldberg

#### NIRSKA

*An exotic dancer whose whirlings and twirlings were a feature of "What's In a Name?"*



Fairchild

(Below)

#### FANCHON

*Tall and reed-like is this player, whose every move is a picture in the Fanchon and Mario Revue, "Let's Go"*



Hixon-Connelly

#### SPINNELLY

*A favorite daughter of Paris, who came to our shores to appear in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"*





From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

MARGARET WYCHERLY

*A striking figure in modern drama is this fine actress, whose impersonation of Jane Clegg in St. John Ervine's play of that name is one of the outstanding hits of the year*



# PLAYERS' CLOTHES—ON STAGE AND OFF

*Actors of the better class dress quietly, but others seek to attract the public eye*

By FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE



**I**N theatrical publications one often sees an advertisement something like this—"At Liberty, Montmorency Fitz-Herbert. Leading business. Good dresser on and off."

This somewhat cryptic announcement means that Mr. Fitz-Herbert is looking for a job, or, as he would express it, seeking an engagement, that he wants to play leads, and that he has a good wardrobe for both professional and private use.

The number, texture and variety of garments which constitute a good wardrobe differ greatly according to the status of the person owning it, but few actors, no matter how broke they may be, will ever admit that they haven't the clothes to dress any modern part.

Putting on a front seems to be an essential feature of theatrical life for a certain class of actors, and, as a rule, the poorer the actor or actress, the bigger the front. Go into any of the theatrical offices along Broadway and take a look at the dozens of people sitting or standing around waiting for a chance to "accept an engagement." Many of them may be wondering where their next meal is coming from, but they are all dressed within an inch of their lives and seek to convey the impression that they are considering several favorable offers.

**T**HE really high class people in the profession dress well, but quietly, and do not attempt to attract attention to themselves, but many of those of a lower order of ability seek to attract the public eye both on and off the stage. I have seen Maude Adams come into a railway station dressed most inconspicuously, and sit quietly on a bench while waiting for a train; and I have seen a burlesque queen come into the same station dressed to kill, and loaded with all sorts of jingling things, and show off every minute until the train came.

In motion pictures there seems to be two standard types of actor characterizations presented. The first is the broken down tragedian with his battered silk hat, his dingy frock coat, split gloves, frayed trousers, and broken shoes; the second is the sport with his loud checked suit, spats, and flashy footwear. Personally, I have never seen the first type in real life, but the second is often found in small town companies. Vaudeville people, no matter how elaborately they may present their acts to the public, are as a rule careless dressers in private life.

So much for professional dress away from the footlights. Now let us see how the actor is clothed when he is earning his money. All plays may be divided into two classes—modern, or costume. In plays with a modern setting, actors and actresses are required to furnish their own costumes, sometimes, in the case of women, helped out by the management where the costumes are very elaborate. In plays the scenes of which are laid in some period previous to the present time, the management furnishes the costumes.

The necessity of dressing a modern part himself, no matter where the scene may be laid, makes

if necessary for an actor to always keep an extensive and varied wardrobe, and in the case of actresses, the situation is even worse, since ball-room dresses cost more than dress suits, and do not last half so long. Theatrical people are, therefore, always obliged to spend a lot of money on clothes. In the cheaper companies, however, this outlay is not nearly so large as in Broadway productions, since many actors are able to buy a portion of their outfit second-hand, at greatly reduced rates. Over on Sixth Avenue, in New York, is a tailor who makes a business of buying discarded costumes, which are often nearly new, and reselling them to other members of the profession who are looking for bargains. His shop is a Godsend to small producers and struggling artists, and is even patronized at times by some of the élite.

**O**NE of the hardest things to secure are ragged garments which are fit to wear. A person of refinement does not like to purchase the clothes off the back of a hobo or slatternly woman and then put them on, and yet often they are exactly what one needs for a certain part. A story is told of a certain sea captain who once owned a very stylish pair of striped trousers, which he wore as a part of his shore rig. In course of time, they became worn, and he then used them for dirty jobs around his ship. One day when he was in a certain port in China, he saw in the window of a native tailor a piece of the same goods from which his swell trousers had been made. Having heard of the marvelous ability of the Chinese to duplicate anything, he hurried back to his ship, secured his old trousers, and took them to the tailor with instructions to make him a pair exactly like them. In due time both the old and the new trousers were delivered, and the skipper found that the tailor had obeyed his orders to the letter, and had so exactly duplicated the worn places and spots that it was impossible to tell the new trousers from the old. If this Chinese tailor would move to Broadway the profession would, figuratively speaking, fall on his neck and call him blessed.

**A**NOTHER difficult costume to secure is an eccentric one. An actress once told me how she hunted for days for cloth to make a skirt to be used in a certain part which she was to play. Finally in a little store upon a side street, she found a piece of cloth of peculiar design which had been on the shelves so long that it was faded and streaked. She bought it, had it made up in an ill fitting manner, and it proved to be exactly what she wanted.

When a costume play is to be presented, the people in it do not have to worry about what they will wear, for the management looks out for that, and all they have to furnish is the measurements. Costume plays differ greatly in the beauty and accuracy of their mounting, it being a far cry from "Chu-Chin-Chow" and "Kismet" to some little tank town company that uses whatever it can get its hands on.

As a rule costume plays are apt to be more or less inaccurately presented even in big Broadway productions. The reason for this seems to lie in the fact that most managers do not do their own research work, but rely upon others to do it for them, and these others in many cases, get up anything they please and tell the manager that it is all right. Many managers and stage directors also do not seem to care a hoot whether a thing is right or not, providing they think it will get over. Fortunately for the stage, all managers and directors are not like this, and some of them, like David Belasco, take the greatest pains with every detail of each costume. I have seen Mr. Belasco conduct a dress rehearsal, and noted the care with which every costume was inspected by him personally, to make certain that it was correct in every respect.

Perhaps the greatest errors which occur in connection with costume on the stage is when military uniforms are used, supposedly of some foreign country, and especially of some past period of history. The most common mistake is to assign chevrons to mark the rank of non-commissioned officers, regardless of the country to which the wearer of the uniform is supposed to belong; whereas United States and Great Britain are practically the only two countries which use this device, and with us, the two or three striped chevron was not adopted until 1847.

**A**NOTHER error which is almost universal upon the part of actors is to wear the sword belt outside the coat, no matter what the uniform, and hook up the sword in the prescribed U. S. manner. Now, each country has its own regulations regarding the method of wearing side arms, but this never seems to occur to most managers, directors or actors. Outside of the United States, hardly any swords, when worn with the full dress uniform, are hooked up, and with certain classes of uniforms, like Hussars, the sword belt is nearly always worn beneath the coat. When it comes to despatch pouches, sabre taches, and aiguillettes, the ability of an actor to get these things on wrong is something marvelous. One should not blame stock companies unduly for such errors, for they have to take what the costumer furnishes, and instructions are not sent regarding the proper method of wearing equipment (which, indeed, the costumer probably does not know), but in big productions which have had months of preparation, such errors are inexcusable.

As regards motion pictures, the same condition exists. Some of them are very accurately costumed, and others are poorly presented in this respect. As a rule, pictures made in the West are better as regards costume (other than modern) than those taken in the East. The reason for this is that most of the companies in the East rent their costumes as they need them, and have to take anything that the costumer gives them, while those in the West, where storage space is not so valuable have vast wardrobe rooms filled with costumes which they have had made especially for their productions.





MARY NASH

*That a thing of beauty is a joy forever is shown by the long life of this actress' fine performance in "The Man Who Came Back." For months she has appeared in London in the rôle, and the end of the run is not in sight*

Edward Thayer Monroe



© Bachrach

PEGGY O'NEIL

*Firmly established in the affections of Broadway, this personable young player is now making all London flock to see her in "Paddy the Next Best Thing," an adaptation from Gertrude Page's novel*



Arbuthnot

EDITH DAY

*Who scored a triumph in the New York production of "Irene," is now captivating British theatre audiences in the title rôle of that play*



© Maurice Goldberg

**ALMA GLUCK AND  
EFREM ZIMBALIST**

*Mr. and Mrs. Zimbalist are both shining lights in the world of music. There is current interest in the violinist's new operetta, which is shortly to be produced*



Goldberg

**BEN AMI**

*A leading spirit in the Jewish Art Theatre, whom critics have acclaimed as one of the greatest actors of our day*

**JOHN S. O'BRIEN**

*As Seward, a fine study of the American statesman in "Abraham Lincoln"*



© Underwood and Underwood

**JOHN EMERSON**

*Who, after a stormy contest, was elected head of the Actors' Equity Association. Mr. Emerson is equally well-known in the stage and screen worlds*



Photocraft





CARLOTTA MONTEREY

*Whose dark beauty has added to her popularity, recently supported Hazel Dawn in "The Sacred Bath"*

Maurice Goldberg



Muriella

CLAIRE WHITNEY

*A star of the films, familiar to fans the country over, who made her debut on the legitimate stage recently in "An Innocent Idea"*



# THE AUDIENCE UPSTAIRS

*Being an appreciation of the unappreciated*

By W. LEE DICKSON



**Y**OU who pay \$3.30 or even \$4.40 (including that unescapable tax) for seats "down front" and alight from a taxi (or your own buggy, in which case the firm of Lenine, Trotsky & Bros. are after you) with friend wife—or friend's wife—have a lofty sort of disdain for the many who push through the inner door with you, but who then obey the instruction of the man who tears off the stubs: "The stairs to the left, please."

This disdain of those who sit in the balcony is purely subconscious, and we believe it rarely has a tint of snobbishness in it, but it is there, you know it; a minimizing of the importance of that throng which pays from 55 cents to \$1.65 to see the same show, but from a supposedly less favorable view-point. And it's only natural that when one pays for two seats with a ten-spot and receives only a jingle of small change in return with them, that one has the feeling of supporting the show he's picked out, and that surely the cheaper admissions can't count for much against hundreds of seats at such Thorley prices. But the fact is—and all in the "show business" know it—that one of the first laws of a play's success is: "The upstairs must be good." That is, the balcony seats must sell aplenty or that show must give way to one with more popular appeal. Does this surprise you, who are accustomed to crushing that \$7.70 derby or \$13.20 silk hat (with the tax, again) in between your overcoat, rolled up into an unrecognizable bundle of wrinkles, and those bent wires on the bottom of your chair, and then holding them down with your own bulk whilst glancing casually around and saying, "It's a good house," without ever peeping upstairs?

**W**HEN anyone "in back" takes a look at 8:28 and pronounces it a good house, he means that the balcony is at least well represented. The manager counts on the expensive seats to defray expenses—with luck—but it's the "upstairs" that brings the profit. That's the effect; these may be some of the causes:

We attended two performances of a successful mystery-drama now playing on Broadway (paid both times, so we refuse to mention the show). It was the usual mystery of who killed somebody that should have been killed ages ago, and the drama resultant of accusing the wrong person, who was in love with—but you know. The

first time we sat "upstairs." Just behind were two girls who still enjoyed diversions like the theatre and didn't go because there was nothing else to do. They were, well—the kind who don't know where the St. Regis is or the name of the Captain at the Little Club, but who do know where the "L" stops. They went to enjoy that show—and they did! The play reached that regular scene where the heroine is driven to justified distraction by a dirty, mean trick played by a dirty, mean villain. Said one girl to the other: "Isn't she wonderful, May! She acts like she was in a stooper!" Smile at her, if you will, but admit that this was high tribute to the weeping young heroine's efforts, sincerely and ungrudgingly paid. Throughout that performance these two giggled nervously, simply adored the debonair ease of the hero, were just worried sick about that poor, dear, innocent girl, and hated beyond all loathing that sneaking, dark-skinned villain. And they applauded—often and much. When the final curtain rang down, one sighed: "Is *that* all? I could see that ten times!" And you can bet what's left of your cellar-full that they are still telling Mamie, Julie and Bess to go and see that show—and there you are. These two enthusiasts were not the exception, but the general rule—and there you are again!

**I**T was the next evening that we sat with the extravagant many for that same mystery and drama. During the mentioned scene of hysteria we heard these remarks: "Ye-e-e-s, raaaather good, I guess," and "Wouldn't you think she'd tire of doing that every night?" And there was appreciation of the villain's *acting*, and always the secure knowledge that everything would be straightened out satisfactorily, the evil punished, the virtuous vindicated and rewarded, before Johnston returned to the theatre with his call-number. So when those "downstairs" had reached the street they would have just admitted that "it was a pretty good show" and no more, and that only in reply to "What did you see and how was it?" They'd paid for the seats, and one must see *something*, so there you are.

"Upstairs" they forget that the heroine has those hysterics every night (and two afternoons), and therein lies the joy of the theatre. The balcony's infectious enthusiasm is vital to a musical show. I asked a member of an incoming

cast recently what theatre they would play. He told me and then added, "It means death because the balcony is very small." Harry Fox was talking to us about a lyric and said: "It reaches 'em 'upstairs'. Every song I ever made a hit with got over 'upstairs'. If a number doesn't go, it's usually because they don't like it in the balcony." And Harry has sung enough "hits" to know whereof he speaks.

**T**HOSE who buy the expensive seats are more theatre-wise than they were a few years ago and it grows more difficult nightly to make them forget themselves. The press in general and the magazines devote more and more space to the intimate or inner side of the profession, which is daily reducing the great illusion for those who have the time to read these articles. But the balcony audience is still loyal to that illusion—the land of "make-believe" in the theatre. They forget that it's the 100th or the 238th performance of that piece, or that the star's picture was in this magazine, taken at her home on Long Island, and that she's *really* Mrs. Somebodyelse. They live the life of that comedy or tragedy they're craning forward to see. And they aren't thinking that the lady in blue over there next to the man with the bald head has a gown which is just what they were looking for, or that they shouldn't like to actually weep—it's so foolish—and, and, oh, the nose! No, they "let go" and their appreciation during the show often atones for the indifference of those nearer to the actor, and their enthusiasm afterward sells seats both upstairs and down. But the indifference of the blasé "down front" is something that thousands spent in advertising cannot offset.

Most of the letters received by actors and actresses—in fact, ninety per cent. of them—come from people who saw them from the balcony. Letters of sincere appreciation, of suggestion well-meant, or even unkind ones. But these last show interest, don't they? And a well-known politician once said, "I don't care what people say about me, just so they talk about me. It pays." And real interest in the play and in the players is the meat and drink (especially now!) of the actor, and the success of the producer: and in these days most of that interest comes from those who take "the stairs to the left, please."

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## DREAMS WHICH WON'T COME TRUE



Emily Stevens acting Juliet.

John Drew in the rôle of a farmer.

A musical comedy written by Sir James Barrie.

A bedroom farce by Bernard Shaw

A fresh mother-in-law joke.

A burlesque show at the Belasco Theatre.

Laurette Taylor playing a vamp opposite Theda Bara's heroine.

A genuine farewell by Bernhardt.

A tragedy from the pen of George M. Cohan.

Maude Adams playing a ruined heroine.

Anybody making money on Broadway with a Strindberg play.

An immortal play on the Great War.

An A. H. Woods' production with an unhappy ending.

A praiseworthy all-star performance.

A play in which a character suffering from heart-disease remains alive.

NATHANIEL S. SHAPIRO





Strauss-Peyton

(Below)

**ELISE BARTLETT**

*Always lovely to look upon is this young player, who is appearing in "Scrambled Wives," a new comedy*



Edward Thayer Monroe

**MITZI**

*Petite, vivacious, charming Mitzi, who Broadway will welcome back after her success in "Head Over Heels," in a musical romance, by Zelda Sears and Harold Levey*





*In the Park—And how they have to exercise to keep thin*

*On the Rialto—"An' I says to him, 'What de you take me for—one of the ponies?'"*



*At Home — "Just think of the "thank-you notes you have to write"*

*After the Performance — The poor things have to go out in all kinds of weather*



*Before the footlights — Their greatest problem is what to do with the hearts they gather each day*

# PITY THE POOR CHORUS GIRL

(Silhouettes by Ethel C. Taylor)





Edward Thayer Monroe

# CLARA MOORES

*Who got her stage training in a Seattle stock company, appeared later with Taylor Holmes in "Bunker Bean" and William Hodge in "A Cure for Curables," is prominent this season in the leading feminine rôle of "Shavings"*

# RITA DANA

*"Hitchy-Koo" can boast of many lovely girls, but this dainty player can well stand on her own as one of the prettiest of them all*



Hixon-Connolly

TWO FAIR PLAYERS DELIGHTFUL AND SUMMERY





Photos Edward Thayer Monroe

MARJORIE WALL



POLLY SHORROCK



POLLY WATKINS



# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



**KNICKERBOCKER.** "THE GIRL IN THE SPOTLIGHT." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Richard Bruce. Produced on July 12 with the following cast:

Frank Marvin	Ben Forbes
Bess	Minerva Grey
Clare	Jessie Lewis
June	Agnes Patterson
Watchem Tripp	Hal Skelly
Nina Romaine	June Elvidge
John Rawlins	John Hendricks
Tom Fielding	John Reinhard
Bill Weed	Johnny Dooley
Ned Brandon	Richard Pyle
Max Preiss	James B. Carson
Molly Shannon	Mary Milburn

**T**HE latest Victor Herbert opus, "The Girl in the Spotlight," proves a very pleasant summer entertainment. It is hardly Herbert at his best, or even at his tinkliest; but it includes a soothing melody or two, some zippy dance tunes, and a pair of characteristic Herbertian finales.

The story (by Robert Bruce) is that familiar variant of the old, reliable Cinderella legend, wherein a slavey becomes a prima donna and saves an "opery" by stepping into the breach when the temperamental star balks at the stage door. Involved in this saga are some Washington Square musical comedy scribblers, an Hebraic theatrical manager just out of the fur business, and an agile professor of the dance.

The opening scene is a "La Bohème" thing in a Greenwich Village boarding-house, with three or four musketeers of the fountain-pen dividing up their one dress suit among themselves and planning ways and means of bilking the landlady. Among these youths—fortunately for the audience—is Johnny Dooley, who is a whole evening's entertainment in himself. Whenever the music flags or the wit languishes, Dooley does a fall which would cripple anybody else for life, and the general joy is complete.

From this humble beginning the piece blossoms into a series of elaborate full-stage sets, sprinkled with unusually attractive coryphees. These latter are kept busy the rest of the evening by Hal Skelly, who as the stager of dances leads the ladies a merry chase. Whatever Dooley

doesn't know about travesty dancing, Skelly does, and between them they supply enough pep to enliven a half-dozen shows.

The vocal honors go to Mary Milburn, as the operatic slavey, and to Ben Forbes, as the inevitable musical comedy tenor. James B. Carson does most of the successful acting in his Perlmutter-like impersonation of the impresario. Minerva Grey, as an ambitious chorus girl, contributes a promising bit of burlesque. And June Elvidge, out of the movies, makes a stately if colorless prima donna.

**COHAN.** "SILKS AND SATINS." Musical review in two acts. Book by Thomas Duggan; Lyrics by Louis Weslyn; music by Leon Rosebrook. Produced July 15 with the following cast:

The Prisoner	Jay M. Regan
The Jailer	Phobe King
The Guard	Helyn Eby
Danse Orientale	Ernestine Meyers
	Ruby Wiedoeft
	Aileen Stanley
Old Age and Youth	William Rock
Around the Town	Delphic Daughn
Acc in the Hole	Babette Raymond
	Thomas Dugan
A Little Harmony	Irene & Bernice Hart
The Princess	Jue Quon Tai
A Midsummers Maid	Hazel Webb
A Word from the Bolsheviks	Dennis O'Neil
	West Avery

**A**NY summer show these days, that contains pretty girls and more or less comedians—the compound adjective I use in its descriptive rather than its exact sense—is termed a revue. Echo might, indeed, answer: "Why?"

Hardly one of this year's offerings in this particular line makes any attempt to review any of the dramatic successes of the past season. They are made up of nothing but dancing and singing terms, interlarded with an occasional sure-fire comic act direct from the vaudeville houses.

To give a straight-out variety show, with artistic embellishments, would bring the performers into direct conflict with the zone embargo, and so queer their subsequent chances for long-time engagements on the vaudeville circuit, so apparently this little "revue" euphuism is employed

to fit around the strict letter of the Keith & Orpheum law.

Be that as it may, it is indeed fortunate that it is possible to have a few of these entertainers, for I tremble to think what these shows would be if they depended for fun upon the unaided efforts of the average so-called comic librettist, as interpreted by the local comedian.

"Silks and Satins," perfected by William Rock at the George M. Cohan Theatre, is one of those characteristic entertainments, in some respects quite as good as some of the many others now on view. It dashes along at breakneck speed, by which method a weak item is speedily forgotten in the something better that follows. It is costumed with fine liberality and occasional taste; it employs the services of many pretty and well-shaped girls, and its music jingles almost enough for a hot metropolitan night in mid-summer.

Mr. Rock dances glibly, and with Thomas Duggan contributes a rare bit of genuine fun in a turn termed "The Broadway Swell and the Bowery Bum." Other high spots of humor are two sketches by the same Mr. Duggan, assisted by Babette Raymond; a Bolshevik burlesque by the male members of the company; a little harmony by the Hart sisters, a black-faced turn by Avery and O'Neil, and the inimitable Harry Hines, with his cello and spine-disturbing back falls. The Danse Eccentrique, contributed by Ernestine Meyers in daring, grace and color compares well with all contemporary comers.

**BROADHURST.** "COME SEVEN." A black-face comedy novelty in three acts, by Octavus Roy Cohen. Produced July 19, with the following cast:

Urias Nesbit	Arthur Aylsworth
Forian Slappey	Earle Foxe
Semore Mashby	Charles W. Meyer
Probable Huff	Harry A. Emerson
Lawyer Evans Chew	Henry Hanlin
Cass Degers	Thomas Gunn
Vister Goins	Gail Kane
Elzevir Nesbit	Lucille LaVerne
Lithia Blevins	Susanne Willis
Mrs. Chew	Eleanor Montell
Mrs. Goins	Carrie Lowe



**I**N former years, the end of June marked the closing of all the New York theatres, which remained dark until September. Now it seems they close on Saturday only to reopen on Monday.

"Come Seven" ushers in the new season. For the first time, I believe, an entire cast of white players appear in a comedy of colored folks. It is a decided novelty. It may be a departure, and we may expect to see colored actors taking the part of white folks.

Its characters are well defined, and the plot, while very thin, is entertaining enough. It would be a hilarious one-act sketch, but for a three-act comedy it is a little bit drawn out. It is based on the short stories of colored life that have appeared in a popular weekly magazine. George Cohan extracted all he could out of the stories and it did very well.

The story revolves around a real diamond ring given to his wife by a colored gentleman who does not believe in work. The Beau Brummel of the town induces the husband to loan him the ring in order to raise money. The ring disappears only to reappear again, and several hundred dollars also change hands.

The real colored citizen may find the characters not exactly true to life, but to the audience they seemed to be real, and the laughs were long and loud.

Lucille La Verne and Al Wynn were particularly happy in their make-up, dialect and acting, and extraordinarily funny. Gail Kane and Earl Foxe were the lovers in the play and did very well. A word of praise is also due Henry Hamlin and Charles W. Meyer.

**WINTER GARDEN.** "CINDERELLA ON BROADWAY." A musical review in two acts. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Bert Grant; incidental music by Al Goodman. Produced June 24 with the following cast:

Boy	Burtress Dietch
Girl	Delores Mendez
Peter Pan	Norma Gallo
Broadway	Al Sexton
Old Kin Cole	James Daly
Jack Horner	Arthur Cardinal
Santa Claus	John Kearns
Jack in the Box	Roger Little
Whistle	Byron Halsted
A Tey	Joe Niemeyer
Tad	Georgie Price
Cindy	Eileen Van Biene
Prince Charming	Stewart Blaird
Joy	Jessica Brown
Gloom	John T. Murray
The Glorias	Themselves
Beauty	Renee Dentling

Marie  
Charlotte  
Mildred  
Lyola  
Mrs. Content

Marie Stafford  
Charlotte Sprague  
Mildred Soper  
Lyola White  
Florence Elmore

**T**AKE a few vaudeville acts that everybody has seen at one time or another, put them together with interpolated songs that do not sparkle, add to them costumes not notable for their originality—then take for your theme a fairy tale brought up to date, with all its charm extracted and only coarseness left as an appeal, and you have "Cinderella on Broadway."

We expect better things from you, Mr. Shubert, and we know you can do them, so why not?

No one in the cast won any new laurels, but the gorilla, Tarzan, was certainly a scream.

**CASINO.** "BUZZIN' AROUND." Musical review in two acts, by Will Morrissey and Edward Maden. Produced on July 6 with this cast:

Betty Barrett	Elizabeth Brice
Walter Barrett	Walter Wilson
Minerva	Priscilla Parker
La Belle Violet	Violet Inglefield
Donald	Donald Roberts
Earnest F. Keene	Earnest F. Young
Billy Hope	Will Morrissey
Big Harry	Harry Masters
Little Jack	Jack Kraft
Henry	Henry Rigoletto
Charlie	Charlie Rigoletto
The Duke of Mixture	Robert Milo
Property man	Jack Ingliss
Pinky	Helen Gladdings
Clara	Clara Carroll
Aleta	Aleta

**W**ILL MORRISSEY'S second review, "Buzzin' Around," marks a distinct advance over his first effort, "Toot Sweet." His latest offering is not long on settings or costumes, or even feminine beauty, but it is bedecked with bright tunes, touches of travesty, and pleasing animation. In another season Morrissey should be running without handicap against Ziegfeld and George White.

"Buzzin' Around" carries all its plot in the first act. There are a stern father, who opposes theatrical folks; a headstrong daughter, and a juvenile tenor bent on marrying the girl. Along comes Morrissey to get up a benefit (for the people who bought oil stocks last winter), and presently all concerned—even including father—are participating in the show.

The benefit is composed of brief burlesques, in the course of which the three Barrymores, "The Son-Daughter," and Theda Bara come in for most of the lampooning. The

Barrymore skit is the brightest. All three spout "Hamlet," and John—as caricatured by Morrissey himself—does a quick change from Jekyll to Hyde and back again.

Theda Bara, as a regular stage actress, with her immortal line, "I'll shake you like I shake my shimmy," is almost cruelly parodied by Violet Inglefield. Elizabeth Brice, who sings and dances her way through almost every scene, appears as Ethel Barrymore and Lenore Ulrich and winds up as Yum Yum in a rent profiteer version of "The Mikado." Mr. Morrissey's mimicry includes George M. Cohan, Al Jolson and Sam Bernard.

Vaudeville, of course, supplies the major portion of the entertainment. The Rigoletto brothers do their amazingly versatile "act" in sections, and Masters and Kraft are forever bobbing on and off in new make-ups to dance with exceeding nimbleness.

The terpsichorean honors are shared with the loose-jointed Helen Gladdings, the lovely Clara Carroll, and a dainty, diminutive Miss, programmed as Aleta, who prances about on her toes like a fairy out of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The book and music and part of the lyrics are all by the gifted Mr. Morrissey. He manages to rhyme "stew about" with "do without"—so you can readily see that he is an orthodox Broadway jingler.

"Buzzin' Around" ought to prove a nearly ideal captivator for the New York summer visitor.

**NEW AMSTERDAM.** ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC. In two parts. Produced on March 15 with these players:

Ben Ali Haggin	Eddie Candor
Sam Moore	Edythe Baker
Allyn King	Edna French
Kathlene Martyn	Olive Cornell
John Prince Jones	
Misses O'Rourke and Adelphi	

**W**HATEVER the Ziegfeld Follies may lack in wit and catchy music, it makes up for in artistry. There has never been a question of the wizardry of Florenz Ziegfeld. He knows how to please his public—I might say, his customers, because anyone who has seen the Follies once, won't on any account miss seeing the next one.

The so-called "revues" are an annual feature of New York life. There are many imitations, but only one eighteen-carat pure Ziegfeld Follies.

There are a number of new acts, particularly one called "In the Thea-



ELIZABETH BRICE  
And her Yum Yum girls



Photos Photocraft

*Bright tunes and pleasing animation in Will Morrissey's second review, "Buzzin' Around," at the Casino*



*Some of the pretty Coryphees, who are the life of "The Girl in the Spotlight," at the Knickerbocker*

BEAUTY AND GRACE IN OPERA AND REVIEW



tre," showing a complete auditorium built on the stage. The audience is made up of principals and chorus, and they watch the real audience, which is supposed to be the actors. Here we see ourselves from the vantage point of the other side of the footlights:—coming in late, after the curtain has gone up, disturbing our neighbors, getting up at the wrong time, etc. We see a leading dramatic critic making loud remarks about the "poor show." A delightful bit of parody.

Another charming scene is "The Ziegfeld Sextette on Fifth Avenue," with costumes that are startling and wonderful.

Among the favorites, Fannie Brice is as funny as ever, so is W. C. Field, and a newcomer, Mary Eaton, made a decided impression. Charles Winninger was a real edition.

As to the beauty of the chorus—Go and judge for yourself!

39TH STREET. Three one-act plays presented by the Celtic Players on June 21st with the following players:

F. Henry Handon	Henry O'Neill
Helen Evily	Edward O'Connor
Eileen Curran	Paul Hayes
P. J. Kelly	Bina Flynn
	Emmet O'Reilly

IRELAND is again divided. One half of the players who began business at the Provincetown Playhouse went to the Bramhall, the other half, sponsored by Deborah Bierne, took possession of the stage of the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, where, possessed of a genuine novelty in the shape of a one-act play by the popular George Bernard Shaw, never before acted in this country, have been attracting well-pleased audiences, for "Flaherty V. C." is G. B. S. in his most amusing vein.

It is one of those salient bits of real life, made still more effective and amusing by the spirited, witty, trenchant, and satiric spirit with which Shaw dresses up the speech of the genial, happy-go-lucky Flaherty, his ignorant, bigoted mother, his grasping sweetheart, and an English Colonel. It is, of course, nothing but dialogue, of action practically nothing, but as a running comment on the fifth commandment, war, patriotism, and other kindred matters growing out of the great world disturbance, keeps the listener in a constant state of responsive snorts and appreciative chuckles.

P. J. Kelly is particularly happy in the title rôle. It largely depends on

him, and fortunate, too, for the support was indifferent.

"A Minute's Wait," the first item in the triple bill, is a characteristically amusing trifle from the pen of Martin McHugh. It is little more than a sketch, emphasizing how superior the Irish as a nation are to the necessities of time, depicting, as it does, the tribulations of a station agent to get his train off! not more than forty-five minutes after its scheduled hour for departure. Edward O'Connor as the harassed official, P. J. Kelly as a grasping countryman, and Helen Evily as a resourceful widow with the gift of blarney, were all in a picture of indubitable gracious genre.

"The Rising of the Moon" completed the bill. Lady Gregory's little romantic drama, according to my view, has in the past been better done.

BRAMHALL. Celtic Players. Four one-act plays. Presented with the following players:

Clement O'Loughlin	Paul Hayes
Allan MacAteer	Eileen Curran
Henry O'Neill	Angela McCabill
	Bina Flynn

THE second volley of Irish plays launched by the Celtic Players, this time at the Bramhall, emphasizes the value of drama as propaganda. Until the Yeats' and the Gregorys and the Shaws are put to rout by the British M. I. D. there will continue to be riots in Erin and resolutions of sympathy in the United States Senate.

But I see small good faith in the artistic endeavor of these groups of Gaelic performers, who are unable to purge their bills—even occasionally—of plays intended to bring to our door the sentiment of that part of the Irish people who believe that Ireland should be "free." I grudge no man his stint of patriotism, but I am bored by obvious endeavors to cram political opinions down my throat when I am inveigled thither by high promises of "Gaelic art" and the establishment of an "Irish dramatic center."

Still, had the only bit of propaganda on the program been William B. Yeats' "Cathleen-ni Houlihan," I should be inclined to forgive and forget. It is a significant and beautiful dramatic tone poem, starting swiftly with a realistic study of the Irish family of the soil, and moving forward into a delicate though powerful allegory. The spirit of Ireland is represented as a poor old woman wanderer, bereft of her

lands by strangers, who wanders the country roads calling on the youth of Erin for succor. Coming into the home of Gillane, she wins to her side the eldest son, who is on the eve of being wed. She promises him immortality, and together they go off, the poor old woman changed to a beautiful young girl. I understand that of all the dramatic bits that have impressed Ireland, none has met with such tremendous success as this one.

The other two plays on the bill are "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory, and "The Troth," by Rutherford Mayne. Both were badly staged, but the latter had sufficient dramatic value to be of interest. It is a gloomy study, strongly suggestive of Gorky and the Grand Guignol, but lacking the human philosophy of the one and the intense power of the other. Using two candles instead of one by way of lighting would assist the audience in determining what is happening on the stage.

Some good acting was seen, notably that of Angela McCabill as the Poor Old Woman, and Paul Hayes as the principal character in all three plays.

There is room in New York for the Celtic Players—lots of it. But let's have less one-candle-power "atmosphere" and relief from the "Ireland forever" theme.

CENTURY PROMENADE. THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS. Entertainment in two parts and twenty-eight scenes, with these players:

John Wheeler	Muriel De Forrest
Vivien Oakland	Purcella Brothers
Grace Ellsworth	Ina Williams
Joe Opp	Madelon La Varre
Lew Hearn	Lorraine & Walters
Hal Hixon	John Byam
Harry Kelly	Leo Beers
Green & Bytler	Rosie Quinn
Tot Qualters	May Thompson
Walter Woolf	Jack Strauss

AS a typical late-hour girly-girly show this medley entertainment atop the Century Roof was perhaps one of the most lavish ever staged for the amusement of Broadway's supper crowd. These roof shows, while making a fleshy rather than a high-brow appeal, have proved popular with out-of-town visitors who like to combine the pleasure of eating with dancing and a generous display of feminine hosiery, while the coolness of the spot and a usually capital programme ensure an enjoyable evening. The Midnight Rounders was succeeded a week later by (Continued on page 137)



# A THEATRICAL STUDIO CAMP



**MAUD SCHEERER**  
Originator and director of the Studio Camp



*The Studio—Conning lines*

DRIVING out from New York through the Westchester hills, one comes to the quaint little town of Bedford. A tiny bridge is crossed and an avenue of locust trees leads you up to the trellised entrance of a cozy old-fashioned house. This is the main cottage of the Studio Camp, made up of a group of girls and young women who spend a period of five weeks in the recreation of the study of Expression under the direction of Miss Maud Scheerer. Besides promising stage aspirants, some are teachers working in preparation for their students, some are actors and readers studying for greater mastery of technique of voice and body. Some are preparing programs for the coming season or studying toward that ideal of culture for which The Studio Camp stands.

It is difficult to estimate how great a proportion of the phenomenal results of this short session of five weeks is due to the environment. There is the simplicity of camp life, the uniform of bloomers and middie, out-of-door sleeping, group thinking, and working and playing. Its very lacks prove accessories in providing liberation from the habitual.

Surely that is a barn, yet those are not the sounds of cattle. And there is a gay green and buff striped marquee, flung out to the rustic poles, a bright lantern swinging and there a gaily painted shingle announcing "Our Studio."



*Shakespeare in the outdoor theatre*



*In rhythmic play*

It is Synge's "Riders to the Sea" now in rehearsal. The soft folds of the cycloramic curtain of motley dyed cheesecloth are now the menacing waves of the sea—the rafters and stalls are gone—it is no longer a barn for "The play's the thing."

Later there is dancing on the grassy plot of the Outdoor Theatre. Whether it is free expression of rhythmic play to the skipping time of a fox-trot or the heroic technique of the classic dance, the purpose of expressive recreation is there.

The girls rise early, then there are setting-up exercises, then breakfast, and then the classes in characterization, voice and diction,



*The entrance to the Camp*

gesture and pantomime, and the two-hour play rehearsal. The free time is spent in playing tennis, horseback riding, boating, swimming, rambles, motoring or visits to the Westchester homes of the patronesses, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. James S. Metcalfe, Mrs. William Fellowes Morgan and Mrs. James Speyer. The day when Blanche Bates or Margaret Anglin, members of the advisory board, are coming to camp, is a valued day indeed for this simple and direct meeting with the fully arrived artist is truest inspiration and besides Miss Bates, with that fine smile of hers, has asked, "May I please act in your theatre?"



# THE MAN BEHIND THE SHOW

*He neither writes the play nor invests a dollar in the production, yet is an indispensable factor in its success*

By BURR CHAPMAN COOK



THERE is a little fraternity of fifteen or twenty men in New York who—although quite unknown to the general theatre-going public—hold in their hands the artistic evolution of the American drama. For the past ten seasons or more these men have put the stamp of their individual talents upon the variegated theatrical blossoms of hypercritical Gotham, and yet, strangely enough, the only public recognition they have received is to have their names tucked away on the last leaves of theatre programmes together with the perfume and hosiery “ads.” Who are they? They are the keen-eyed, quick-witted, wholly unappreciated order of Stage Directors, without whom and the magic of their practical experience, the virgin gold of the dramatist’s conceptions could never be given public currency.

It may be interesting, in demonstrating the all-important function of these obscure persons, to see just what happens to a play after a manager accepts it.

The scene is the managerial office on Broadway. The manager, a stout man, whose generous avoirdupois is confined beneath a scotch plaid waist-coat, is ushering out of his sight the much elated playwright, whose comedy, “The Right to Die,” has just been accepted for presentation. No doubt, the manager is well pleased with himself. Prompted by the hearty recommendation of his readers he has purchased “The Right To Die” and he has struck as good a bargain as ever he did in the good old days of the meat-packing business. Life is altogether pleasing to him.



AFTER biting off the end of a fresh cigar, Mr. Manager proceeds to the telephone and calls a number. Sometimes the producer has his own stage director, engaged on a yearly contract, but more often he secures his man for the particular type of play he is presenting, from among the ten or twelve free-lance stage directors in New York with whose work he is familiar. Generally, he tries to get one who has already staged two or three of the season’s successes, for Mr. Manager, like all great gamblers, is a somewhat superstitious person and, while he no doubt intends to hitch his wagon to a “star,” he wants to be sure that the wagon is all right, that the axles are greased, and the traces properly fitted, before he trusts the vehicle with his bags of gold. This is a tribute to his business acumen and the confidence he places in his stage director is another tribute of the same calibre.

The scene now shifts to the person at the other end of the wire, the man who is going to put Mr. Manager’s wagon together for him, and whose name will eventually blush amongst the extravagant verbiage of the perfume and hosiery “ads.” Like the majority of his brethren, he is an energetic, alert-looking man, somewhere in his early forties, whose exceptionally keen glance seems to light up with an electric eagerness as he talks. As a rule he has, himself, graduated from

the sub-strata of the stage; he has produced, and managed, and written plays, and acted in them, and shifted scenery, and handled the switch-board, and taken tickets at the door. He knows every minute ingredient of the bed-rock of the theatrical structure, and his present elevation is due partly to that, and partly to the presence of an uncanny genius which distinguishes him from every other class of workers in the profession. His first stock in trade is a broad knowledge of human nature, for he must be familiar with the various types he has to develop; he must have the talent of quickly absorbing an author’s point of view, and interpreting that point of view for his actors. He must have executive ability and be a diplomat of the first water.



WHEN once he assumes the direction of a play he becomes a tiny Czar in a small kingdom and round him ebb and flow the tides of temperament. Mr. Manager now confides to this gentleman’s mercies the right to live, so to speak, of the great comedy “The Right to Die,” and that the transfer of responsibilities is complete we shall presently discover.

First the Stage Director takes the play “The Right to Die” home with him and reads it over for the pure enjoyment of the thing. Quite often, of course, the exercise affords very little enjoyment—pure or impure—and under such circumstances it is necessary for him to do a little joy inoculating on his own account, or call in the dramatist. The director being a practical idealist can immediately detect incongruities, or undramatic elements which pass unnoticed to the less sophisticated eyes of the author, and from his fount of wisdom he makes interpolations, changes in dialogue, elimination of superfluous action, or whatever editing may seem advisable. Convincing an ambitious dramatist of his ability in this respect is sometimes a matter of rather tedious cajolery on the part of the director. The chief fault he finds with the modern dramatist is his tendency to become more narrative than dramatic, to have too much talking and too little action, but the director is consoled by the fact that redundancy is a lesser evil than insufficiency, for it is easier to eliminate than to amplify.



AFTER familiarizing himself with the play and the author’s central idea, or lack of such, the director now begins to conjure in his mind’s eye pieces of stage business, effective groupings, and the rendering of particular lines. Being on intimate terms with the hopes and aspirations of the characters involved in “The Right to Die” he next proceeds to cast his play. This step is an important one and upon his ability to find the right actors and actresses to fit the rôles assigned, depends to a large extent the success of the undertaking, for all the artistic finesse and press-agenting in the world cannot counteract the calamity of a miscast play. He sees all applicants personally and while he is thus

engaged winnowing the wheat from the chaff the script of “The Right to Die” is being re-written following his instructions.

The importance of the director’s ability to sympathetically absorb the dramatist’s conception, and to give it the right medium, is here observed; and this applies to setting and atmosphere as well as to actors. The director’s next business is to call in the carpenter, the scene painter, the costume maker, the electrician, and the property man, and explain to them exactly what he wants for his three or four acts. He draws plans for each setting as an architect does for a building, explaining to the carpenter and scenic artist just what he wants regarding strength and coloring, etc. He then makes plans or plots for the property department, specifying every article of furniture desired, the color, style, or size of each article—carpets, rugs, everything that is movable on the stage. Often he goes with the property master to all sorts of out of the way places, through warehouses, antique shops, cellars, garrets, long trips into the smaller towns, to get just the right article for some particular scene.

The item of lighting is particularly important. Here, too, the director works out a plot of every light to be used, which includes the strength and color of each illumination, and no small amount of calculation is necessary in this for he must take into consideration the colors of the gowns the ladies will wear, besides wishing to gain certain effects, and this cannot be gained at a sacrifice of the color scheme of some lady’s dress.



CERTAIN lights will entirely change the color of certain silks, and these, as well as the draperies and curtains, must be carefully tested with the lights to see that no perceptible change is caused in the general scheme. After all these details are perfected the carpenter and the scene painter and the others build a small model which, when complete in all particulars, is submitted for the director’s approval. After receiving his O. K. work is begun on the actual environment of the production.

And now the scene shifts to the actual rehearsals. There is a long, bare hall devoid of ornament, with the exception of a row of chairs against the wall, a table in the center, and a tall mirror at one end of the room. Seated at the table are the author and the stage director, while clustered in chairs about them, listening in rapt attention, are the eight or ten members of the cast of “The Right to Die.” This empty hall on Sixth Avenue is the scene of the first rehearsal and will continue to monopolize the center of the picture for the following three weeks of rehearsing. It is a desolate shell of a place and the voice of the author, as he reads the lines of his play, resound with a hollow mockery. Now and then the director stops him to interject a point of emphasis or call some actor’s attention to a particularly important line in his part. After the play is read the director encourages a frank discussion of it and the





Photo Photocraft

*James L. Crane and Lily Cahill, in "Opportunity,"  
W. A. Brady's new melodrama of Wall Street*



*Scene in "The Bat," comedy drama by Mary Roberts Rhinehart and Avery Hopwood*

NEW PLAYS THAT MYSTIFY AND THRILL



characterizations are analyzed, and suggestions and opinions solicited from the company which often help him later on in working out his play. The parts are distributed and after a bare reading the members are dismissed to appear the next morning at eleven o'clock.

FOR the next few rehearsals the actors "walk" through their parts, until they are letter perfect in the lines and then begins the real business of acting out the play. As the portrayal of the parts now develops it is often necessary for the director to make slight changes in the dialogue, to better fit the personality of the actor or actress playing the part. Oftentimes a whole scene has to be built in or removed, and this is where the vagaries of the temperamental dramatist put the director's diplomatic powers to a test. But, if he is a wise dramatist, he soon begins to realize that a play is a co-operative undertaking in which each factor contributes his share, and the dramatist no more nor less than any of the others. It is very difficult for a dramatist to have to cut out some particularly exquisite flight of oratory which probably cost him many hours of tedious labor to invent, and a director must use the most subtle persuasion to expedite this. To tell a dramatist that his lines are no good is like telling a mother that her baby is ugly, and when it has to be done, it has to be done artistically.

But by this time, if the stage director is a good director, he has acquired a certain personal ascendancy over his company which inspires their confidence in his judgment and they are ready to do whatever he tells them. It is at this point, following the taming of the dramatist and the smoothing out of other minor wrinkles, that the play begins to take on an entity, to live and breathe and exhibit its traits of character. The director now works in his shirt sleeves and frequently, in the glow of execution, forgets to eat his lunch. He ponders excitedly over original bits of action and pieces of business, for what are apparently the most trivial of scenes and situations. A step forward in asking a question, a pause with hand uplifted in the middle of a sentence, hundreds of little motions are injected which help to quicken into life what were once but the dull words of a manuscript.

Toward the end of the second week, when dialogue and action are running fairly smoothly, the director decides it is about time to establish the tempo of the play. This setting of the pace, as it might be called, will differ in tragedy,

straight comedy, or farce, as the case may be, being slower in the former and faster in the latter. The actor's movements and the timing of the dialogue are now watched for their importance and effectiveness, the tempo being increased generally up to the climax and diminished afterwards. Careful shadings and diminuendos are interspersed for surprise and contrast, and the characters, the dialogue and action are thus graded to meet the exigencies of the plot. The diction and inflection is polished off and at this time, if the play is found to run too long or too short, it is cut or padded, as the case may demand.

The play is now nearly ready for production and the director is faced with the most trying situation of any so far. Some actors will try to put emotion into a speech where no emotion was intended, thinking to get the sympathy of the audience, and will attempt to argue the director into their way of thinking. Other actors will do almost any ridiculous thing to get a laugh, at the risk of spoiling a scene. They do not care what happens as long as they get their cherished chortle. The director now has to study and watch each player closely and by so doing anticipate the actors' intention and forbid such gratuitous interpolations. The director is seldom wrong when he accuses an actor of such intent, but the actor will seldom admit his guilt.

THE three weeks of work and worry, or rehearsing and re-writing, of alternate gloom and hope, of petty misunderstandings and diplomatic conciliations are now over and the play is ready for its full dress rehearsal. There are generally two of these dress rehearsals with full sets, costumes, lights, and all the paraphernalia of the final presentation. As a rule, they are held in a theatre in some small town. During the first dress rehearsal the director does not hesitate to stop the action now and then to interpret with suggestions and comments, or to make any slight changes that may still be necessary. It is now that the director instructs his electricians, composes his stage crew for handling the scenery, and chooses any incidental music that may be needed during the play or in the intermissions. This music, of course, must help to prepare the audience for the mood of the play. The second rehearsal, however, which is generally the night before the New York opening, is allowed to play through exactly as it will be given the following night and any comments or corrections are given after the performance is over.

The play opens on Broadway. The stage director's job is done. Mr. Manager sets up his big electric displays, and the public are cordially invited to attend. But stamped and woven into the woof and pattern of every such production, if the theatre-going public cared to investigate, would be found the dominating personality, not alone of the star, or the dramatist, or the manager, but most particularly that of the man whose name blushes amongst the perfume "ads" on the back page of the programme.

IT is a safe conjecture that the names of most of these important individuals are entirely unknown as far as the theatregoer is concerned, with the possible exception of David Belasco and George M. Cohan, whose fame, from the public standpoint, is not entirely associated with their reputation as actual stage directors. There is, for example: Sam Forrest, who made something of a departure from the usual mode of staging in his directing of "The Acquittal," and "The Sign on the Door"; Iden B. Payne, who staged "Sacred and Profane Love," and "Declassé"; Edward Royce, who directed the musical comedies, "Irene," and "Lassie," and, in conjunction with Fred Latham, the operetta, "Apple Blossoms"; W. H. Gilmore, responsible for "The Ouija Board", and, in association with J. C. Huffman, of "The Blue Flame"—the latter staged the "Passing Show" at the Winter Garden. There is Clifford Brooke, director of "My Golden Girl" and "East Is West"; Frederick Stanhope, who staged "Clarence"; Lester Lonergan, one of the most artistic and skilful of directors, who sponsored "Abraham Lincoln"; Robert Milton, "Adam and Eva"; R. H. Burnside, director of the Hippodrome productions; Homer St. Gaudens, "The Letter of the Law"; Earl Mitchell, "The Purple Mask"; Fred C. Latham, "The Night Boat"; Ira Hards, "The Hole in the Wall"; Alfred Hickman, "The Passion Flower"; John Harwood, "Scandal"; John McKee, "Shavings"; Bertram Harrison, "Breakfast in Bed"; George Marion, "As You Were"; and Priestly Morrison, "Mamma's Affair."

All of these men have long lists of successful productions to their credit, and their talents will be applied to the dramatic works of coming seasons. And until the public awakes to a realization of the importance of these obscure workers in the theatre and their very valuable contribution to its pleasure they will probably continue to be unknown entities in the theatrical firmament.

## THEATRE THOUGHTS



GEORGE M. Cohan traces his ancestry back to Betsy Ross.

Frank Bacon, after being struck by "Lightnin'," has communicated the electric thrill to tens of thousands of other people.

Frances made her stage début as a Starr.

Jeanne Eagles is fond of puns, so collects twenty-dollar gold pieces.

David Warfield is a musician who plays on human heart-strings.

Billie Burke's little daughter is almost as cute and cunning as—Billie Burke.

Roscoe Arbuckle represents the survival of the fattest.

In his memoirs Nat Goodwin referred to Maxine Elliott as "a Roman senator." At any rate, she has a Roman punch.

If Mrs. Fiske keeps on growing younger each season, the Gerry Society will finally have to interfere with her performance.

David Belasco places his fingers on the pulse of the public, and then prescribes a little comedy, a little tragedy, and a lot of art.

Sam Bernard receives a high salary for a low comedian.

Robert Edmond Jones has designs on scenery.

Louis Mann does not believe that one should judge a man by the dialect he keeps.

Douglas Fairbanks has gained popularity by leaps and bounds.

When Bert Williams is intrusted with a secret, he may be relied upon to "keep it dark."

To be consistent, Elsie Janis ought to wear imitation jewelry.

Jane Cowl's audiences are distinguished by their red eyes.

Sarah Bernhardt is of a "retiring" disposition.

Nora Bayes likes to be the whole show. And, interesting to note, audiences agree with her.

As a young man, John Drew took Daly exercise.

HAROLD SETON



# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

## MARY MILES MINTER

How do you think you'd like golden-haired Mary Miles Minter as a brunette? You'll have an opportunity to see her as a dark-haired beauty in her next Realart picture, "Sweet Lavender," adapted from the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, which she is now completing. And if you don't like Mary as a brunette, you won't be disappointed, for you'll also see her in her true golden glory. For in this picture Mary plays the part of a golden-haired girl and dons a wig for the rôle of her dark-haired mother. Miss Minter's latest Realart release is "A Cumberland Romance"



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe



# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



**S**CREEN adaptation has developed into an art by itself—that is to say, it is an art when it is not a crime. Evidently, there is a very special talent possessed by few screen writers which makes it possible to transfer a story from the footlights or the pages of a book and to make it live again through the shadows on the screen. Too often, of course, the talent is conspicuous by its absence, and then we see our favorite characters in some beloved play or novel become burlesque and warped by some tawdry imitation of the original idea. But, like the mother of "The Bandit's Daughter," "it isn't of these others than we're going for to sing."

**O**NE of the most successful adaptations in many months is the Goldwyn film version of "Madame X." This stage drama was the great "three handkerchief play" of its season. It linked gallery and parterre together in the joint enjoyment of a satisfactory sob. There were three phases to weep over—one for each handkerchief—the sympathy for a woman torn brutally from her life's happiness, for a derelict trying to drown her memories in absinthe, and for a mother who hears her own son plead for her life in her trial for murder.

Out will come the handkerchiefs again wherever the theme is released as a screen play. For not a trick has been missed that would stir the audience in this most direct and certain of appeal—the appeal of agonizing mother love. And for this, most of the credit goes to the new interpreter of the rôle, who is Pauline Frederick.

Many well-known actresses (beginning with Bernhardt herself) have stamped the rôle with their own individual interpretation. Miss Frederick's appeal is gained almost solely through a restraint which seems all the more remarkable in the face of the temptations to rant and tear in this Parisian melodrama—to make the part a perfect example of what Mark Twain called "French calm."

This she does not do. Through it all she has the absolute passivity of despair, far more convincing than any frenzy. She has one gesture of utter hopelessness that gives her story as reels of "emotional acting" could never have done. The rest of her suffering is in her eyes, and she keeps it there without resource to wringing of hands or tearing of hair.

In this she has been assisted admirably by a cast which has caught her difficult note of repression. Moreover, she has had the advantage of a director who understands what is vaguely known as "French atmosphere." Throughout all the backgrounds of Paris and of the exotic scenes where the hunted woman is driven, runs the shadowy horror of her absinthe-tinted dreams. The entire film is a model of adaptation which may be made without violating the traditions of the original.

**A** NEW Mary Pickford film is always an event in the motion-picture calendar. But "Suds," the latest United Artists' release of this universally beloved star, has the additional distinction of being an utter departure from all the Pickford traditions.

First of all, there are the curls. Or, rather, there are not the curls. No doubt, the Pickford ringlets served their purpose in their day, but after all these years they have become a source of acute irritation even to those who love everything most characteristic of the ingratiating Mary. These curls have been banished as entirely foreign to "Suds," who is the docile drudge of a London "French laundry."

She is a wistful little slavey with a crooked grin and a ragged pinafore—a thing of shreds and patches. Nevertheless, she has her dreams of a cockney Paradise with a titled bloke who leaves his shirt at the laundry—dreams which are shown to us in a parenthesis plot, irresistibly suggesting "The Young Visitors." But her vision is blown away like the foam in her own soap-suds and the film ends not entirely unhappily, but with the most artistic final fade-out ever shown in a Pickford picture.

The entire production was based on the Frohman production of "Hop o' My Thumb," which Maude Adams created years ago on the stage. Whatever the changes in the transfers from stage to screen, the result as a film play is certainly the best work done by Mary Pickford since "Stella Maris."

**Y**ES AND NO," which became a cropper in last season's theatrical race, has been made into a screen play for Norma Talmadge, which is a great improvement on the original production. For this the credit belongs first, if not entirely, to Norma Talmadge. She has the mysterious faculty of making any rôle convincing, however theatrical or artificial the action may be. And there is a magnetic quality in her work that makes her films worth while if only for the pleasure of feeling the contagion of her own imaginative flights.

In this play she has a dual rôle of two wives, one the usual idle spouse of the idle rich, and the other the devoted household drudge of a laborer. The "message" seems to be that when the villain whispers, "Fly with me," a rich wife says "Yes," and suffers social shipwreck while the poor wife says "No," and is rewarded by having her husband invent a washing-machine which brings them unlimited wealth and happiness.

This film abounds in particularly fatal villains. There is Lowell Sherman, who fills you with constant amazement that one so fascinating should be so false. A movie home is as good as ruined directly he crosses its threshold. Then there is the blond wretch who tries to lure the hard-working wife away from her washboard. Though both these homebreakers are wide apart in the social scale, their methods are fatally similar, which only goes to prove that all villains are brothers under their buttonhole bouquet.

**A** MOTION-PICTURE month without Charles Ray is meagre indeed. He appears this month in "Homer Comes Home," one of those satisfactory little genre studies of our own New England communities. It is the picture of the prophet in his own country, the shy, awkward country youth who is less than the dust beneath the flivvers in the garage which he tends. But he runs away to the city when he acquires a moderate amount of success and a wild determination to go back home and dazzle the eyes of the neighbors. His attempt to do this and the result of his comet-like visit make up one of those genuine and amusing little masterpieces for which the screen is eternally indebted to Charles Ray.

**E**LAINÉ HAMMERSTEIN flashes into the spot-light this month in the most interesting film she has done for Selznick. It is called "Whispers," and was written by Marc Connelly. The whispers, of course, come from the lips of scandal—always a promising theme when a young girl is starred as the heroine. But the original part of this version is that the girl is not the innocent victim of malicious tongues. She really has flirted a bit with a married man, not because she loved not wisely but too well, or was too young to know, but because she was a bit lonely and the married man made himself amusing at the right (or wrong) moment.

This frankness and lack of hypocrisy gives the film a piquant interest usually lacking in stories of girls unjustly blackened by slander. And Elaine Hammerstein catches this keynote of the character and plays it "straight" without any girlish airs and graces. There are some interesting scenes in the newspaper offer of a country town and several decorative love scenes between the young heroine and Matt Moore.

**T**HREE GOLD COINS," the latest Fox release for Tom Mix, has a title which promises all the thrills of the old-fashioned Western melodrama. And the title is not deceptive, although the thrills have been brought up to date by grace of unusually beautiful photography in the heart of the canon and Grim Peak territory.

ALISON SMITH.



(Below)

**OLIVE THOMAS**

*Whose charm and grace sparkles throughout the latest Selznick offering, "Darling Mine," fresh from the California studios*



**VIOLET HEMING**

*A striking picture of this popular young actress who now adds to her laurels through this Paramount-Artcraft production, "The Cost." Her debut in Movie-Land was in "Every-woman," in which she played the title rôle*

**WILLIAM FAVERSHAM**

*In spite of his many activities on the legitimate stage, this prominent star finds time for the motion pictures. He is here seen with Lucy Cotton, in a scene from "The Sin That Was His," his second Selznick production*







NAZIMOVA

Everything this distinguished Russo-American actress does is interesting, be it legitimate or screen. She will be seen in at least two new pictures this year—the Metro productions, "Billions," to be released next month, and "Madam Peacock," a January offering



DOROTHY DALTON

This popular screen player will be featured in two Paramount pictures this season. The first is "Half an Hour," by Barrie; the second, to be released later, being "A Romantic Adventuress," from the novel, "A Winter City Favorite," by Charles Belmont Davis. It is as the heroine of this latter picture that she is seen here



(Left)

MABEL NORMAND

This clever and comely comedienne is featured in the Goldwyn release, "What Happened to Rosa," a screen adaptation from the story "Rosa Alvaro, Entrante"





Photo Muriella

**SYBIL SHERIDAN**

*Plays leads in a series of new two-reelers under the direction of Carlyle Ellis*



Photo Hoover

**ANN MAY**

*Interesting young Paramount player who has supported Charles Ray in "Paris Green" and "Peaceful Valley"*



Hoover

(Left)

**WINIFRED WESTOVER**

*This former leading woman with such stars as Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Ray and William Hart, is now being starred herself by the central Film Company of Sweden, which is producing Soderberg, Bjornsen, and Ibsen plays*



Photo Puffer

**NORMA TALMADGE**

*As she appears in "Yes or No," a screen adaptation of Arthur Goodrich's play—a First National production*



# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

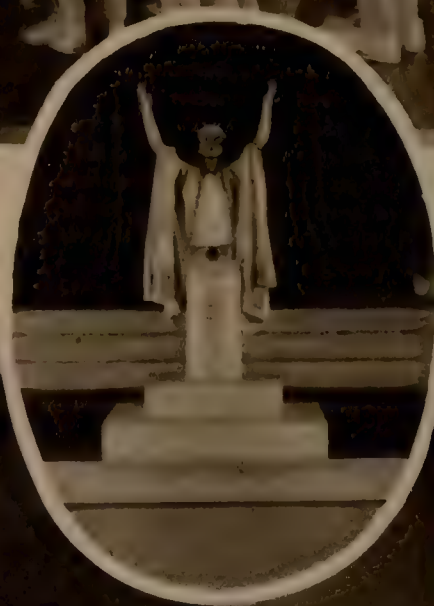
By M. E. KEHOE

FOR their Commencement Day, the Senior Class of the Bennett School of Applied Arts at Millbrook, New York, gave an impressive performance of "The Antigone of Sophocles," under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy (Edith Wynne Matthison). In this excellent presentation, the full formal beauty and balance of the Sophoclean technique were preserved throughout, and the beautiful handling of the choral movements, by Margaret Gage, to the music of Horace Middleton—the Greekest thing of its kind in modern times—added a unique and unforgettable quality to the production. A Greek play originally, was "a mass in the cathedral church of Athens," and this element was brought out in a moving and inspiring way.



*A stirring episode in "The Antigone of Sophocles," as presented at the Bennett School of Applied Arts*

Photos by Alice Boughton



*This performance of "The Antigone of Sophocles" had all the atmosphere of a "mass in a Greek cathedral," which is what Greek plays originally were. It was produced under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy (Edith Wynne Matthison)*



# KIP'S BAY—YESTERDAY AND TODAY

## AN HISTORICAL COMMUNITY PAGEANT THAT RECALLS THE DAYS OF OLD NEW YORK

By ETHEL ARMES

IN the background are jutting rocks dark against the blue of the East River, just there where it sweeps into that once-forested curve between East Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh Streets, where in 1655 Jacobus Kip built his house. Weird figures, moulded by Washington Irving out of the mists shrouding the birth of New York City, people the stage. Wild and sweet the water maidens dance, until, hard pressed by goblins and demons, witches and fire-flies, they are caught from savage oblivion by the Guardian Spirit of Kip's Bay, who, subtly watching, thus saves the river's gifts and prepares the way for the coming of mortals.

And—those mortals!

Following the groups of Indian folk of early Manhattan, scattering on the stage as brown leaves, red, russet and golden before storm, Jacobus Kip moves into view.

JACOBUS KIP was the first secretary of the Province of New Amsterdam, for whom is named Kip's Bay and all that East Side region of New York from Twenty-eighth to Fifty-ninth Street, north and south, from East River to Fifth Avenue east and west, including Murray Hill and Beekman Hill. Jacobus Kip, his wife, Marie de la Montague, their quaintly dressed children, Dutch maid servants and Dutch men servants, Dutch sailors and Dutch workmen, all come upon the stage, and with spades and brick and timber there is builded the house of Jacobus Kip. Then such a house warming as takes place! Heaven-blest overflowing steins!

The entire audience chuckled. It was at the Lexington Theatre where this Kip's Bay Historical Community Pageant was produced on the evenings of April 30th and May 1st, under the auspices of Kip's Bay Neighborhood Association and New York Community Service.

It was written and directed by Mrs. May Pashley Harris. The director of music was Mr. William H. Humiston, with members of New York Philharmonic Society. Committees for the pageant comprised the following: Executive, Sara

C. Clapp, chairman; finance, George Debevoise, chairman; publicity, Elwood Hendrick, chairman; patriotic societies, Mrs. C. C. Overton, chairman; music, Mrs. Walter Cook, chairman; costumes, Miss Violet Edmand, chairman; properties, Irwin I. Rackoff, chairman.

FAMOUS scenes not only from the Indian and early Dutch, but also Colonial days were given. Twenty-one nationalities were represented in dance, song and tableaux, by the following participating groups: City History Club, New York Public Library, Young Women's Christian Association and other prominent organizations.

The historical accuracy of every detail of the pageant, the fanciful and poetic qualities of the first portion, made it of unusual interest and significance to the community not only of Kip's Bay, but of other sections of New York. Its author and director, May Pashley Harris, as a member of the national staff of Community Service (Incorporated) has written and produced a number of pageants of rich historic flavor throughout the Middle West. Three of her pageants for the State of Michigan—"The Spirit of the Sanet," "Marquette," and "The Spirit of the Dunes," set against Indian and old French-Canadian times—are especially dramatic. This venture for New York City into old Knickerbocker days was filled with delightful surprises.

The costumes were charming. Charles Pellew, president of the National Society of Craftsmen, prepared the color effects and batik work for the Scarf Dance group, in which the large studio colony of Kip's Bay district took part. The Educational Dramatic League gave the British and Revolutionary uniforms for the Nathan Hale scenes, while the allegorical costumes were furnished by Mrs. Marie Moore Forrest of Washington, D. C. Community Service and the period costumes by Batz and Vogt. The costumes of the water maidens were made by the Mothers' Club of Thirty-ninth Street Neighborhood Rooms.

Participants in the  
Kips Bay Pageant,  
as Mr. and Mrs.  
Jacobus Kip



ervation. Mrs. Wyatt is one of the managers of the City History Club. Dr. Talbot C. Hyde and Dr. Wissler of the Museum of Natural History, and Dr. Skinner of the Museum of American Indians, provided information and material for the producing of the Indian scene.

In the Dutch episodes many other actual historic characters of the year 1655 were introduced besides Jacobus Kip and his wife; Governor Petrus Stuyvesant; the Scheppens, including Joannes de Peyster; Burgomasters, including Allard Anothony, Oloff Stevensen Van Cortland; the Trumpeter appointed by Governor Kieft, the Town Herdsman, and the Rattle Watch.

MANY of the old Knickerbocker residents of the Murray Hill and Kip's Bay sections were represented among the patrons and patronesses of this community drama based on such interesting historical incidents of old New York. Among them were George Debevoise, president of Kip's Bay Neighborhood Association; Mrs. George Debevoise, Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Battle, Mr. and Mrs. E. Morgan Grinnell, Mrs. William L. Harkness, Mrs. Henry W. Jessup, Mrs. Percy Hall Jennings, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Ray Morris, Mrs. Manton B. Metcalf, Dr. William Ropes May, Mr. and Mrs. William Church Osborn, Mrs. Edward P. Prince, Mrs. William Usher Parsons, Mrs. William Post, Mrs. James Duane Pell, Mr. Frank L. Polk, Miss Augusta Parkin, Mrs. John J. Riker, Mrs. Hilborne L. Roosevelt, Miss Florence Rapalle, Mrs. Herbert Satterlee, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sloan, Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn, Mrs. Walker D. Hines, Mrs. Henry S. Van Duzer, Mrs. George W. Wickersham and Mrs. Charles Howland Wessen.

From time to time, articles concerning Community Pageants and plays will be published in this Department. (Editor's Note).



Scene from the Revolutionary Period, showing Nathan Hale volunteering as a spy, in the Kips Bay Pageant

MRS. CHRISTOPHER B. WYATT of 34 Gramercy Place, who took the part of the Guardian Spirit of Kip's Bay, wore the state dress of a maternal ancestor who was the wife of Rufus King, one of America's early ambassadors to Great Britain. This gown of finely embroidered India muslin, was one of the choice materials of those days, and although more than one hundred and forty years old, is in practically perfect pres-





*The cast of "Christopher Junior," presented at New Rochelle High School. The stage sets, lighting and properties were all the work of the High School boys*

## A SENIOR PLAY AT THE NEW ROCHELLE HIGH SCHOOL

By CORA M. BAIN

**I**N the spring of the year there are so many things to think of, and paramount among them the Senior class play—yes, always the Senior Class play!

First comes the problem—which play? List after list has been compiled, play after play recommended. But—you hear, or read, of a truly remarkable play for amateurs, suitable in all respects for high school production. You rush hopefully to an agency, to be told there is a two-dollar reading fee; you stumble wearily to another—same result—and finally, stealing warily up into the august presence of the manager, whose name you have wormed out of the second agency, you at last clasp the precious manuscript in your hands. With hated breath you scan it, then sink dejectedly back against the cold leather of the office chair, for this remarkable play calls for four sets, two outdoors and two in; a stage-coach, a rainstorm, and a whirlwind! A simple amateur performance!

Then follow long hours of jaded play reading in the library. Oh, for a foreword that would truthfully state, "This is a problem play and contains a situation," or, "Any fond mamma would rise in righteous indignation if Louis were trained to take the part of Mr. Slippery Claus"—

or anything that would check the eager seeker for polite parlor plays e'er he has plowed through to the curtain of the third act. Oh, yes, there are the recent Broadway successes, but—"one hundred dollars' royalty," or "not available for amateur production." Then there are the yellow-backed "hits" issuing from "educational" presses, "Kicked Out of College" an example. There are, indeed, many really exquisite and desirable poetic plays, but to satisfy the natural and healthful demand of a wide-awake class for "something funny and modern" would tax the ingenuity of an Edison.

Such an experience was the lot of the play committee of the Senior Class for the New Rochelle High School this spring, but at last their efforts were rewarded, for they came upon Madelaine Ryley's "Christopher Junior." This play, though some twenty-five years in age, responded readily to the cutting it underwent, and reappeared, after numerous committee consultations, shorn of its one-man speeches, the *solus* of the early nineties, and enriched with much amusing pantomime and catchy, up-to-date dialogue.

That problem was solved. Out of it grew the next; for "Christopher Junior" contains four acts, only two of which call for the same set. But

the one success gave confidence, and the committee appealed to the other members of the class and to the manual training and drawing instructors, Mr. Reginald Baker and Miss Selma Engelbrekt. Under their skillful hands truly remarkable scenery was constructed. New Rochelle High School has not, as yet, a stage, and upon the shallow, wall-to-wall platform Mr. Baker and the boys placed two complete sets of scenery. The sections were so arranged that on the night of the performance there was no wait of more than ten minutes between scenes. But the audience expressed no greater surprise at the short interval than at the complete change disclosed when the curtain rose for the second act. From a dingy attic room, with its walls discolored, plaster falling from the laths, smoky housetops discernible through dusty windows—"barbarous apartments"—the stage was transformed into the dignified hall of a stately English country house, where the butler served coffee to the older people while the young folks danced in the ballroom beyond the conservatory at the back. Then between the second and third acts a fireplace was removed, a tapestry made way for a window, at which hung cool curtains. French doors took the place of portiers, (Continued on page 137)



*The youthful players of New Rochelle High School, here shown in the cast of "Christopher Junior," have taken on years and dignity in the commendable portrayal of their respective rôles*







(Upper)

*THE* Converse College Dramatic Club's outdoor presentation of "The Antigone of Sophocles," on a beautiful wooded hillside. No attempt was made to reproduce the architectural effects of the Greek theatre—merely an altar of rough stone, a marble bench and a few statues were used, while wire screens covered with vines formed the entrances and exits



(Center)

*A* CHARMING May Day fete at the Lincoln School, Providence, which took the form of a pageant, showing Puck and his followers, the blue bird, bee and ant, symbolic of work and happiness, and Pan, with the peacock, spider and turtle, as his following, representing conceit, craftiness and laziness

(Lower)

*A*N interesting performance of Alfred Noyes' "Sherwood," presented by the Juniors of Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt. The sets for the five acts and twelve scenes of this production were all designed and arranged by the students under the supervision of their instructors. Their costumes were also designed and made in the school



## AMATEUR DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES IN THE SCHOOLS





*Against a screen of mountain laurel and a lovely wooded background, the Pennsylvania College for Women presented their imposing pageant, "Victory Through Conflict," to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the College. The episode shows the Court of Louis XIV at Versailles*

## AN ANNIVERSARY PAGEANT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, at Pittsburgh, has just rounded out fifty years of scholastic life with an impressive pageant, "Victory Through Conflict," as one of the interesting features of their commemoration days. The pageant, which was written by two members of the College faculty, Mary W. Brownson and Vanda E. Kerst, had as a musical setting, the work of Walter Wild, of the Music Department, while the dances were under the direction of Marion Gifford, of the Department of Physical Training. The stage setting, properties and many of the costumes were designed by Woodman Thompson of Carnegie Technical School of Design. The participants of the pageant—and there were several thousand—were students and alumnae of the College and a number of assisting friends, with Vanda E. Kerst as the Pageant Master.

The performances were given on the campus in an oval stretch between the hillsides, which formed a natural amphitheatre. The setting, in which a screen of mountain laurel formed the background, pierced in the center by a wide archway, opening a vista of distant trees and shrubbery, was lovely beyond expression.

THE theme, "Victory Through Conflict," was treated historically, showing the struggles of the human race through centuries of time. Symbolism was freely employed in the development. The armed figure of Conflict was representative of the Pageant

and present throughout its entire course. With her came another figure for each division—Mars, the God of War for the Ancient World; the Crusader, for the Mediæval World; the State, for the Modern World, and for the more complex finale, the World of Today and Tomorrow, a double symbolism was employed.



*Miss Frances Ludwick in the gorgeous costume of the Spirit of the Renaissance, in the "Victory Through Conflict" pageant, at the Pennsylvania College for Women*

THE story opened with a prologue which gave the keynote of the theme. Dancing storm clouds struggle for the mastery; and from their midst rises Conflict, chanting her boastful claim of lordship over the World. In opposition to her appears the shining figure of Prophecy, delivering a Scripture oracle of the final triumph of righteousness. The strife for supremacy in ancient times was shown in the deliverance of Israel at the Red Sea, with the splendid song of the Hebrew people; the shifting of the center of effort from Asia to Europe by a procession of leaders—Tiglath-Pileser of Assyria, Nebuchadnezzar of Babylonia, Rameses II, and Cleopatra of Egypt. Solomon and Esther of Israel, Alexander the Great of Greece, Julius Caesar and Nero of Rome; the world-wide sway of the Eternal City, by the Triumphal Procession of the Emperor Aurelian; the subjugation of Rome, by the attack of Attila and his Huns. For the Modern World, the episodes and interludes showed the Renaissance, the Protestant Reformation, the establishment of English supremacy on the sea, the settlement of America, the absolute rule (Continued on page 136)



# The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



Geisler & Andrews

AND the headdress! Who does not have original ideas in the construction and wearing of this effective fashion? The lace mantilla and all lace draperies of Spanish influence will be much worn for opera and formal evening affairs. Emerald green tulle swathed in cap effect about the head and neck and held in place with a jetted comb is one of Miss Dickson's affectations

MISS DICKSON declares the long pointed basque and the full skirt will be the chic dancing frock for the fall season. The quaint costumes worn in "Lassie" have launched a revived vogue for the eighteenth century fashion and the eighteenth century manner. The draped veil cascading at the back or made as the only trimming is an important accessory



A LUCILE dinner-gown is like a graceful black tulip flower with fluttering petals and a golden fringed crown. When black net is used as a pannier that floats away from the figure, revealing a slender silhouette, art and fashion join hands and become a new channel of expression. Miss Dickson is ever seeking beautiful new effects in designing and wearing of "cothes," and truly she has been successful in presenting new style ideas. Net triped, with bands of jet, is a charming novelty, with the stripes ending in jetted tassels which hover about the ankle. A wide jet panel swings from bust to knee, vignetting into slender jetted strands





FASHION PLUMES HERSELF IN OSTRICH AND LACE  
WITH A FLARE FOR SATINY FABRICS

**L**ENORE ULRIC, whose performance in the "Son-Daughter" enchanted New York, surprises and delights the public as a leader of artistic fashions. Fabric is her chief point of interest, and the one-piece frock her hobby. They must hang from the shoulder and barely touch the waistline



**M**ISS ULRIC has earned a special reputation for her choice of accessories. Frequently she wears an old-fashioned crescent-shaped comb of shell and pearls in her dusky hair, and sometimes she wears two, which accents her individuality and is more effective than many jewels

Specially posed photographs  
by Ira L. Hill.



**M**ISS ULRIC is equally enchanting in her boudoir—here she is wearing a cunning imported cap of orchid tissue embroidered in silver and pearls with tiny tassels of jeweled beads. The pajama coat has a novel manner of wearing its Oriental embroidery bands

**I**VORY silk, brocaded with the pink velvet of an apple-blossom and shaded with a fleecy cloud of shell pink ostrich plumage floating about the graceful edges of an adorable evening wrap. Such is the fairy manteau made for Miss Ulric by Tappe—indeed that designer was inspired by the fragile and dainty beauty of divine Lenore, whose genius will be applauded in another Belasco drama before many months.

**T**HE devotees of Lanvin will recognize the distinctive features—youthful lines and a chic silhouette! Miss Ulric wears this versatile frock with much comfort and abandon—it is a model she says that may be executed in various fabric combinations for the coming season, and lends itself to numerous occasions. A skim close-fitting underdress is of purple satin with an embroidered over-frock of amethyst chiffon. The purple satin hat is shaded with chiffon of amethyst hue





SKIRTS DRAPE INTO A SOFT PUFF AT THE HIP  
AND ARE SLENDER AT THE ANKLE

*THE overskirt and tunic may be quite long if they will, so the foundation slip is narrow and mayhap irregular at the hem. A characteristic frock is fashioned of black taffeta, with a black net and Ostrich overskirt reaching to a bit below the knee*



*IT is a Lanvin model, and is girlishly simple and quaint with a deep fringe of Ostrich feathers to finish the diminutive sleeve. The lovely portrait hat is of net with a sheer spread of back Chantilly that embroiders soft shadows over the neck and hair*

Ira L. Hill

*LUCILE designs two bewitching little frocks for Miss Ulric—to the left is pictured an evening gown in its lovely silhouette, but with only a faint intimation of the lustrous shade and sheen of the rose petal silk and subtle introduction of pastel flower trimming in tiny bands at the bust and a crush corsage. A ruffle of gold and silver embroidered lace falls below the irregular lower edge of the skirt, which by the by is simply folded over from one side to the other to form the opening. Silver and pearl beads outline the cobweb lace bodice at the neck and sleeve. A sleeveless wrap of the silk with demure silk flutings folds about the figure like a flower*

*THE latest fashion rulings are observed in this ultra-smart afternoon frock of black taffeta. Lucile has folded the skirt about the figure and draped it low on the hips to simulate the pannier. The edges are softly distended with tiny wires which suggest boyish pockets. In walking, the narrow skirt opens almost to the knee displaying a short foundation skirt edged with a deep flounce of lace net. The long close-fitting sleeve is quite the newest Paris fashion ruling, and according to the fashion dictators will be the exclusive feature of the fall and winter season. Narrow white hand-made lace at the neck and wrist is decidedly "comme il faut" and is found in many of the daytime frocks*





THE LONG CLOSE FITTING SLEEVE AND THE  
HIGH GORED COLLAR DEFINE A CHARMING  
NEW SILHOUETTE FOR THE FALL SEASON



Ira L. Hill

*EVA LE GALLIENNE, who has made such a pronounced success in the romantic comedy, "Not So Long Ago," is induced by THEATRE MAGAZINE to give the public a glimpse of her charming self off the stage*

*A SMOKING SUIT—the inevitable inspiration of the designers of fashions, who anticipate the beauty requirements of charming femininity! And we prophesy that even the non-smoking woman will seek to become an adept of this insidious relaxation when she beholds the winsome designs that are now to be found in the smart shops. One can indulge exotic or conventional ideas in the versatility of the idea, and the science of color and fabric attracts new interest and enthusiasts*

*MISS LE GALLIENNE wears a lovely combination affair of gold and old blue in the softest satin—an Oriental idea, and yet strictly modern, for the skirt is merely a diminutive apron that is tied about the waist with wide ribbon streamers. The Mandarin trouser and blouse are made in one—a "step-in" that fastens at the shoulder and is instantly adjusted. The ankle cuff of gold satin is held in slightly with gold and blue buttons of Oriental design. Who wouldn't smoke with such a clever inducement to become delightfully picturesque?*



*MISS LE GALLIENNE wears an advance street frock of marine blue serge, with the fashionable low waist and quaintly pleated side panels. The long sleeve and beautifully modeled high collar provide the chief points of style, specifically when the collar does not meet in front, but is held in position with a narrow black ciré ribbon falling into narrow streamers at the back. The chic hat from Bruck-Weiss is dark red duvetyn graced with glycerinized red coque feathers*

(Small panel)

*A LONG-SLEEVED FROCK of wood-brown duvetyn is of regal simplicity. There is a normal waistline and a swathed high collar that seems to cling as if molded to the throat. The skirt is pleated to the normal waistline, standing away in front in two wide organ pleats. A cunning brown toque from Bruck-Weiss is made exceedingly smart with waving tendrils of spider grass*





*ALMA TELL, an emotional actress of marked ability, who appeared recently in the "Susan Lennox" drama, exploits with great dignity and finesse, some of the newest fall importations*

*Models from Franklin Simon*



*THE one-piece cloth gown occupies immediate attention for the cooler days. Miss Tell exploits one of the new poirot twills—a Léon model with pleatings at the sides, and hand-embroidered in front with wool cross stitchings in red, blue and gold. Little pom-pom flowers of bright-colored wool decorate the front opening, which is slashed to the waist and edged with cream lace net. Here also the skirt is longer and slit at the sides*

*THE style of a hat depends largely on the crown—becomingness lies in the subtle brim, and the graceful sweep of paradise feathers adds a picturesque effect that is flattering to the wearer, and entrancing to the beholder. Miss Tell tells the story in her selection of an adorable black tulle hat that will continue to be very correct through the early fall months. The black velvet gown has an inset of gold cloth over the shoulder and under the arm, and one of the fashionable high collars fits magically to the neck*



*Ira L. Hill*

*A SIMPLE Lanvin model, bearing all the little characteristic marks of that clever designer. Black Chantilly lace drops from the shoulder in chemise lines, gathered in loosely at the waistline with an enormous sash-bow of the lace. The insidious influence of the long sleeve is noted in this model, which also typifies many of the new fall dinner and day gowns. Raspberry chiffon forms a deep, loose sleeve to the elbow, with the color repeated subtly in the under bodice*

*LUSTROUS gold-brocaded satin embroidered in rhinestone spangles drapes into the simplest lines with a small pointed train of silver lace, and a cluster of orange ostrich plumes at the back. The skirt is a bit longer according to the latest fashion ruling, but the ankle is plimped becomingly by the Turkish trouser arrangement. A touch of orange brocade in the lace and embroidered on the girdle carries out the distinctive color scheme. Model from Helen Mack*



# THE NEW GOWN ADDS A COLLAR AND A PANEL OR TWO

**J**USTINE JOHNSTON, noted for her beauty and style, has been absent from Broadway for several seasons but is soon to re-appear as a Realart screen star in "Blackbirds," a drama by Harry James Smith. In private life, as Mrs. Walter Wanger, she has anticipated the coming season with several smart new frocks



**C**ANTON CREPE, the most adorable new silk fabric, makes a youthful frock that looks like a suit. It is made in one piece, however, with a pleated skirt and simulated jacket opening over an oyster-white silk waistcoat. White soutache braid in distinctive pattern gets away from the conventional motif, and is emphasized by the lovely spreading collar faced with white pleating from Best & Co.

Ira L. Hill



**F**LOATING panels race with the tunic for first style position; but they each have their place according to the fabric used. Again we have Canton silk crepe in Chinese blue, with skirt panels faced with pale gray Canton crepe. Flat bone buttons of gray primly outline the panels and edge of the sleeve, and a soft overlap of the gray crepe suggests the graceful fichu

**I**T is trying to some figures—the low waist-line and draped skirt, but if it suits, there is nothing more chic and correct. Miss Johnston wears the style in Moon-Glo sat'n of deep purple with an embroidered waistcoat of steel paillets. The organdie color may be turned down over the shoulder in quaint old fashioned effect





# "Onyx" Hosiery

of Silk, with "Pointex" Heel  
PATENTED

"ONYX"—denotes  
quality in hosiery



PROOF THAT SHE WAS

JIMMY: "I say, Phyllis, you look awfully well togged out, from head to—er—heel."

PHYLLIS: (mischievously) "They're 'ONYX' Pointex Heels, Jimmy; glad you like 'em."

"Onyx" Hosiery  
In all materials  
At the Better  
Shops Everywhere



Emery & Beers  
Company, Inc.

Sole Owners and  
Wholesale Distributors  
New York





La duchesse Forjia, in flowered silk, a long collar of spider-web lace and great flying panniers of the same

Madame Cecil Sorel, the hostess, in blue organdy and white fox. Shades of burnt orange and gold in the girdle. Stand-up collar of white satin

"La Plus Belle Femme de la France"—and her simple taffeta frock of black

## IN THE SALON OF A GREAT PARISIAN COQUETTE

By HOWARD GREER

WHILE waiting for that one more month to pass which precedes the summer retreat to Vichy and Deauville and Biarritz, there is nought to do but dance—'et l'on danse comme fou partout'. Paul Poirer has reopened L'Oasis, his impressionistic Moroccan garden; there are numerous clubs (chaperoned by the dance-mad throngs from America who prefer Terpsichore with a cocktail to Terpsichore without); and dancing in every restaurant from the Marbeuf section to the hill of Montmartre. One has but to walk into Claridge's at tea-time, or attend the Cascades in the Bois or drop into the Apollo for a respite—and there are scores of folk from the Nouveau Monde. Poor Paris is quite like New York at the moment, and a fleeting glance through any hotel corridor may reveal Jane Cowl, Peggy Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Cynthia Perot and Fannie Ward, all in a moment's time. The mode of the moment, as Parisians interpret it, is not, therefore, to be found of afternoons at the Claridge nor of a Sunday night at the Ritz. The gentle tourist is there in regiment and has anglicized the mode to a certain degree. Furthermore, why talk of Jane Cowl's wardrobe when you can give it a personal review in a few weeks' time?

To find "le vrai Paris intime" is a problem. At private gatherings, be it *chez* Madame la Comtesse de Bearn or Gabrielle Dorzist, the 'chic' thing is to carry on one's conversation in English! As nearly Parisian as a cosmopolitan gathering could be—according to the highly-colored fiction which portrayed it before the war—was a tea-dance the other afternoon at Cecilia Sorel's.

Cecile Sorel—in case you have never been too Paris (for, having been to Paris, Sorel would have been included with such blue-crossed items as the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, and the Comédie Française)—is to France what..... *mais voilà!* There is no comparison in America nor—for that matter—in England. Briefly stated, Sorel is the most famous, the most fascinating, and the most triumphant courtesan of Paris. Eternally youthful, quite like a Grande Dame from the court of Louis Seize, she holds an enviable position in society and is, incidentally, one of the most notable comédiennes of the Comédie Française.

Her salons are ever crowded with spirited people of the theatre, of artistic, social and diplomatic circles. Her "apartment" contains antiques of priceless value, tiny objects from the most brilliant periods of Greek, Roman and French art. It is a marvelous museum, presided over by the indefatigable charm of a great coquette.

The afternoon you are about to hear of was quite like dropping into the midst of the most sparkling chapter of an Elinor Glyn romance. Of course, there were Americans there, but there were Russians, English, Italians, Portuguese and Spaniards. An ex-President of the Republic was quite lost amidst British admirals, French generals, Russian Princesses and lithe-limbed Thespians undulating through the huge rooms, done in perfect Louis Seize style and littered with all the "petites chinoiseries" peculiar to that period. Where could one better study the mode? Everyone most informal: golden platters dripping with such stuffs as only kings should taste; soft music coming from a hidden corner; potent perfumes breathing through (Continued on page 134)



Greer

Lady Duff Gordon in a suit of black satin piped with white. The black lace hat, frill of lace at the throat and sleeves gave a summer softness to the costume



Greer

Madame Verischensko in a pleated skirt, scalloped Eton jacket and high fluted collar of organdy—a popular summer costume



# Vanity Fair

## SILK UNDERWEAR



### *Longer in Inches—Longer in Life!*

THAT'S just what the Vanity Fair Silk Undervest is! Those extra inches in length mean that instead of rolling up uncomfortably beneath your corset, this silken vest lies smooth and flat from corset end to stocking top!

It seems too, as though you just can't wear it out! In the first place, the shoulder straps are not of stringy, perishable ribbon, but are of hemstitched glove-silk and need no re-placing! They last for the entire life of the vest itself, and in addition they are placed so they won't slip off the shoulder.

It's so nice to be luxurious and economical at the same time, and with Vanity Fair glove silk undies you can

be! Instead of paying 15 cents for the laundering of each article you can rinse out your Vanity Fair things at home and save money. Unlike cotton underthings Vanity Fair need no boiling, bluing nor bleaching, so you can do it yourself in the bathroom basin! It need not be ironed.

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# FOR THE YOUNG PERSON

By ANGELINA

**A** GAIN to the rescue! First aid is becoming a fixed habit. With other people, that is.

Someone says to Someone Else, "I don't know how to have my blue dress made," and the Someone Else says back to the Someone, "Oh, call up Angelina, she'll tell you. Or. Some Other One wonders, "I *do* wish I knew where I could get....." and her vis-a-vis, male or female, will respond with, "Why don't you ask Angelina? She's *sure* to know."

They keep the line busy with their inquiries, which I shouldn't mind so much, if they didn't want me "just to slip out for half-an-hour" to go with them. If I did it on every occasion I shouldn't have any time left for work..... I'm pretending to grumble, but at heart I'm quite proud of my reputation. My grumbling is really a species of boasting,—as any clever psychoanalyst could inform you.

**E**ACH season—each month, indeed—sees its own class of "first-aided." September this year threatens to belong to the class of the flappers, the Sub-Debs, the Debs, the *jeunes filles*, in short, the Very Young Person. They come to me with their perplexities. I'm near enough their age to understand them, and yet having been out in the world three or four years, I seem at the same time to be frightfully sophisticated. They lean on my superior wisdom.

It was my small cousin, getting ready for college, who leaned last. "Cousin Angelina," she pleaded over the 'phone, "couldn't you come and help me pick out a suit?"

"Oh, Constance, dear, must you choose one so early?" I temporized.

"Yes," she answered, "because I'm going up in the mountains next week for a visit, and then direct to college. That's the reason I'm appealing to you. You'll know the advance styles where I shouldn't."



ALICE SIMON

Two of the new fall suits that are offered by the "House of Youth," one of tobacco brown and the other of blue, with novel collars of beaver. Note the interesting details of cut, stitching and buttons



ALICE SIMON

The "House of Youth" makes a special feature of the backs of its suits, so that one looks equally well going and coming. Also its skirts—medium length and medium full this season—each one of which has some unusual feature of sash or belt or pocket

Perfectly true! Hm..... I thought a minute. Righto! I gave a direction where to meet me the next day.

We foregathered in the suit department of a large shop that I thought would surely have what I was looking for.

"We wish to see some of the new suits from 'The House of Youth,'" I said to the saleswoman.

But vanity and delusion! They were tiresome and "didn't carry them."

**B**UT we have....." began the saleswoman, whom I'm afraid I cut off rather shortly with a "No." "I want for this young lady a suit from 'The House of Youth.' Nothing else will do." And we went to another shop.

You know—or don't you?—that if you get one of the suits made by those manufacturers—"The House of Youth," that is—you are sure of your ground. You can safely buy ahead of the season because your lines will be right and proper. That is, if you are buying for that Young Person mentioned above. "House of Youth" suits are essentially for her, built with the youthful line in mind, while having a certain distinct amount of elaboration and elegance. Besides that, they have every qualification of detail that a proper tailor suit should have. And what, after all, is proper tailoring, but the most careful hairline attention to details!

At the next shop we did find the "House of Youth" suits for Constance, and she was so pleased with the one she selected that she said, in it she was ready to meet the Prince of Wales.

**I**T was of tobacco brown duvetyn and had an unusual beaver collar that didn't go quite across the front, but had folds of the cloth instead. You may see it in the upper right-hand corner. There were stitchings and odd square brown bone buttons and a real skirt to match. And it's so seldom you find in a ready-to-wear suit that you like the skirt as much as the jacket, isn't it? But skirts are one of the specialties of "The House of Youth," another being the attention given to backs. For all of which I refer you to the different sketches on the page.

(Continued on page 144)





## DO SUN-PROOF COMPLEXIONS JUST HAPPEN — NATURALLY?

*WHY do so many women dread the sun and wind—while the life of a gypsy would be no ordeal for others? Marian tells us.*

“**W**HAT THERE Marian! Whither away at this late hour? That your Pegasus pawing up the real estate out there? Why aren't you with the rest of the crowd putting on your best bibs and tuckers for the evening's festivities?”

“Lo yourself, Honorable Richard!” called the slender girl in the smartest of riding habits, who had just come out on the practically deserted hotel veranda. “How did the 18 holes go?”

“They didn't,” he replied with a grin. “But is our Marian going out again? Bathing and tennis all morning, golf and sailing all afternoon, and now riding.—How do you do it? Look at me, sunburned to torture after one little game of golf. Haven't you some soothing secret?”

“Of course I have, Dickey,—If it weren't for Hinds Honey and Almond Cream I'd be a complete

wreck myself,—just rub some on before you go out next time and you'll never know the sun is shining. It isn't a beauty lotion, you know,—so you needn't be afraid of losing your foolish masculine dignity,—it simply restores the natural, moist, soft condition of the skin that the sun takes out. I use it by the quart almost,—before and after.”

“H-m-m-m—sounds alright. Got some on now?”

“Of course,—lots of it. I never think of going out without it.”

“Well, I'm going to get Sis to raid your dressing table, that's certain. The next time you see me I shall be steeped in comfort and Hinds Cream.”

♦ ♦ ♦

Under the onslaughts of wind, sun and prolonged heat, one's facial skin relaxes, pores enlarge and natural moisture disappears. That is why, unless one uses Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, one encounters such disagreeable barriers to the great outdoors as sunburn and windburn.

Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful healing and softening process—a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and a whitening of its surface.

May we send you “A Week-End Package?” including Hinds Honey and Almond Cream, both Cold and Disappearing Cream, Talcum, Face Powder, Trial Cake Soap. Enclose 50 cents, not foreign stamps or foreign money, please. Sample size Cream, each 5c. Talc, 2c. Face Powder, 2c.

A. S. HINDS, 229 West Street, Portland, Maine

# Hinds *Honey and Almond* Cream

MEN, who of course naturally scorn the use of a beauty lotion, find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream ideal after shaving. Ready to use and applied without massage, it heals small cuts and scrapes, soothing and cooling the skin and restoring the natural healthy condition.





(Continued from page 130)

the swish of taffetas and the stir of lace; lazy curls of cigarette smoke issuing from mounds of brocade cushions where some curious onlooker reclined while others danced.

In the main salon, whose windows overlook the Seine, and that border of book-stalls so dear to the collector of ancient volumes, the hidden orchestra was pouring forth fox-trots and tangos. Concealed as it was by immense Chinese screens one could not be sure if there were two or twenty musicians. The tall screens of black-and-gold lacquer caught slim shafts of orange light from the glowing depths of porphyry and onyx cases posed upon varying pedestals. A wide divan, spread with a gold-fringed velvet throw which once covered the couch of kings, was set before this voluptuous background. Upon the divan sat three people—one of them once interesting, another most interesting at the moment, and the third being watched with fond hope of future interest.

THESE three people were Harry Pilcer, Cecile Sorel, and that very young girl from the southern provinces who has just been acclaimed by popular vote the most beautiful woman in France. I have forgotten her name, but as yet that is of little import. Everyone alludes to her as "*la Plus Belle Femme de la France*." This afternoon was the portentous moment of her début to "the world" (if you follow me), her introduction into a set that is to become her fate—and fortune. Only a few weeks past she awoke to the pleasant realization that the eyes of France were regarding her in open admiration. Hitherto she had been a simple "bourgeoise," living comfortably and unobtrusively somewhere near Marseilles. She was brought to Paris to receive the accompanying reward of ten thousand francs, and here she has remained, taken up by the novelty-crazed public as the latest "fad," the new Hebe of those patrons who worship beauty, *quoi que ça soit!*

Timid and childishly wide-eyed amidst all this frank flattery, she and her eighteen years, with a mass of soft, thick curls falling about her throat, sat between Sorel and Pilcer, listening to their chatter. Each new-comer was presented to her and expected to admire this virgin beauty. How many hands must have run through those tangled locks—and caressed the white fingers, clasped together in her lap! She was gowned in black taffeta, a girlish frock with the simplest bodice imaginable, fitting snugly to her supple figure. In the course of the afternoon she danced many times with Harry Pilcer, who is undertaking her tutelage, for she seems too to be the one plausible successor to Gaby. Her réclame has made her the most-talked-of girl of the hour, and, that Pilcer's fame may not be lessened by the advent of an unknown person, this shy little creature is being prepared for a stupendous, crashing stage career.

IN an adjoining salon, seated upon a divan of leopard skin, beneath a tapestry of Bourbon lineage, was the much discussed Duchesse Forjia. Beside her was the Princess Volga, a renowned Russian painter, who has just returned from America. The duchess was smartly gowned in figured foulard, with flying panniers of spider-web lace and a cape-collar of the same black gauze hanging some distance below her girdle. The Princess wore a chemise frock of severe cut and sombre color, and a jaunty tam of woven glazed black straw. Tams, by the way, have come back for momentary favor. Isadora Duncan was wearing one of turquoise blue, which, with her recent successes, has made her years younger than she seemed a few months ago upon arriving from America.

In the dining-room sat Lady Duff Gordon, chatting interestedly with a high officer of the British Admiralty. Her afternoon suit of black and white silk, garnished with the finest ninon embroidery, was the one note of simplicity in this impressive room. The floor is of rose and white marble squares, and the walls are cream-tinted with scrolls of raised gold. At one end a fountain of white carrara played constantly, its musical splash ringing like a torrent in the huge, cold "piece." Sèvres china and massive golden platters were spread in careless abandon over the surface of a long marble table. The chairs, with their cushions of moleskin, are carved of ebony.

AMONG others who were dancing and teasing at the illustrious comédienne's was M. Verischnenko, who delighted America a few seasons past with his original compositions upon an instrument called the "Timpannum." His wife, a former American girl, was wearing one of the pleated skirts, Eton jackets and accompanying collar of finely pleated organdy, so popular this summer. There was also Stowitts, the Russo-American, whose South American successes have been repeated in Madrid, Paris and London. And there was Samya, the dancing favorite of Paris, who danced not so many seasons ago, in the grill of the late-defunct Knickerbocker. Her frock of white net, spotted with appliquéd flowers of glass and leather, was the coolest and sheerest that the summer has seen.

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You know what would bring this ideal to pass, too. It's clothes, isn't it? Fashions as graceful as an artist's portrait—full of radiant life and sparkling, youthful charm—elegant, refined, individual.

Ah! Clothes make such a difference in one's appearance and one's feelings! You owe it to yourself and to your friends to realize this ideal of yourself. Never make the mistake of thinking that mediocre, ordinary, "just-like-the-crowd" clothes are good enough. Let your personality express itself in beautiful, exclusive, charming modes. Achieve your ideal in dress.



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*The charming Pony Ballet shown here are members of the Paint and Powder Club—all socially prominent in the Oranges, N. J.*

### THE PAINT AND POWDER CLUB OF THE ORANGES

AN attractive feature of this year's production by the Paint and Powder Club of the Oranges, New Jersey, was a Pony Ballet, made up of eight prominent society amateurs, whose graceful dancing and clever stage presence rivaled that of their professional sisters of "Florodora" fame.

The Paint and Powder Club inaugurated its fifteenth season of musical comedy at the Lyceum Theatre, East Orange, with the presentation of "Polly from Peoria," an original operetta written by Norman Carroll of Newark, with music by George D. Clews of East Orange. During the three years of the war this popular amateur organization suspended its operations, and the recent production marked the renewal

of its annual charity performances, the proceeds of "Polly from Peoria" going to Post No. 60 of the American Legion.

THE Paint and Powder Club was organized in 1902 by prominent society people of the Oranges and Montclair, New Jersey, for the purpose of presenting annual amateur musical shows, the proceeds from which were to be used in aiding the various local charities, church settlements, and civic organizations of the community. Their annual productions have become a feature of the suburban social calendar, attaining a large measure of excellence, and the club has developed a number of favorites in its acting personnel, who have a large following locally.

### AN ANNIVERSARY PAGEANT AT THE PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE

*(Continued from page 122)*

in France of Louis XIV, the breakdown of royal authority in the French Revolution, the tragic downfall of Napoleon.

AND in the final section, The World of Today and Tomorrow, the tremendous sweep of present day events was delineated in a succession of episodes. A Tranquility Prelude showed the busy, unsuspecting world of 1914. Then, the peaceful occupations thrown into chaotic ruin by the rise of the monstrous Prussian War Spirit, and the destructive onrush of the forces of Conquest, War, Famine, and Death, figures portrayed in the pages of the Revelation of St. John. The reaction of the nations to the onslaught

bringing the gathering of armies in defense of World liberty, and the devotion of civilian forces to the same great cause, voiced in a warrior's hymn of supplication. The next scene celebrated the close of the war by soldiers and civilians at the call of Victory in a mighty chorus of rejoicing. Conflict violently interrupts the outburst of praise by a song of renewed threatening and defiance, but for the relief of endangered humanity, comes Prophecy once more, now accompanied by a new ideal, Love. These Divine messengers banish Conflict and predict in a wonderful antiphonal song, the coming of an age of peace and goodwill among men.



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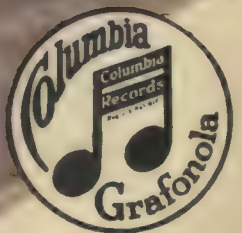
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During the War, the splendid pageants that sprang up all over the country—spontaneous expressions of patriotism—demonstrated the value of the Drama in teaching lessons of loyalty, and engendering the community spirit.

Even the Church has given recognition of the power of the Drama to teach religious truths, in the nation-wide pageant recently presented in the Episcopal Churches, to awaken the dilatory churchgoer.

And the Theatre Magazine, as the recognized authority on the Stage and the Drama, in order to foster this new national interest has established

THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS DEPARTMENT

to keep our readers in touch with what is being done in the colleges, churches and communities, toward the permanent establishment of the Play and the Drama—to bring to them the realization that something more is needed in developing and upbuilding a city or town, than the mere establishment of business and industries.

We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

*Address:*

The Editor, Amateur Theatricals Department  
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE  
New York



## ARTISTIC THRILLS FOR WOMEN

(Continued from page 82)

They know it, too, even when they are being thrilled by the actor's art.

Personally, it has been my destiny to portray the artist's nature, partly because I enjoy the difficulty of assuming its charm, and partly because managers insisted that such parts suited me. So, I have continued, season after season, to pursue the elusive task, not, however, with any thought that women preferred it, but because I am in closest sympathy with the artist type of human beings. Perhaps I have observed that such parts have a special fascination for women, and I have been curious, why. Curiosity leads to knowledge, at least to information, and I am convinced that women find the artistic temperament in men as interesting as I do. As it is impossible to escape the world's whispering gallery of criticism, I have heard it said that the egotism of the actor is deplorable. In my own case, it may be true, but I hope not. It must be acknowledged that the artist-nature predominating in the characters that I have played, is egotistic. It is a requirement of the art of acting also, that one efface oneself. I have absorbed from my many friends in art their weaknesses as well as their inspirational gifts. Artists are children at all times, and women are thrilled by the complex fascination of their wisdom and folly. So much for my personal relations to thrills

of the theatre, remote indeed from any other egotism than the requirements that my art compels.

After all, as I said at first, the most thrilling influence to women in the theatre, I think, is the culture it contributes to their ideas, to their expectations of life. Man, obviously, is one of the chief surprises in women's lives. He is the source or the delusion of their most thrilling experience. Every woman creates a man apart from any man she can possibly meet in her life. That strange creation of her ambitious dreams may be a trifle theatrical. It is scarcely possible that he exist in complete protection, but the nearest thing to him is often the hero of the play. Women have an intuitive certainty in their penetration of the man who fascinates them. The pianist-hero in "The Concert" was so vividly real to them that I have seen women nudge their husbands at the theatre as if they recognized in them the character in the play.

Naturally, the actor's art intensifies the emotional elements which women in real life always intensify for themselves. It is a question whether a woman's imagination is not the only reason that induces her to marry at all. Without it, what would men look like that somehow fitted into the mood of her romance. It is she who makes the thrills, it is we who often fail her.

## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 108)

THE CENTURY REVUE, entertainment in two parts and twenty scenes, in which these players appeared:

Leo Beers	Lorraine & Walters
Hal Hixon	Madelon De Varre
John Byam	Holt & Rosedale
John Lowe	Jessica Brown
Green & Blyler	Rosie Quinn
Vivien Oakland	Ford & Hazelton
May Thompson	Milo
Tot Qualters	Ina Williams
Muriel De Forrest	Vera Roehm

THIS show is similar enough to the Midnight Rounders to be

taken for its first cousin. A striking feature was the "Black and White Ballet" staged by Alexis Kosloff, in which "Bickie" Ford and Ruth Hazelton, two clever ballet dancers, make distinct personal hits.

Another number on the programme that has a decided punch was "Conscience," an interpretative dance by Theodore Zambouni and Kathleen O'Hanlon, in which an Apache murders a girl for her jewels, only to discover that she is the sister of his mistress.

## A SENIOR PLAY AT NEW ROCHELLE HIGH SCHOOL

(Continued from page 120)

willow furniture replaced mahogany, the conservatory gave way to a veranda, beyond which grew bright flowers and palm trees, and the scene was laid in India! The Senior class, duly proud of its class play, feels the deepest gratitude to Miss Engelbrekt and Mr. Baker. The boys and girls were ready and eager to work, and did so steadily and with fine spirit, but they never could have accomplished the results attained had they lacked the direction of these two instructors.

"Christopher, Junior" is a bright,

almost farcical comedy, in which the character parts are abundant and give opportunity for clever acting. The young actors were not slow to make the most of these opportunities and entered into their rehearsals with a zest that promised good results. And the promises were justified on the night of the performance. The actors put themselves wholeheartedly into their work, enjoyed to the full what they were doing, and carried their audience along with them from scene to scene.



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Try for ten days this new method of teeth cleaning, then note the results.

The whiter teeth you see then will mean cleaner teeth, and safer. They will show that the film-coat—the great tooth destroyer—is now efficiently combated.

## Film ruins teeth

Dental science finds that film causes most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so much of it escapes the tooth brush. So for months between your dental cleanings it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is that film-coat which discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food sub-

stance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So very few people escape these troubles, despite the daily brushing.

## A many-year study

This film-coat has been a many-year study. And now dental science has found a way to combat it. Able authorities have proved the method by many careful tests. The results are so evident that leading dentists everywhere now urge this new way of teeth cleaning.

Now the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—made to meet all modern dental requirements. And we urge you to learn what it does.

# Millions made this test

Millions have proved this method. Wherever you look you see the results in teeth you envy, probably. Now watch the result on your own teeth.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the

teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. Active pepsin can be daily applied. And this, with two other Pepsodent ingredients, has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

A 10-day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks. See the effects, read the reasons for them, then judge this new way for yourself. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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## THE DILEMMA OF WRITING PLAYS

(Continued from page 92)

his way, a man of all minds and moods. He may be directing the rehearsal of a classic in the morning, and wrestling with the farce in the afternoon. According to his guidance, the play reaches the audience. With the utmost awe and respect, I have watched this overworked genii of the theatre wear himself out physically and mentally. Above all things, I regard the author's direction of a play necessary, even if the actors do respect his devotional attitude to his own work. One cannot have too much respect for that, however.

**A**NOTHER dilemma that confronts the writing of plays today is the state of mind, the mood, the enthusiasm with which the play is carried through its incipient stages of production, from rehearsals to production, from infancy to maturity. This is a matter which affects the whole question of one's sincere relations to the theatre itself as an art. I have always had a sense of awe in the theatre. It has been associated in me with the sacred, serious impulses of my being. It is my bump of reverence very closely related to a religion. It was once intended that I should be a Catholic priest. I remember vividly one night in my youth, when I tried to decide whether I should go and hear Cardinal Manning make an address, or see Henry Irving in "Olivia." I went to see Henry Irving, and the inspiration of his performance of Dr. Primrose remains vivid today. There is the suggestion of a moral in this remembrance. It exemplified the importance which the theatre may assume in the heart of a sincere young man. Above all things, writing plays involves a deep respect to the theatre as a place where people can be inspired, restored, warmed over by its cheerful illusions of life. It's no use trying to be superior to the rest of the world, and insisting that your own play fails because people are too stupid or too dull to appreciate it.

I should like to see the theatre as perfect and sincere in its artistic quality of the best there is in it can produce, but, that is not the playwright's task. He can, however, combat poor productions, he can insist upon writing plays that are useful in purpose, that are truthful transcripts of life. The difficulties he encounters are sometimes the actor's, more frequently the manager's. A manager is a man who must risk the money to produce the play, and he's naturally obstinate as to what he considers a safe investment. Naturally, also, he develops certain habits of investment like other business men. A play with a thrill of some sort succeeds, and a dozen other plays follow with the same sort of thrill. Ideas duplicate themselves in the theatre on this account. These are unavoidable embarrassment to the progress of the

theatres, and many of us would like to have it.

I recall an incident in point. A man wrote a play and read it to a manager. When he had finished reading, the manager seemed to be doubtful.

"What's wrong with it?" asked the author.

"Oh, it's all right in its way, but it has no functions," said the manager.

"No functions!—what do you mean?" asked the playwright.

"Well, look at those plays by Clyde Fitch. They're full of function, in all his plays. There's a wedding, or a funeral, or a church service—a function of some kind. Don't you see?" said the manager.

**T**HAT'S the kind of a dilemma in writing plays that confronts the playwright in various forms. It challenges him even in the problem of actors. Casting a play is one thing, rehearsing it is another. For instance, it is sometimes necessary to go over a bit of business in a play for hours, for days. An actor, subjected to this theatrical grilling, walked over helplessly to the stage manager and said:

"I can't stand this any more, it's perfectly useless. Why, I've played Claude Melnotte in 'The Lady of Lyons' with a week's rehearsal. No part is too difficult for me."

The helplessness of this situation to the author consists in the fact that there are actors who swallow their parts and give their audience the consequences, of theatrical indigestion.

Then, of course, last, but not least, the way plays are written is important, of course, the main thing is to write them, but they should be inspired by an artistic effort to reproduce the truth in life. It was Wilton Lackaye, I think, who in addressing a banquet of playwrights, a rare event, by the way, said to them: "Gentlemen, I am glad to have this opportunity to meet you. I feel that I know you all, having read most of your typewritten plays."

Personally, I don't use a typewriter, but there is a subtlety in this remark of Lackaye's that is obvious. I suppose you can turn a play out much faster if you are an expert on the typewriter. On this account it is perhaps a good thing for aspiring young playwrights, in the present rush of playmaking, to learn to use the typewriter.

**A**ND now I would like to make an appeal for the one-act play in America. In Europe it is the means by which many authors are introduced to the public and the critics. It enables the young writer to graduate, to walk firmly, before he tries unsteadily. I would like to see it made a permanent policy among managers who have the future of the American theatre at heart.





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## SMILE—THROW IN THE CLUTCH—AND RIDE THROUGH MIDSUMMER

By FRED SILMAN JOPP

**I**T is quite in the order of things that good weather and automobiles should synchronize in these summer days, so that their lucky owners can drive and be happy. The whole country is gorgeous throughout the green and golden days of September, with flowers scenting the air, and the wavelets washing the beach, suggesting coolness and a colorful land of dreams.

Milady who drives is not a speed maniac, forever watching her speedometer, or longing for a straight stretch of macadam, so that she may "try her car" in a handicap, and then complain to her tire agency of the low mileage her last casings have given her. She likes to feel the car moving under her, but is more pleased with gasoline economy than if it made that steep hill on high gear. In short, she is a more or less reasonable woman who desires all the motoring comfort she pays for and as little trouble as possible for her money.

\* \* \*

**H**ALF the pleasure of automobil-  
ing is lost, for Milady has a  
habit of riding about in circles on  
city pavements when she should be  
out along the open road, building  
dream pictures around some quaint  
little farm-house and inhaling fresh  
air; getting a new viewpoint on life,  
or quieting her tormented nerves with  
peaceful pastoral scenes.

Over sixty per cent. of us take our  
automobile constitutionals on city  
pavements. Granted, we ride about;  
but that doesn't get us out of the  
used-air zone. Hence, our automo-  
bile brings but little physical change  
and very little relaxation.

We must get out of the city with  
our cars or we can't get the fresh  
air that our lungs crave. That is  
what an automobile is for, to take us  
where the unfletcherized air circu-  
lates.

But out in the country our lungs  
just naturally fill with air, our blood  
leaps, and we begin to realize what it  
really is to live. We discover that  
instead of being a habit, eating has  
become a necessity, and that sleep  
comes without wooing. We come  
back one hundred per cent. to the  
good in health—and we never forget  
our wonderful trip. That is a real  
vacation and the cost of it all was  
little, if any, more than it costs to  
spend a vacation at home.





## Who is the Judge of Good Taste

**A** GREAT designer once said: "Good taste comes of wisdom and intuition." What about the design of the average motor car? Is it born of artistic genius or a desire to be different?

It is a question for the motor car buyer to consider. How soon will his car be out of date?

Packard answers the question at once. Packard design is fundamental with the car—not grafted onto it.

Lines may change, and have. But the *character* of the Packard has not changed for sixteen years.

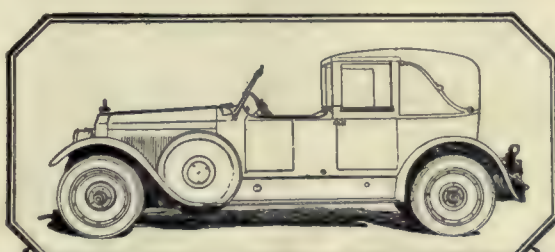
At the Packard plant the first principle of distinction is quality. Hand buffed,

whole-hide leather for upholstery, instead of machine buffed "splits." Double thick material for tops. Nickered bronze fittings, designed and made as jewelry might be. Coach work by craftsmen rather than body building by machines.

In the *London Daily Mail* recently an Englishman paid a tribute to the Packard method of building high grade cars. He wrote: "It is for America an expensive car, but, compared with the same class of car at home, it is decidedly cheaper."

The fact of the matter is this: If the Twin-Six were built in Europe with European methods it would be higher priced than even the most expensive European car.

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

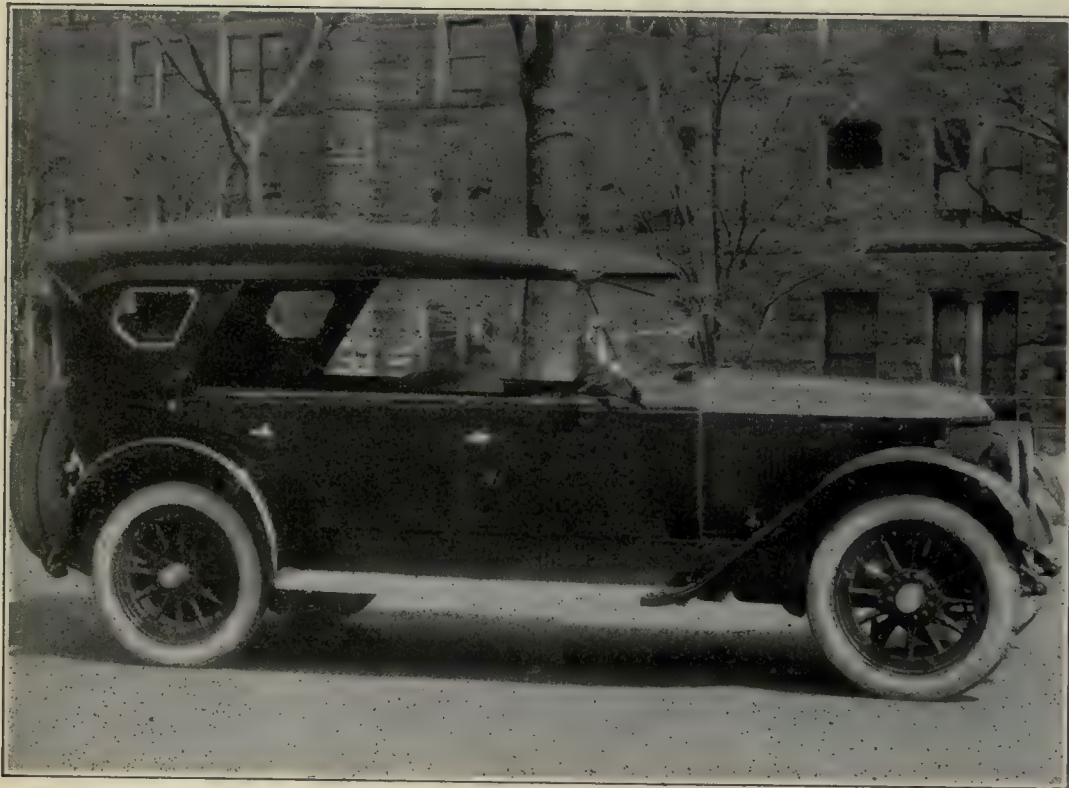
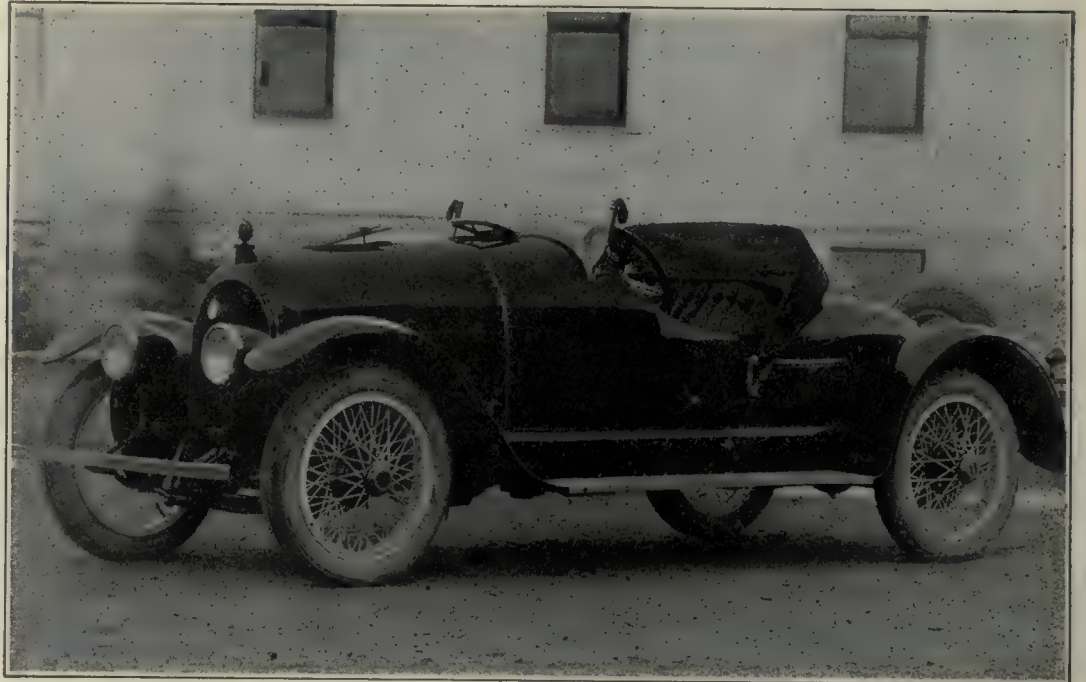


*Appearance:* Many famous designers have drafted individual bodies for the TWIN-SIX—but one and all have invariably maintained the PACKARD character



## LATEST DESIGNS IN MOTORDOM

A DELIGHTFUL departure from common designs" is the first impression of the Kissel custom-built speedster—augmented by an atmosphere of perfect harmony and emphasized by a blend of artistic excellence. It is a car that appeals to people whose taste runs to imported automobiles



THE nearest approach to this new Premier has been those few ultra-distinctive foreign-built designs which, before the war, percolated into this country through New York importers. As a motor-car, Premier embodies all that any designer can bestow

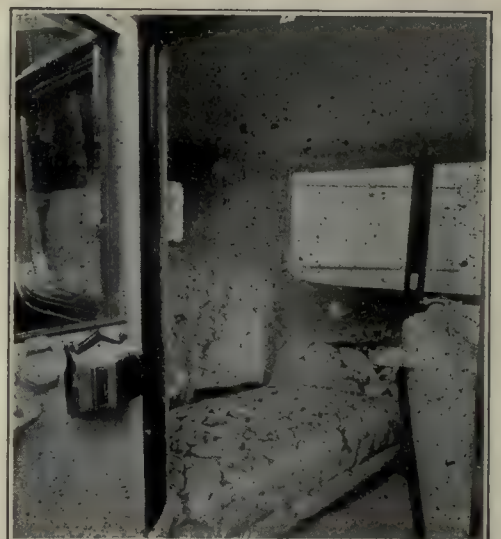


(Left)

LILA LEE thinks this bored-looking flat thing is a bees' apartment house, but we know that it is the radiator of the Hudson car, with patented shutters which allow perfect control of the car's engine temperature

(Right)

THERE is a spirit of restfulness and a suggestion of home in the aristocratic lines of the Holbrook body. It breathes the ultra achievement of exhaustive experiments in body designing and construction ingenuity. The smallest convenience for Milady's comfort is not overlooked.







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## FOR THE YOUNG PERSON

(Continued from page 132)



*Serene in the confidence of having the right yarn, Minerva Yarn, and further fortified with the directions of the Minerva Knitting Book, Angelina knits a sweater of rose-colored Minerva Shetland floss, whose completed vision is shown above at the right*

I'M proud of myself on another 'count, too. I'm making a sweater. That's nothing to be proud of, you say. Yes, but for me it is,—a great achievement. I've always loved to do just plain, simple, first-position-in-dancing knitting, and I've made several baby blankets. But when it came to anything complicated, like stockings or sweaters, with "pearling-and-plaining," and "casting on," and "binding off," my mind absolutely balked. My results in knitting were trackless wastes, or frightening shapes that you would hate to meet up a dark alley.

I've always been most envious of those gay and nonchalant beings who can knit real things, such as sweaters, for instance. And when I went out to the studio where Catherine Calvert was posing for her latest picture—made from Booth Tarkington's "The Gibson Upright," by the way, that ran in the *Saturday Evening Post*—and saw her making one. . . . Well, I determined to do likewise, or perish in the attempt.

Miss Calvert said "she had so much waiting around to do between poses, and that knitting distracted her mind and kept her from getting impatient." (And I thought how it would help out the hours for me that I spent in commuting back and forth from Long Island.)

"But if you're going to embark on the enterprise, you must get Minerva yarn and the Minerva Knitting Book," Miss Calvert said. "The Minerva Yarn people have the cleverest woman who writes the knitting directions for it, and she makes everything as clear as a crystal. Go to the demonstrator in any store, buy a Minerva Knitting Book, and ask her to start you on the directions. You'll see my photograph in it, by the way, in a special sweater made of Minerva yarn, along with Billie Burke, and Irene Bordoni and Ina Claire, and several others of us. With the book and Minerva yarn itself and the right needles, you won't have any trouble."



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THE new Haynes coupe is an enclosed car of unusual distinction, seating five passengers. Because of the unique arrangement of seats it is appropriately called the "sociable car," as Clara Kimball Young, registering satisfaction, proves

ITS slightly lowered roof, characteristic of Packard enclosed cars for the year 1920, lends to the Duplex sedan an air of distinctive grace and goodly proportion. Viola Dana, however, has her own ideas about upholstering material







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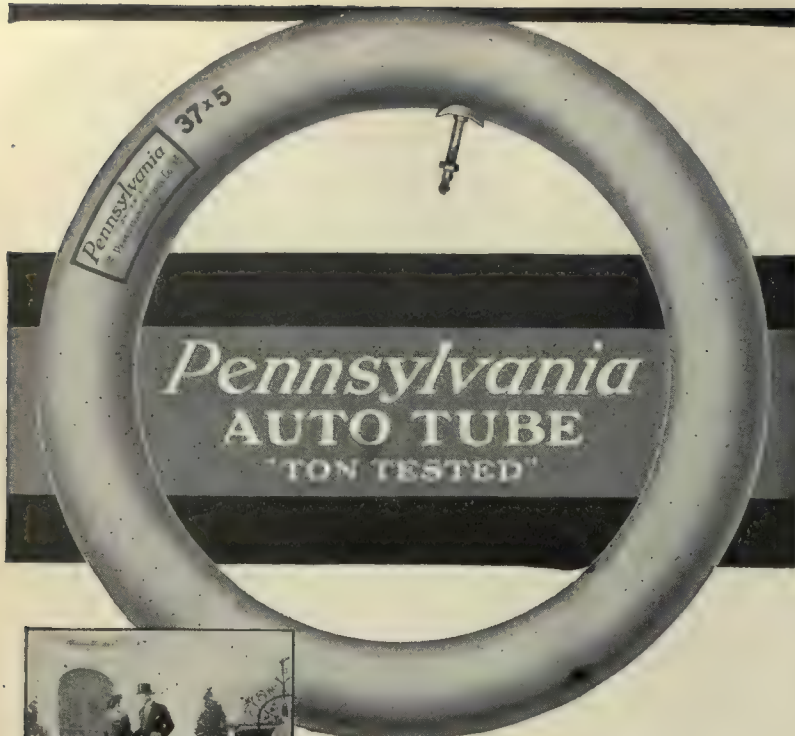
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## The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

AS I go about I find that smart women are more and more giving a real meaning to the slogan, "Say it with flowers."

This is particularly true of several of our prominent stars, who, above and beyond their professions, play important parts in society and maintain establishments both in and out of town. In town they have large standing orders with the florists to keep them supplied with flowers that "say" their personality in their homes, or "say" their gratitude or remembrances to their friends outside. Flowers are such an incomparable courtesy, with a certain impersonality that renders them doubly acceptable as a gift.

DOWN on Long Island on a recent Monday that broke up a delightful week-end house-party, we were all enchanted with an attention from our actress-hostess—one that she makes a part of the routine of her ménage for her guests. She doesn't claim to have originated the idea, but to have met it in large country houses in England, during one of her London "runs." It is really such a simple but charming thought that I must offer it to you. In truth, nothing more nor less than speeding the parting guest with flowers.

ON the hall table—as we came out to take the motor for the train back to town—was a large brass tray. On the tray were possibly half a dozen bouquets of flowers from the garden, a bunch of marigolds, one of nasturtiums, one of sweet peas, a French-looking arrangement of wild flowers, with grasses and clovers and flowering privet. Also *boutonnieres* for the men, a bachelor button or two, a pink rose, and so on. All the bouquets were most artistically done, a specialty of the English housemaid, and the stems had been wrapped in damp cotton wool, to keep them fresh.

You chose the bouquet that most appealed to you, to carry off, and twisted a bit of tissue round the cotton. And then you chose for your favorite young man with whom you had been flirting madly over Sunday, the *boutonniere* that you thought went best with his eyes and necktie, and pinned it in. It was all most jolly!

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW few bits of amber without a fly in them somewhere! For instance, there is the summer and the glorious warm sunshine and out-of-door sports. And then again there are those miserable wretches, tan and sunburn, with their accompaniments of red noses and brown arms and hands, and brown necks that don't match the décolleté of one's evening gowns, but leave raw selvages of white skin along the edges. You can't go about every minute tied up in a veil. Yet what to do?

When bags were unpacked on Friday afternoon at this same country house just mentioned—it was a party recruited from the stage—I scouted around among the various bedrooms, to see what I could see. And I was most surprised to find on the dressing-tables of each and sundry, that liquid cream for tan and sunburn, whose name is probably well known to you, though you may never have used it. But all my actresses agreed that though other creams had arisen, none excelled this one in prevention and cure for keeping the skin of the hands and neck white and smooth. They had remained faithful to this one love for years.

(If you have never tried this favorite cream of the actress, send five cents in postage, to cover cost of mailing, to The Vanity Box, Care the  
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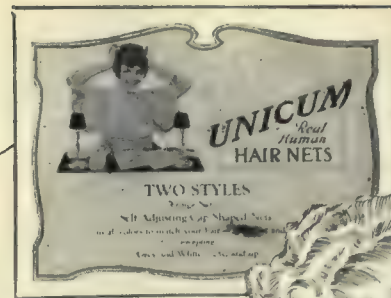
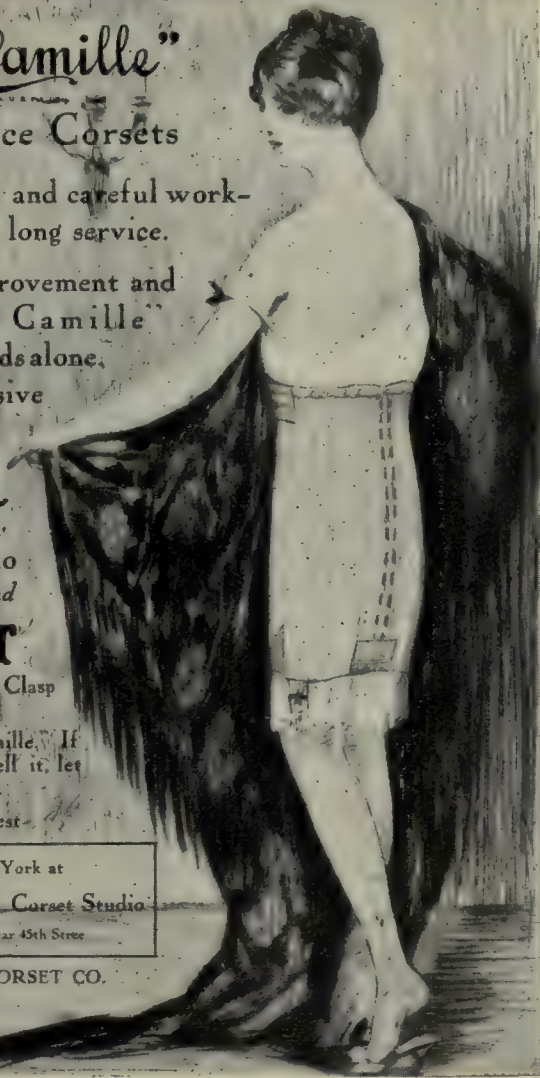
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## QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored

**ARE** Carolyn Thompson and Douglas Wood connected with any current play in New York?—M. X. C., New York City.

We do not believe that Miss Thompson or Mr. Wood are at present appearing in New York.

**I NOTICE** no picture or mention of John Charles Thomas in your magazine. Have you ever published anything concerning him?—M. C., New York.

There was a personal picture of John Charles Thomas in the October, 1917, issue; also an article entitled "John Charles Thomas—Matinee Idol," illustrated with one picture, in the March, 1917, issue. Both copies can be secured at this office.

**IN** which issues have you published either articles or pictures of the Portmanteau Theatre?—C. M. D., San Francisco.

In the July, 1916, issue we published an article entitled "The Theatre That Comes to You," illustrated with seven pictures.

**COULD** you give me any information as to where Fritz Leiber, formerly in the Robert Mantell company, is now playing?

We do not think that Mr. Leiber is at present engaged; but he recently played Hamlet with considerable success.

**IN** what issues prior to the February, 1917, number, have you published pictures of Chauncey Olcott or scenes from his plays?—J. T., Oneida.

In the January, 1909, number we published a picture of Chauncey Olcott at the time he was appearing in "Ragged Robin"; also a picture in December, 1907, while taking part in his own play, "O'Neill of Derry." You can obtain copies by stating the number of the issue desired.

**WHO**, in your opinion, is the foremost American actor of today—Otis Skinner, E. H. Sothern, John or Lionel Barrymore?—C. O. W., Tiffin, Ohio.

The players you mention rank among our best.

## THE COMING SHOW

(Continued from page 84)

piece by Mr. Broadhurst himself, is an interesting promise for theatre-goers.

Wagenhals and Kemper, two long absent from the field of producing managers, who returned with a joyous bound into the centre of the stage with a late production of "Seeing Things" at the Playhouse, will continue their activities with several new presentations during the coming year.

Controlling more theatres than any other producing managers in America, the Shuberts have in view a series of productions of a magnitude not before undertaken.

More than a score of offerings are on the list of William A. Brady for the coming season. Grace George will appear in the American production of "Madame et son Danseur," after a short tour in her last year's play, "The Ruined Lady." John Galsworthy's latest play, "The Skin Game," will be seen early in the season, and in connection with Lee Shu-

bert, Mr. Brady will produce "The Little Visitors," a dramatization of Daisy Ashford's amusing book.

"Immodest Violet," a product of the Harvard School of Dramatic writing, is scheduled for an August production, and by way of paying his respects to the elder brothers of the classic drama, Mr. Brady will make a massive Shakespearian production of a Shakespearian play, and promises also to present Molière's "School For Wives" during the winter.

As usual, the plans of the firm of Comstock and Gest include massive productions of great interest, including "Mecca"—the rightful successor to "Chu-Chin-Chow" and lesser pieces like those intimate comedies, "Very Good Eddie," "Oh, Boy," and similar trifles raised by sheer merit of casting and production, to the realm of the important. "Adam and Eva" will continue its gay career, and of course "Chu-Chin-Chow," now in active rehearsal for a trans-continental tour, will continue.

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

Pablo Casals has been called by critics the greatest musician in the world. He has made Columbia Records with his 'cello this month of Rubinstein's "Melody in F" and Saint-Saens' "The Swan." The latter is from this composer's "Carnival of the Animals."

Everyone knows and has responded to the lingering caress of "Tell me, do you love me?" in that old familiar love song, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." Hulda Lashanska sings this beautiful song with much feeling for Columbia Records this month.—*Advt.*



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## SHAKESPEARE SAID IT

By JOSEPHINE VICTOR

(Continued from page 88)

cuts for the opening numbers in both acts, recommending minor changes here and there throughout the whole performance, particularly the finale. "I suppose the girls are tired by that time," she was saying, "but the number must have speed. Miss Fay—"

At that moment the fair Flora appeared. Her entrance, as usual, was well timed. She looked frail and wistful in her soft lingerie frock and floppy hat. The entire make-up suggested clinging femininity. Back of her strode Ben, ruffled and scowling.

Ben, as host, introduced Miss Fay to his wife. Both ladies acknowledged the introduction sweetly. The drama of the situation was fully sensed by these children of the theatre, but they loved camouflage, and each stood ready to play his part, pick up a cue, make an exit, or any other little thing to ease the situation if necessary.

In the pause that followed the introduction, every one became suddenly preoccupied with the food before him. The waiter, hovering between Ben and Flora, finally left with their order. In a short pause that followed him, Miss Fay demanded

shyly—"Did I hear my name mentioned as I came in? I hope it was in reference to something nice."

Jacobs, the composer, took it upon himself to answer. "Mrs. Rich was making some very valuable suggestion, Flora, and your name came up as a matter of course."

"Oh, how interesting!" chirped Flora, addressing Mrs. Rich. "May I know what they were?—the suggestions, I mean. You see," she went on, "although Ben has practically decided to star me, I haven't been on the stage very long, and I'm so anxious to learn. Won't you please let me benefit by your older and wiser experience?" Ray Rich smiled a frank and engaging smile that displayed her white and even teeth. "Indeed, I shall, with pleasure," said she.

"It's sweet of you, Mrs. Rich. I only hope I'll prove an apt pupil."

"I'm sure you will," answered the older woman, graciously.

The returning waiter ended the little passe.

The suggestions offered by Mrs. Rich were explained to Ben, who saw their practical value and heartily endorsed them. "Them two numbers

'friend wife' mentions, needs pep in particular—ginger—like she says." He turned to the stage director. Roberts, make a note a' that an' call a rehearsal 'leven tomorra."

"Anything else, Boss? I've made note of the other things. Then, if you don't mind, I'll turn in," and Roberts rose to take his leave. "Guess I'm not as young as I used to be—this late supper business no longer agrees with me. So long. Good night, Mrs. Rich. See you all in the morning."

"Nice fellow, Roberts," observed Jacobs, watching the man's retreating form. "A hard worker, too. Good thing we have men like him in the business."

"He is entirely too officious," said Flora. "Would you believe it," she went on, turning to Mrs. Rich, "he actually believes he has coached me in the 'Pink Canary,' when everyone here knows that it was Ben who has worked with me night and day. It's to him I'm indebted, and I don't mind who knows it. I owe him more than I can say! I'm ready to cry aloud my devotion from the housetops," she ended up dramatic-

ally. "By the way," and she turned to Jacobs for information, "is that a quotation from Shakespeare or Omar Khayyam? I'm confused. When I drink wine I always think of Omar, and yet I know that all the quotations come from old Billy, the poet. He was a poet, wasn't he? It's so hard to remember."

"Your loyalty to my husband is very commendable, I'm sure," said Ray.

"Of course, Mrs. Rich," went on Flora, "I feel that Ben belongs to all of us. You feel that, too, don't you?"

"I didn't before," smiled back Ray, "but you put it so plainly that I can see how you might look at it. Ben must feel flattered. That sort of 'community interest' must be very gratifying to him. Was it to discuss that you asked him to breakfast this morning? I hope you don't mind my asking. If I had only known! What a pity I disturbed your tête-à-tête!"

BEN was talking in undertones to the authors, but had one ear peeled to what the two women were



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## SHAKESPEARE SAID IT

(Continued from page 149)

saying, and the course their conversation was taking left him perspiring. It was then he whispered to Van Schenk, the lyricist: "Say something—anything—only for the lov' a' God, change the subject, or the two dames 'll be pullin' each other's hair!"

Van Schenk made a heroic effort, and, after clearing his throat, he began as though he were addressing a large assembly in a lecture hall. "Have you ever noticed how very like a bee hive a theatre really is? There are the drones—those who produce honey and those who don't. Whereas the Queen bee—"

What the remark was to lead to no one present ever knew, for at that point, to every one's relief, the restaurant lights began to go out and the waiter presented the bill.

While Ben stayed behind to settle the account, the others strolled out and finally dispersed with "good nights" and "see-you-in-the-mornings," leaving Ray and Flora alone, waiting for Ben.

"It was a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Rich. Now I must say good night," and Flora held out her hand. "Oh, but you must wait for my husband and let him see you home. I want our star to run her full course to-night. Can't risk losing you by sending you home unescorted. Isn't it so, Bennie?"

"Isn't it so, what?" he asked, coming toward them.

"That we don't want to lose Miss Fay, just yet, so you will see her safely to her hotel. I'll be off to bed. Good-night, children," and she was gone.

Too enraged for words, Ben could only sputter as he led the way. They managed to secure a chair, in spite of the late hour, and were wheeled along in silence. Arrived at her hotel, he helped Flora out. She had been half asleep. Reaching the door she showed signs of returning life. "Say, Ben, your wife—she's all right. She's a good sport, an' I like sports, but we got to use wits with her, Bennie."

Ben was beside himself. "Say, kid,

for a smart gal like yuh, to-night yuh showed 'bout as much sense as a frog. All yuh did was croak. Yuh ought to be used to champagne by this time."

"But, Ben, what did I do? Oh, don't go away and leave me, Bennie." She was clinging to him and crying.

"For the lov' a' Harry, don't do that," he pleaded. "Stop it, Flora. My God! there's a policeman!"

"Come on in, Ben and let me explain," Flora sniffed, "or if you won't let's take a chair ride. It's a lovely moon—see."

But Ben did not wait to see or hear. For once the voice of the siren fell on dull ears. Ben's one wish was to get away from the sound and sight of Flora. One "vamp" had overplayed her hand. And Ben never dreamed that it was "friend wife" who had stacked the cards.

TWO days later, while Ben was engaged at the theatre, a package containing photographs was delivered to Mrs. Rich. She was admiring the pretty face and pose of the photos' subject, when the telephone rang. Startled, she guiltily threw a wrap over the litter before removing the receiver. It proved to be the composer, Jacobs. "Wish you'd come over to the theatre, Ray, and let me play the new number I've just finished over for you. Can't be sure, of course, but it sounds awfully catchy to me." "Sorry, Jacky, can't just now. Make it in an hour and I'll come. You see, I'm attending to an important matter and can't leave it," she added, with a chuckle. "What's the joke?" came over the wire. "Let me in on it." "I'll whisper it to you," she teased back, "if you promise to keep it a secret. I'm handling ammunition that's just been delivered. Getting it ready for action," she announced.

"Quit your kidding."

"But I'm not," she protested. "I expect no casualties, but there may be a few wounded!"

"Now I know you're fooling! Will you be ready in an hour? All right, I'll call for you."

(To be concluded next month)

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1920



**A**RE you a theatre fan? Of course you are. Every intelligent, "live" person finds pleasure in the playhouse. Besides, if you are not up to date in the theatre, conversation is likely to lag in whatever circle you may find yourself.

To enjoy the theatre thoroughly, you must know something about the plays and also about the players—who they are—what they've done before to make them conspicuous on Broadway.

There's only one reliable place where you can go to get this information, and that is to the THEATRE MAGAZINE. It's the one authority, the one infallible theatrical guide.

**O**UR popular Yankee Doodle comedian George M. Cohan, will be more in the limelight than ever this season. He'll not only produce a number of plays, but he'll act in one himself.

In addition to being an ingenious dramatist and excellent actor, George M. Cohan is also a clever writer. For our November issue he has written an article which has a decided punch. Subject? The so-called American play—what is it and where is it?

Shrewd, amusing comments, straight from the shoulder of a man accustomed to speak and act with a "punch." You'll understand more about plays and theatres when you've read this article. Don't fail to read it. In the November issue.

**W**HAT does it feel like to grow old? Some of us may know what it feels like in real life; but what of stage life?

The dimpled ingenue

of yesterday is the wrinkled old lady of today. Where not so long ago she played pretty, laughing girls, at whose feet sighed the ardent young lover, today silver threads among the gold. Dignified, still with traces of her former prettiness, she proba-

bly plays the part of some disappointed old maid.

One of the hits of "The Charm School" is the beautiful performance of Minnie Dupree as the school teacher. She, too, was once an ingenue who won the hearts of young New York. In an interview in the November THEATRE she will tell you how an actress feels as she sees the years slipping by. She will tell you—No, we won't! Read yourself what she says in the next issue.

**L**IGHTNIN' with Frank Bacon, has broken the record for the longest run of any play in New York. Up to the time of going to press, nearly 900 consecutive performances have been given of this play, and it is booked to run until next August, with no visible sign of a waning of public interest.

The only piece that comes anywhere near this record was Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," which reached a grand total of 656 performances. Such pieces as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Old Homestead" showed, of course, a larger aggregate, but they were not consecutive performances.

What is the magnet that draws the public to "Lightnin'"? Is it the play itself, or the admirable acting of Frank Bacon? In our November issue Mr. Bacon himself will tell you what he thinks about the matter.

Don't miss this most interesting feature.

**T**HESE are only a few of the good things in an exceptional number. Better order in advance. The sale's likely to exceed the supply.

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*This incomparable artiste, whose dancing recently delighted London audiences, comes to the Manhattan Opera House this month, for a brief season, before making a tour which will extend to the Coast*



# THE LITTLE AUDIENCE AND THE BIG PLAY

*Our public still crowds to the conventional shows  
but there is a growing demand for better fare*

By EDWARD GOODMAN

*Formerly director of the Washington Square Players*



PLEASE page a New Yorker of about fifteen years ago. He should be a business man, but not tired; in touch with the theatre of that day, but not in love with it; and out of touch with anything theatrical since that date. Can you not find him? Then conjure him. We want to ask this Supposititious Sir to cast his eye over the following list.

"Abraham Lincoln," an historical play without a mirthful incident or character by the English poet, John Drinkwater; "Beyond the Horizon," a realistic tragedy by a serious American dramatist, Eugene O'Neill; "The Jest," a melodramatic tragedy in verse by the Italian, Sem Benelli; "Jane Clegg," a delineation of marital disillusion without a theatrical falsity or a stylish gown, by St. John Ervine; "The Passion Flower," a lurid Freudian melodrama with a tragic end by Jacinto Benavente; "Mamma's Affair," a Freudian comedy by Rachel Butler; "Déclassée," a romantic tragedy with literary style, by Zoë Akins; "Clarence," a superficial but truthful, intelligent and fresh character comedy by Booth Tarkington; and "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "Richard III," four plays in blank verse by a well-known English dramatic poet whose name has been said to spell ruin in the theatre.

"What would the Supposititious Sir suppose this list to be? No. It is not a catalogue of a course in reading suggested by a Society for Dramatic Uplift. It is merely an enumeration of a dozen plays that met with artistic and financial success in New York theatres during the season of 1919-20.



HERE we allow Supposititious Sir time to recover from his incredulous gasp. Fifteen years ago, he tells us, no "sane theatrical manager" would have considered producing these plays. And if he were insane enough to tilt at the stone wall of theatrical business by attempting to, the impact would have restored his "sanity." Is it possible? We point to newspaper records and theatrical ledgers to prove to S. S. that we are citing what has actually happened, not what we wish were true. We even show him briefly in passing that we are being eminently fair by not including in the list Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness" and Gorky's "Night Lodging," two of those "morbid" Russian tragedies which did not spell financial success for their producers, though they as emphatically did not spell ruin. We further point out to him that, with one exception, the producers of these successes were commercial managers, who do not fail to cast a searching, prophetic eye on the trail of the personal profit. And then we pause for effect.

It is one of pleased perplexity. "Fifteen years ago," explains Supposititious Sir, "I renounced theatregoing because I decided my case was hopeless. I did not object to the successes of that day. I felt that if there were so many people who enjoyed such shows they had a right, in a country that was then without prohibitions, to

satisfy their taste. And I had no right—even if I could have procured the power—to force managers to lose fortunes in the production of plays which they assured me the public did not want. I concluded that my taste was not public, and so turned to private satisfaction of it elsewhere. What has happened meanwhile? I must start theatregoing again. Has the war killed off the old public? Has New York grown cultured in a fortnight of years? Or were the managers wrong?"

Popularity is the eternal handicap of the drama. Every production entails expenses compared with which the writer may be said to procure his ink and paper, or the painter his oils and canvas, free.



SO the manager was right in not producing a play unless he believed there would be a public response to it to reimburse him. He was right artistically, too; for, even if he was willing to bear a total loss, or could find a government or private person to underwrite his risk, he would still require an audience for the success of his play as drama. A play is only practiced in rehearsal. Acting needs the crowd response.

Yet since that time New York has not turned into a pure culture of culture. For every success in the dozen that staggered Supposititious Sir, at least two could be found from last season that he would recognize at once as variations of old acquaintances. No. New York still loves its childish pleasures.

Therefore, of course, the war cannot have killed off the old public.

Yet it is doubtless true that many of those who before the war saw as little into life as the plays they patronized, now want the plays they patronize to see at least as much into life as they do. Everybody's vision has not been deepened and clarified by the war. Nor has a theatrical millennium arrived. But a cyclone cannot pass without some clearing.

And, though the old public still remains, a new public must also operate, or such a list of successes could not have been compiled.



THIS public is not, however, the result of a get-cultured-quick miracle. It has always existed. Even while some of our parents were flocking to see "The Lights o' London," others were reading Molière. But theatrical production was expensive. The Supposititious Sirs were few and scattered—discouraged and therefore indolent. Occasionally some manager would allow his enthusiasm and spare profits to lure him into making a production for this smaller public. Later he would find its members "sorry that they had not heard how good his play was until after it had failed." He was not to blame for refusing to lose more money on further risks. They were not to blame for missing what experience had taught them they were so discouragingly unlikely to find. An *impasse*. The smaller public retired

to its libraries. The enthusiastic managers found solace in the box-office.

But dissatisfaction festers. Hunger grows clamorous and finally active. The smaller public, hungry for the plays it could not see, formed itself into Drama Leagues and College Courses. Those who wanted the "Big Play" founded societies to see what they could do to get it. And what they did, in the course of much talk that was often laughable, was to "gather the clan"—and converts to boot. Colleges started to teach some of their young how to make the kind of play this public wanted. And what they accomplished, from novitiate work that was sometimes laughably crude, was a host of one-act plays that were bigger than the popular long ones.

And then came the simplification of scenery. From it arose an amazing idea. Perhaps it was possible to produce a play for so little expense that this smaller public could pay for it. Thus—the cue for the Little Theatre experiment. It was amateur at first, for only the amateur, the lover, would experiment where the best hope was for no loss. But lo! The experiment proved successful. And the *impasse* disappeared.

Not only has it disappeared, but the Little Theatre has grown big and invaded the professional realm. The commercial manager has learned the lesson of simplified scenery, too. The smaller public has become encouraged and alert. Like Supposititious Sir, its reaction has been, "I must start theatregoing again."



IT has its representatives among theatrical reviewers, on whose advice it has come to rely. It has added to its number, first, those whom the war has made more critical of life, then those who can no longer mellow into lenient critics with the aid of alcohol, and finally those of the larger public who have accidentally "dropped in" to see these plays and found they liked them. So, ultimately, it has captured the professional manager. His public, he now finds, has turned into publics, and the smaller public has grown big enough to pay its way.

The little producer, comparatively speaking, is the so-called independent manager. And it is from him that the best in the theatre has always come and always must. The wholesale play-producer is subject to the same limitations as the wholesale clothing manufacturer. He must necessarily cut his product for an average misfit.

Of course, the retail theatrical producer's victory is not yet safe. In the very midst of his recent triumph, the prosperity that helped now threatens it. So many dramas have succeeded that, whereas three years ago enough plays could not be found to fill the theatres, now enough theatres cannot be found to house the plays. The competition resulting has skyrocketed rents. The rents have enormously increased the risks of production. To counterbalance this the independent, sane theatre is being forced into seeking plays that will most surely appeal to the multitude. And we are back fifteen years again.





THE MIDNIGHT REVUE

*The adoration of the undraped—the very pinnacle of high art, according to the managers*



THE BEDROOM FARCE

*The bibulous Johnny blundering into the wrong "chambre à coucher"—a situation dear to the heart of A. H. Woods*



THE TURKISH BATH COMEDY

*The modest man training for first night at the opera—the fleshy appeal in a new setting*



THE LINGERIE PLAY

*The gentleman friend who never fails to arrive just when diaphanous underwear is being displayed*



THE GIRL SHOW

*The curves of the feminine form are nowhere seen to better advantage than in the typical Broadway extravaganza. The girls get big salaries, but their dresses don't cost much. A show very popular with "tired business men" and bewhiskered visitors from out of town*

## DRAMATIC ART IN NEW YORK, SEASON 1920-1921

*Silhouettes by Ethel C. Taylor*



# MAKING A SHOW WITHOUT WORDS

*How fairies and animated toys; elephants and clowns;  
ballet girls and mobs; fantastic tableaux and gorgeous light  
effects gradually evolve into the world's biggest spectacle*

By R. H. BURNSIDE

Stage Director of the New York Hippodrome



THE advantage of making a Hippodrome spectacle is that we are not embarrassed by authors.

As a literary effort it is nothing; it grows from a few typewritten pages, very few, perhaps four or five. From these thin slips of paper the dream world of the Hippodrome spreads.

It is like a fairy story, beginning anywhere, and ending nowhere on earth. In fact, it is a fairy story, because we are creating a unique sort of footlight fantasy, with a purpose. We aim to smooth out the wrinkles in the face, to abolish grown-up shadows, to make the old feel young, and the young realize they must never grow old.

It is not merely an appeal to children, because usually children are far too clever for the imagination of any grown-up, but it is the wider appeal to the child mood in all of us.

No words could help such a plan in the theatre, except perhaps Barrie's words, because in "Peter Pan" he has explained the reason for it. So, the Hippodrome has become a gay and festive place where everybody can forget to be smart, or clever, or worldly. It is a sort of picture gallery of familiar, half-forgotten impulses that were so wonderful when we were young enough to feel them, and are so comforting when we remember them.

"Once upon a time," are the principal words of a Hippodrome show. They have been those of authors and poets and artists and sculptors for generations—those four little words that, when spoken in front of a cozy fireside, in a very big room, in a dim light, somehow or other give eyes a new lustre and hearts a warm vision.



HAPPINESS is the principal creed upon which this show without words is founded. Of course, there are different kinds of happiness, but that is because the word is so misused. Actually there is only one kind, and that is found in the dream that comes true. Everybody has that dream, but unfortunately so many people don't believe it; they even make faces at it when they think of it. I suppose the reason is that most people would rather be clever than natural, and so they wait till bedtime for the dream to come true, and then it's too late. Sleepy dreams are no good, dreams that come true are wide awake, active, stimulating experiences. It requires imagination to believe in them. That is why every Hippodrome show begins with the magic phrase, "Once upon a time." Then everybody in the theatre relaxes, and they say to themselves, "We are going to see something that doesn't happen, but let's make believe that it does."

Well, once you get anybody into that very natural state of mind, you don't need any words; you can go on indefinitely, turning the pages of the picture book. The best pictures are those you don't have to explain. They must explain themselves, so, you see, a playwright would have so little work to do on a Hippodrome show that he wouldn't be worth his salt to the management.

And, there's another reason. In a great, big

place like the Hippodrome, it is no use trying to talk about a lot of things that have nothing to do with the kind of story that starts "once upon a time." That is always a fairy story, and fairies never talk very much; they just do things. They sing, and they dance, and they fly, and they swim. They really are too talented to talk. So, there is only one thing you can do with them in a place like the Hippodrome, and that is to be indifferent about plausible and possible things. Therefore, having written "once upon a time," I go on and imagine—anything. Usually the moral comes at the end of a fairy story, but I prefer to put it first, so that particular people will have no misgivings. I have found that people are always impressed with an allegory. It is a good beginning for anything, because it is so elastic. You can bend it any way you like, and it always responds to imagination.



SO, I begin my show with allegory, like this, for instance:—

"Once upon a time, Youth, becoming bored, woke up Father Time, who had become drowsy (and no wonder), and asked him to send him in search of Truth, a very difficult person to find; and Father Time does so, sending with him as his companion, Imagination."

That's how Youth starts on a long journey which keeps eight hundred people as busy as bees on the Hippodrome stage for two hours or more. Not much of a play to start with, but it grows tremendously. Briefly, that is the way this big show is made, practically without words, as you see. We don't put on any literary airs, any more than any good story-teller does. The best stories are told just that way. The words don't matter so much; it's what happens that counts—and the right mood, of course. I had forgotten to speak of that. Yes, there is a mood which the Hippodrome show has created that exists in no other theatre I ever saw or heard of. It's an after-supper, family-gathering sort of mood, when nobody wants to talk, or think, or worry about anything. It is a mood when one likes to hear about wonderful things that might all be true if we didn't have to keep books and work hard enough for money to pay up as we go along.



IN such moods one can easily believe that gold can be picked up in huge flour sacks. Why not? The Hippodrome show assumes that everyone carries, in secret, of course, a wishing cap, and when the lights are turned low they put their caps on, and wonderful things come true.

If this all sounds extravagant or exaggerated, I can't help it, because it's only the truth. I don't know, when we begin to rehearse this show without words, what will happen next. I start out just as though I were sitting before an immense fireplace, and imagine the kind of things that are the most improbable. No one knows what is go-

ing to happen after the allegory, but, as soon as Youth starts out to find Truth, there are a lot of suggestions that come to me from all sides. If I didn't have a staff of men about me who are just as fond of making dreams come true as I am, I couldn't make a show without words.

First, there is the man who carries out the fantastic grandeur of fairy palaces, or anything that my imagination can invent. If I say to him, casually, "Here Youth finds himself in a beautiful aerial garden, between Heaven and Earth," he scratches his head, because ideas come to him that way, and in a day or two he produces a wonderful scene. Then there is another remarkable man who makes the properties. He seems to know just what toys look like when they come to life, for instance, or how old grandfather's clock can be made to walk about, or—well, anything you can think of. Then, of course, the question of how everybody should be dressed is a very difficult one, so the costumer enters into the spirit of the dream, knowing exactly how a fairy should dress for any occasion. These three members of my staff are really equal creative forces in the big show without words. Then there is a great deal in the language of color, and the electrician has a lot to suggest, although we can't have very delicate shades on so large a stage; the colors must be vivid, brilliant. Naturally, when you want to turn actors and actresses into fairies who can do a lot of things that ordinary humans can't do, you need a very clever mechanic to create the illusions. If we used more words in the Hippodrome show, we might tell about these things, but as our idea is actually to do the things other theatres tell you about, you can see at once that we are pretty good mechanics, at least.



AFTER I have carried Youth part of the way on his search for Truth, I may begin to wander a bit. You know how it is, when you begin to tell a story, something else occurs to you. That's what happens to me, and I often find myself telling about things that have nothing to do with the real story at all. Often these are the most interesting parts of the show without words. Then, I have got to allow for changes of scene. It takes a little while to put a fairy palace together, for instance, so, during this time, that is, while everybody is waiting for the grand march in the Golden Cave, or something like that, we put on our specialties. These are just regular human circus acts, something very difficult and dangerous, but very funny, too. We pick them out wherever we can find them—in Europe, Asia, Africa, South America. We are not at all particular where they come from.

As a rule, the well-trained playwright doesn't write any parts for animals in his plays. This is a great oversight, for animals are wonderful actors sometimes. Take elephants, for instance, dogs and horses (Continued on page 238)



ROLAND YOUNG AND JULIETTE DAY IN "SCRAMBLED WIVES," AT THE FULTON

*Off with the old divorce, on with the new! Embarrassment, mutual and humorous, is the moving force in this new farce, which reveals the encounters of husbands and wives who have been divorced and then re-married*



SAM HARDY AND MARIE CARROLL  
IN "THE CHARM SCHOOL,"  
AT THE BIJOU

*A rollicking group of pretty school girls and enlivening music impart real charm to the experiences of a school teacher-reformer and his ingratiating pupil. School days, as here presented, are one long, happy recess*



# THE PASSING OF DALY'S

*How the famous manager undertook to defeat the ticket speculator and triumphed*

By WALTER A. LOWENBERG



A HALF-CENTURY in the theatre world sees more changes than in any other profession. Stars appear, twinkle their little hour, and gradually flicker out. Producers come and go,—the theatres themselves are hardly less transient. And now, at last, Daly's Theatre, one of the most famous of American playhouses, a house which saw the rise of many noted actors and actresses to the height of their profession, is being torn down and a commercial structure erected in its place.

This historic old theatre on the West side of Broadway, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth streets, in its prime situated in the heart of the theatrical district—as a place of amusement dates way back to 1867 when John Banvard erected the building and called it Banvard's Museum. The building was specifically erected for this purpose and had the distinction of being the first building ever built in the city expressly for a Museum. Its principle feature was Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi. The auditorium seated about 2,000 spectators.

One year after the Museum's opening it was sold to George Wood and called Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre. It was under Wood's management that plays were first produced and during the next few years many first class actors and actresses of the day appeared. Chief among these were Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Mrs. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport, L. J. Mestayer, Frank Frayne, F. S. Chanfrau and Thomas W. Keene. P. T. Barnum became interested in the house in 1876 and the following year changed the name to the Broadway Theatre.

Two years after this Augustin Daly acquired the theatre, made extensive alterations and for twenty years, until his death in 1899, made it one of the most talked of theatres in the world. The splendid Daly stock company was unexcelled in this country. Many of our finest and most popular players today trace their success to the excellent training received as a member of Daly's company. A few of these players who come most readily to mind are John Drew, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, and Otis Skinner. Playgoers also remember with pleasure Ada Rehan, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert,

William Gilbert, James Lewis, William Davidge, Creston Clark, Charles Fisher, Kyrle Bellew, and Edith Kingdon, the present Mrs. George Gould.

It was in 1894 that Daly began his famous

fight with the ticket speculators, a battle which raged long and furiously, but in the end saw the distinguished manager a triumphant victor. The law prevented them from trafficking in tickets directly in front of any theatre, but speculators would stand nearby and ply a brisk trade. Through Daly's efforts speculators were practically prevented from obtaining tickets from the box office, yet nevertheless they seemed to be doing a good business.

Where were they getting the tickets? The detectives discovered that the speculators were buying the seats from the large agencies, paying the required fifty cent premium to the agency, and then selling the tickets again at a profit of fifty cents or a dollar or even more. Daly promptly withdrew his tickets from the agencies.

The speculators then began accosting passers-by, asking them to go to the box office to buy tickets for them. But this method proved only moderately successful. One evening Daly was standing in front of his playhouse when he saw a prospective purchaser approached by a speculator. He went forward and explained to the man that he would be refused admittance if he bought the tickets.

Nevertheless, the man was obdurate and purchased them. He was stopped at the door and told that his money would be refunded at the box office. Daly was sued and carried the case through the Courts. After many months of litigation the Court decided that a theatre was a private enterprise whose entrepreneur had the right to judge whom he would or would not admit.

In the meantime, however, Daly devised a method of dealing with the speculators which proved their Waterloo. He went to the great expense of issuing a specifically non-transferable ticket-coupon direct to every purchaser at the advance sale at the box office, arranged somewhat as the facsimile shows (see illustration).

The purchaser was allowed to choose the location of his seats from a chart. The choice was recorded on the stub, and he was merely given the correspondingly numbered coupon, redeemable on the night of the performance for the tickets which it represented. The box office opened for the direct sale of seats every evening at 7:30 P. M.

The speculator, thus, was confronted with the problem



Daly's Theatre, 30th Street and Broadway, as it looked at the height of its vogue (Inset) Augustin Daly

fight with the ticket speculators, a battle which raged long and furiously, but in the end saw the distinguished manager a triumphant victor.

At that time theatre tickets were cheaper than they are today. Orchestra and balcony seats sold for \$1.50 and dress circle seats were \$1. Speculators were in the habit of charging a premium of from fifty cents up. Mr. Daly decided to put a stop to this nuisance, and to this end issued special tickets through the American Bank Note Company. Although his tickets now cost him from six to eight times as much as formerly, he was determined to spare no expense in accomplishing his purpose. He employed detectives to keep the speculators away

MR.— (Purchaser's Name)	DALY'S THEATRE
4 SEATS	4 SEATS
ORCHESTRA 1-2-3-4	
DATE _____ No 14	No 14
EVENING PERFORMANCE	THIS TICKET IS NON-TRANSFERABLE

#### THE TICKET WITH WHICH DALY FOOLED THE SPECULATORS

The manager devised this special ticket which was so worded that no one, coming into possession of it illegitimately, would know the exact location of the seats. Why don't some of our present day managers, apparently so keen to circumvent the speculators, give it a trial?





Photocraft

## BLANCHE YURKA

*A well-schooled actress of the emotional type is this player of Czecho-Slovak extraction, whose large, expressive eyes and deep, rich voice in Brieux's new comedy, "The Americans in France," make her serious scenes impressive. Lately in the casts of "The Wayfarer" and "Allegiance," Miss Yurka is fast making her way to the front rank of our best leading women*



of disposing of a numbered coupon which did not record the location of seats. Furthermore, he must needs sell his coupon to a party numbering exactly as many people as called for on the coupon, an exasperatingly difficult obstacle, as a party of two or three people would hardly care to pay for four or more seats.

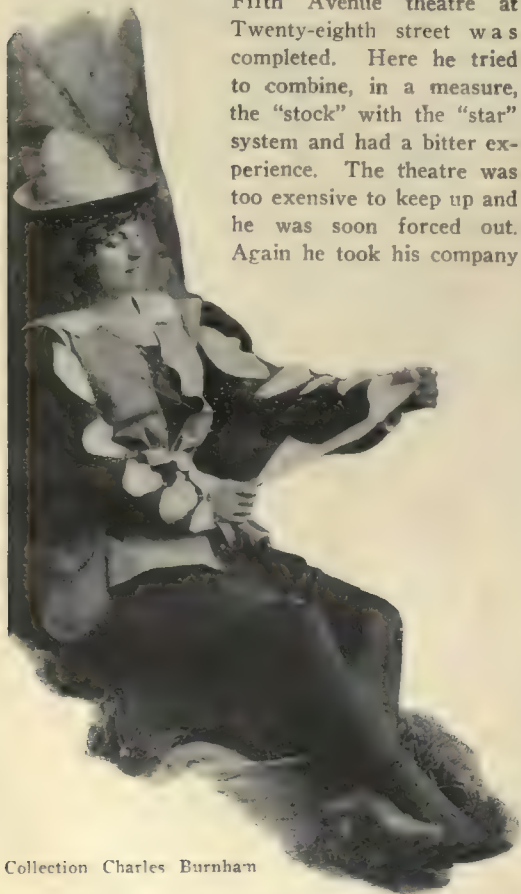
It is small wonder, then, that the speculators vanished from in front of Daly's Theatre.

Daly's Theatre is next to the last of a group of well-known theatres that composed the theatre district in the latter part of the nineteenth century, all of which have one by one disappeared as historical landmarks. Of them all, however, Daly's stands out as the supreme artistic center, the one to which stars point today with most unmitigated pride. Wallack's, the Bijou, Weber's, the Madison Square, all have given way to commerce. The old Fifth Avenue Theatre, now dominated by Proctor's vaudeville, is the only one that remains.

Augustin Daly did not come of a theatrical family. His father was an officer in the English navy and he began his career as a critic. From the newspaper desk to writing plays was only a step. He became a theatre manager in 1869 when he was but thirty-one years old. This was at the old Brougham Theatre on Twenty-fourth street. Daly named it the Fifth Avenue Theatre. On the opening night the prospectus printed in the program said, "This theatre is opened for the production of whatever is novel, original, entertaining and unobjectionable, and for the revival of whatever is rare and worthy in the legitimate drama.

In January, 1873, the Fifth Avenue Theatre burned and two weeks later, Daly secured an old building at 728 Broadway which he turned into a theatre. This, however, did not suit him so he took his company on tour until the new

Fifth Avenue theatre at Twenty-eighth street was completed. Here he tried to combine, in a measure, the "stock" with the "star" system and had a bitter experience. The theatre was too expensive to keep up and he was soon forced out. Again he took his company



Collection Charles Burnham

#### ADA REHAN

*The bright particular star of the Daly organization*



Collection Richard Dorney

#### JAMES LEWIS AND MRS. GILBERT

*Two of the most beloved members of the Daly Stock Company*

on the road and then in September, 1879, just ten years and one month after he first became a manager, Daly opened the famous "Daly's Theatre."

The contemporary esteem with which Mr. Daly was held—an esteem which has in no way been dimmed with the passing years, was well expressed by the late William Winter who said:

"He gathered the ablest men and women in the dramatic profession; he presented the best plays that were available; he made the theatre important, and he kept it worthy of the sympathy and support of the most refined taste and the best intellect of his time. His fertility of resource seemed inexhaustible. He was quick to decide, and the energy with which he moved, in the execution of his plays, was the more splendid because it was neither deranged by tumult nor marred by ostentation. As long as he had a finely intelligent public with which to deal, and until actors of the old school began to die away, giving place to the cohorts of the drawingroom, he touched nothing that did not succeed. He earned a high renown and he left an imperishable example."

The careful supervision given by Daly to every matter connected with his theatre was one of the secrets of Daly's extraordinary success.

"There is nothing," says Hillary Bell, a contemporary critic, "from the arrangement of the foyer to the precise spot occupied by every piece of furniture on the stage, that does not receive his personal attention. Augustin Daly's nature might well be summed up in the word—thorough. He is thorough in his devotion to art, in his effort to achieve it, in his appreciation of talent, in his endeavor to encourage its development, in his taste, in his study, in his government of the theatre. He is an untiring worker. At the theatre soon after eight o'clock in the morning, he seldom leaves it until nearly midnight. It is no uncommon thing for him to work for seventeen or eighteen hours out of the twenty-four.

"The three principles with which he began his managerial career consisted in a good play, good players and a good mounting. To these principles he has steadily adhered. Long previous to the present costly method of stage setting, the plays at Daly's were considered marvels of fine taste, of luxury and of expensive furniture. He has in the latest production surpassed not only the fashionable extravagance of outlay in a stage mounting, but eclipsed the setting of former old comedies at his own house. But expense is never thought of in putting on a comedy at Daly's. Until the present production of "The Taming of the Shrew," it is believed that out of none of his yearly revivals of old comedy has Mr. Daly made much money. The elaborate mounting necessary to a performance of Shakespeare or Farquhar is more than double that of a modern drama. Yet annually there has been a revival of ancient plays at this theatre and it is a matter on which the management and the public are alike to be congratulated that Miss Rehan and Mr. Drew, in the comedy now running to such thronged audiences, are not only afforded a new opportunity to display their talents, but to surpass the records of the treasury during the production of any other play.

"A feature not less necessary to the success of the theatre than his earnest attention to its appurtenances, is Mr. Daly's thorough system of personal government. The house is an autocracy over which he rules with absolute, yet kindly command.

That same supervision which he holds over the least important members of his organization, he exercises over the most distinguished. At rehearsal he sits alone in front, not an inflexion missing his ear, not a movement escaping his notice. He directs everything from the accident of a glove dropping, to the nice tenderness of a love-speech, or the indignant eloquence of invective. He arranges his players as a painter does his palette."



#### JOHN DREW

*who made his reputation while leading man at Daly's*





Photo Maurice Goldberg

#### FLORENCE REED

*One of the most picturesque and talented of our younger leading women, this interesting and versatile actress has much successful achievement to her credit — notably her appearance with Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon" some years ago, her realistically drawn courtesan in "The Wanderer," and the sensational hit made more recently in "Roads of Destiny." To Miss Reed falls this season the honor of opening the Selwyn's new Times Square Theatre in "The Love Woman," a play dealing with certain phases of New York gilded life, in which the actress has a tremendous emotional rôle*





Photo Mishkin

(Below)

#### JANET BEECHER

Seeing this actress back with Belasco in "Call the Doctor," at the Empire, recalls memories of "The Concert," in which she originated the chief feminine rôle. Miss Beecher's first Broadway opportunity came in the all-star revival of "The Two Orphans," in 1904. More recently she appeared in "The Purple Road," "Fair and Warmer," "The Pipes of Pan," "The Woman in Room 13" and "The Cat Bird."

#### CHARLOTTE WALKER

Only fifteen when she first appeared on the boards with Charles Hawtrey, this player from the Lone Star State, with a distinctive charm quite her own, had played the leading rôles in "The Crisis," "The Prodigal Son" and a great number of other plays before she was finally starred in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." She has a leading part in "Call the Doctor," at the Empire.



Photo Mishkin



# ARTISTIC HOMES OF DRAMATIC ARTISTS

**H**IGH above New York City, with windows commanding splendid views of the Hudson as far as the foothills of the Catskills, is the new home of Alice Brady Crane. What with starring in the drama and in the movies, this versatile actress has little time for summer resorts, but her apartment, swept by ocean breezes, is a cool, livable home for one who must stay in town



*The large living room, with walls of rough plaster, glazed in warm putty tones; the woodwork painted to match and plain carpet of the same color. As this room has a northern exposure, the casement curtains of red-gold gauze give the effect of bright sunshine, while the overdraperies of Italian striped satin combine all the colors used in the room in the soft tones of blue, green, putty, mulberry and orange*



*Interiors by Hampton Shops,  
Photos by M. E. Hewitt Studio*

*In the dining room the same warm putty-colored plaster walls, with the paneling and rug of this shade, make a restful background. The draw-top refectory table is carved in Italian motifs and the carved wood candlesticks at each end are finished in dull gold*



*Very distinctive is the commode dressing table finished in green and gold, with decorated panels. The mirror above, finished in green gold, is also a frame for the decorative painting at the top, and this mirror reflects a painting by Boucher on the opposite wall*



# WHY THE NAUGHTY LAUGH IS THE BEST

*No real difference between an epigram by Oscar Wilde and the complications of a bedroom scene*

By FLORENCE MOORE



SINCE the time of Adam, the sense of humor has belonged chiefly to women. Man has been the source of her amusement. He takes himself too seriously. Just as Adam failed to appreciate the real Eve, most men fail to appreciate that women are not angels, but just human beings like themselves.

The serpent was never a temptation to Eve; the whole scandal of Eden was only a joke on Adam. If he had taken the apple and contemptuously given it to the tiger or the lion, the curse of Eden might have fallen on them, instead of the human race.

However, it is too late to speculate on ancient history. The fact is that men laugh best at the joke that is on them, and women like to see them the victims of their own stupidity. How helpless a man is in the hands of a clever woman! He always pays the penalty of his stupid sex, when he succumbs to the subtle play of eyes and frills. His wisdom is of no avail, his strength fails him, he sees only what she makes him see. The serpent may have taught Eve something about hypnotism, for most women seem to have their share of this mysterious force in them. No man escapes it, few men want to, and so it is with these delicate weapons that women defeat men at their game of love. There is an irresistible sense of humor in a woman when she once discovers what peacocks men are—how vainly they spread their glory before her fluttering gaze, as if she could not see through the feathers.

HOW eagerly he reveals the secrets of his vanity, what an actor he becomes in the gentle art of lying; and, all the while that he is wooing with the fearsome stride and strut of manly fury, she signals approval with her smiles, and secretly leads him on to the moment when she is ready to turn the love scene into a joke that he feared from the first. Yes, he feared it, because he knew women are deceitful, and he hates deceit. Poor chap, of course, he hates it. He'd much rather have the woman believe him. But, she doesn't as a rule, and if she does, it's because she wants to, not because he wants her to. So the comedy of life is acted chiefly by women.

On the stage, comedy is acted to make people laugh, but it is based on these tragic facts, that men are born to be fooled, and women to fool them. It may not be a pleasant fact to those idealists who live in a false glare of life, but nothing is so stimulating to common sense as the farce that shows the folly of being serious and sentimental, of being without a sense of humorous proportion. We are all very funny to someone else, but it is better to see our own funny points, to turn them to account. Famous comedians, men and women, have often been moulded by nature for their stage careers. And yet, strange and often ugly as they are, they have been loved for their splendid qualities of humor. The sun was in them, and just to look at them

was to forget the shadows, to laugh happily with them. As to looks, they were not in the beauty class, but as to breadth of vision, depth of feeling and true proportion, their's is the mighty genius of laughter. The splendor of the comedian's task in the theatre is the highest in the art of acting. My own share is perhaps not so great as I should wish it to be, but I understand the value of comedy. It is my work to laugh with the world, to make those in front laugh with me. Sometimes it is difficult because there are audiences you have to arouse by sheer force. There are audiences that seem to fall into a deep sleep that a locomotive whistle couldn't rouse. And there are audiences that would grin at you if you were dying.

THE happy medium is the audience which is made up chiefly of drummers and foreigners, with a few country visitors thrown in. I believe, that if a census of men who have the greatest sense of humor could ever be made, the drummers would be in the majority. They skip from town to town in a professional hunt for a new laugh. Their laughter is an impish delight in good humor. They are never serious, never gloomy, never so fagged that a good story cannot cheer them up. Next to the drummer as an element of laughter in the audience, I like the foreigner. He may not understand what you say, but he is happy when he hears others laughing, and he watches you with expectant eagerness. Engaged couples are rather on their good behavior. The elderly gentleman, with or without a lady (preferably without), is such a naughty laugher, he seems to laugh from the depths of his good dinner, and as if he knew that you meant that last joke for him only. I have noticed that elderly ladies out for a matinee lark, in twos or threes, are quite as heartily pleased to be shocked into loud laughter as the elderly gentlemen who rarely go to the theatre with them. At all times, though, the woman is far quicker to see the point of a laugh than men, though she does not reveal it so buoyantly.

IF I were a philosopher, I should often be puzzled to find out why the naughty situation, the naughty line is always among the best laughs of the play. Being nothing of the kind, however, I can only yield to the fact. The naughty situation told in the mood of farce, is like the exaggerated story that has a shocking point to it—the story is improbable, but the point of the story is true to life. For instance, the title of the play, "Breakfast in Bed." Breakfast in bed is a very harmless habit, often indulged in by the most faithful matrons of our very best society. The attractive thing about the title is that it promises a peep at a woman having breakfast in bed. Now, why should a perfectly natural, commonplace incident that happens in the most respectable domestic circles of

our civilized land, inspire naughty expectations?

You will find the answer to this question in the classics, in "Tom Jones," in the writings of Smollet and Fielding, and those old giants of amusing novels of a past generation. The naughty laugh is by no means a product of the decadent age we so often talk about as our own.

The naughty laugh, it has been said, is the laugh of the homeless, yet the bed which has been the centre of so many farces recently, is the throne of a home. I don't agree with that at all. But laughter is not a respectful impulse. We laugh loudest at the discomfort of others. So the best laughs of a part are those that spring from the embarrassment of a man by a clever woman. Rarely do you find a farce where the embarrassment of a woman is the theme. The naughty laugh which an actress obtains in a naughty situation in a farce is at the expense of some man. It pleases the men to see another man caught, and it pleases the women to see him discovered by a woman. The situation is true to life and as old as Adam. We need have no unnecessary prudery, therefore, if the scene shows a strange man hiding under a lady's bed, while she frantically simulates sleep as her prim aunt comes into the room, because it is the man under the bed who is in difficulties. He must, and does at all costs, protect the lady by avoiding discovery. The big laugh, however, the really naughty laugh, comes when he is discovered and the quick wit of a woman, of course, saves the situation to an uproarious curtain.

TRUE farce never violates the rules of convention, it only emphasizes them, and the situation is never really naughty, it only borders on it, which is no more than situations in life are always doing.

As I said in the beginning, the joke is always on the man. It should be, because he is always hopeless in the hands of a clever, quick-witted woman. The naughty farce is only a demonstration of the impropriety of men and the propriety of women, which, in a general way, is true to life.

To enter into the spirit of the naughty farce, to obtain the naughty laugh, with the most shocking suspense, requires a talent for appreciating what is called low comedy. Personally, I can see no difference between the laugh that is said behind the fan, as in Oscar Wilde's epigrams, or the laugh that is made by a complication in a bedroom scene. But theatrical tradition insists that things are different. The only difference I can see is that low comedy is far more difficult than the so-called high comedy, because in the latter a brilliant epigram is coined, while in the former the actress must put her whole sense of humor in the situation and must manage it with scrupulous discretion or tumble into vulgarity with it.

Vulgarity is not tolerated by any audience, and therein lies the danger of low comedy. The woman-clown has never been conspicuously successful except as a

(Continued on page 226)





COLLEGE  
THE MURDER OF KANSAS  
HAYS

© Strauss-Peyton

### MRS. FISKE

*After a forty-eight-week trans-continental tour with "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans," one of the most successful rôles she has had in recent years, this most distinguished of American actresses, will take the play South and continue playing it until December, when she will appear in a new comedy as yet unnamed, by Captain Hatcher Hughes and Elmer Rice. The new piece deals, it is said, with an unusual problem of contemporaneous American life*





Strauss-Peyton

#### JANET VELIE

*Last seen on Broadway in the title rôle of "La La Lucille," Miss Velie has again scored in the name part of "Mary," the latest George M. Cohan musical piece, produced successfully in Boston, and due in Manhattan this month. Miss Velie will appear as Mary throughout the New York run*

(Below)

#### GRACE VALENTINE

*It was as a member of Morosco's Los Angeles Stock Company that this personable young actress first won the hearts of audiences. Broadway soon adopted her for its own, notably when she appeared as Daisy, the model, in "Lombardi, Ltd." She is now featured with John Cope in "The Cave Girl," at the Longacre*



Photo White



# ERNESTINE MEYERS

*An understudy of Ruth St. Denis, this famous Oriental dancer first attracted attention in vaudeville. Her terpsichorean art now serves to enhance the attractiveness of "Silks and Satins" at the George M. Cohan Theatre.*



(Below)

# BICKIE FORD

*A striking feature in the Century Revue is the Black and White Ballet, staged by Kosloff. As one of the dancers, Bickie Ford made a distinct hit. A society girl of Seattle Wash., this is the first time she has appeared on Broadway. She is to succeed Dorothy Dickson in "Lassie".*



© Colby Studio

# AIMEE ROSSIGNOL

*Pretty and vivacious—this clever little French girl, who recently made a hit in the Indian dance at the Hotel Vanderbilt, is a pupil of Kosloff*



Photocraft

# VIVIAN OAKLAND

*Oriental dancer, whose Sphinx number is an attractive feature of the Century Roof. She was at the Winter Garden three seasons*



© Colby Studio



# BERNHARDT TRIUMPHS IN NEW ROLE

*World famous tragedienne talks to Theatre Magazine  
representative of her coming American tour*

By HOWARD GREER



SARAH BERNHARDT has returned to the stage.

It was not to be expected that the Divine Sarah had made her last stage-appearance, but it was a bit of a surprise to learn that she was contemplating a new rôle. However, Racine's four-act tragedy, "Athalie," has been produced with Madame Bernhardt in the title rôle, and again the famous tragedienne has evoked the praise of her Parisian public and proved that at seventy-eight Youth but begins to be eternal.

More than half a century ago she appeared in the same piece as Zacharie, a lad of ten. It is an interesting situation for her to be found in this recent revival as the blasphemous queen whose dialogue for the most part is carried on with another Zacharie, again played by a girl in her teens, whose acting must be as a dim reflection in the mirror of the past.

Madame Bernhardt has overthrown the conventional interpretation of the designing queen. She has given to the character a feminine charm and subtle coquetry apparent even in moments of revolt and treachery. Her smiling lips, smouldering eyes and regal poise express both an innocent passion and the conscientious malevolence of an intriguing woman.

Throughout the action of the play the star makes but two appearances and remains seated upon her gold palanquin. She is carried upon the stage by four richly-armored slaves and reclines voluptuously on her cushions, depending solely upon her vibrant voice, the tilt of her jewel-swathed head and the expressive gestures of her long, slender arms for the portrayal of the character.

HER languid beauty seems not the least marred in these passing years. Her's is still the "golden voice."

After the first act upon the opening night I went back stage with a member of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt. At the door of the star's dressing room I was introduced to Monsieur Perronet, her godson, through whose kindness I was presented to the star. She was seated before a wide dressing-table, still in the robes and head-dress of Athalie. Round about was the little court that is always to be found within calling distance—the doctor, the lawyer, a companion and several servants. Before her, upon the surface of the make-up table, three tall mirrors opened fanwise.

Madame Bernhardt was gazing wistfully in the glass and toying with a long chain of emeralds that hung from her bare throat when we entered. We remained but a moment, and in that time Madame Sarah chatted interestedly in her sharp staccato tones, with always the wonderful smile upon her face.

We passed from her loge into an adjoining room, where a number of lesser servants and attendants were in waiting. Beyond were still other rooms. In all justice, the tragedienne's "dressing-room" should be called a miniature

apartment. The entrance door is a massive affair of oak panels and carved rose-garlands entwining the initials of its mistress. There is an entrance hall, several receiving rooms, a formal *salon* and a dining room, in which meals can be served between afternoon and evening performances.

It was my great honor to be asked to call at the home of the star upon the following day. Not more than a stone's throw from the wall of Paris in the direction of the Porte d'Asnières is the modest, typically Parisian house where Madame Bernhardt passes her days in town. A tug at a gleaming bronze knocker gains admittance into a long motor entrance leading to an open court beyond.

AT either side of the dim passageway are many doors, the intervening spaces hung with fur rugs and mounted antlers. The doors lead into various rooms and service corridors of the house, and a steady stream of liveried servants whirls through the maze, chatting and laughing, with no attempt at restraint.

Madame Sarah, as she is called by the members of her household, spends her days in a sunlit room upon the second floor. She never leaves her big chair. On leaving the house she is carried to the motor and carried up the broad flight of steps when she returns.

I was shown into a small, dark reception hall while my card was being taken to the sunlit room above. About me the atmosphere was suggestive of the mystery of an antique shop at dusk. A chandelier of venetian crystal threw a faint glow over the congested assortment of chairs, tapestries, heavy curtains and numerous art treasures. The faded carpets and mellowed canvasses gave forth the musty odor of a room long closed. I sank into a divan and stared at the fireplace before me, guarded defiantly by two polished dragons. Upon the mantle a glass case reached to the very ceiling, stuffed with countless dolls of all sizes and nationalities.

TO the left were high closed gates of wrought iron. Beyond, stretched a bigger, deeper room. A soft rose light from the expansive skylight played over the *mélange* of shadowy objects. There was the mystery and charm that breathes of the past. It was like standing upon the edge of roped-off partitions in the Palaces of Fontainebleau and Versailles, gazing upon the relics of departed kings and queens. At the far end a sprawling fireplace covered the wall. Over the mantle was one of the most famous paintings of Madame Sarah, depicting the suppleness of limb and panther-like grace that once was hers. To the right, a broad couch lay in the shadow of a purple and golden canopy.

In the centre of the studio, covered like a bier by a scarf of old rose and silver, was a grand piano, and beside it an ancient music-stand supporting a book of lined parchment covered with

the square heavy notes of the fifteenth century. A curiously fresh note in the surroundings—and unexpected in such a confusion of antiquities—came from mammoth bouquets of fragrant lilacs arranged in bowls, baskets and tall vases in every available spot.

The door behind me opened, and a little old lady with white hair and a pleasant smile greeted me.

"Madame will receive you," she announced. "Madame is sorry to have kept you waiting, but it was the afternoon of the little Delia's lesson, and she has been reposing for a bit since her departure."

I followed her out into the corridor and up the broad, winding staircase. Upon the first landing we turned to the right and entered an anteroom. My guard drew back a curtain and waited for me to pass. Entering after me she announced my presence to Madame Sarah.

The actress was seated in a high-backed chair before the window. The late afternoon light fell upon her simply-coiffured hair—now quite white about the roots—and upon her loosely-girdled, long-sleeved and high-collared robe of white. Upon her bodice was pinned the medal of the Legion of Honor. Over her knees was a rug of ermine. At her feet, supplementing the court which had been in attendance at the theatre, were a number of dogs. She turned her gaze from the window and smiled that *grand sourire* so dear to her country people. Extending her hand, she asked me to be seated and dismissed the little old lady who was still standing, smiling and bowing, at the entrance.

WE chatted for some time. I found that politics was one of Madame Sarah's favorite topics. No one could be more alive to the world situation, *more au courant* with the art, music and literature in other countries. It was as though Madame Sarah were the interviewer, and I the interviewed. She asked many questions about America, she inquired after the health of our President; she expressed an interest in the strikes and labor troubles; she was anxious to know what was happening in the world of the theatre "over there." Closing her eyes and tilting back her head, she concluded:

"Politics and governments—they are more than I can understand. Present systems are corrupted by personal ambition. It is all so complicated and insincere. Conditions are much worse now than they were during the war. In 1914 we went into the fight without argument. We finished it with very little, but now, strangely enough, comes all the wrangling, the restrictions, the selfishness. And the sad part of it is, *il n'en finit plus*."

In recording the bits of conversation one is confronted with the difficulty of translating the phrases of Bernhardt into as sweet and delicate an English as they were spoken in French. A literal transcription makes them but trite expressions, yet as they came from her lips they were as exquisite lines of (Continued on page 224)





Photo J. Sahadren, Paris

The divine Sarah has not only returned to the stage, but at the advanced age of 78 has had the sublime courage to learn and present herself in a new rôle, her royal gestures and golden voice again winning the thunderous plaudits of the Parisian public. She is seen here as *Athalie*, the blasphemous queen-heroine of Racine's four-act tragedy. Beside her is Madame Moreno as *Josabeth*. At the extreme left is Mlle. Marguerite Valmont, as *Zacharie*, the rôle enacted by Bernhardt more than a half-century ago.

Photo J. Sahadren, Paris

SARAH BERNHARDT AS ATHALIE





Photo Bayana

## CHARLTON ANDREWS

Author of "Ladies Night"

The reason Charlton Andrews, a native of Indiana gives for his production on Broadway is a drole one. "I thought both A. H. Woods and John Cumberland needed a bath—to get them out of the bedroom; so I collaborated with Avery Hopwood and wrote 'Ladies Night.'" Mr. Andrews' other contacts with Broadway were brought about by his adaptation of "The Torchés," by Rataille



Mishkin

(Left)

## EARL CARROLL

Author of "The Lady of the Lamp"

A. H. Woods gave Earl Carroll his chance to put his first drama, "The Lady of the Lamp," on Broadway. Previously Mr. Carroll had collaborated on a number of light operas. When the war started he went into the aviation service. As a result, he turned from musical comedy and song-writing to plays of real life and human aspirations. He is seen here with his wife. Mr. Carroll's knowledge of playwriting came through a study of acted plays



Photo Mishkin

(Left)

## OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Author of "Come Seven"

Though only twenty-nine years old, Mr. Cohen has to his credit over four hundred short stories

(Right)

## ARTHUR RICHMAN

Author of "Not So Long Ago"

As might be expected, Arthur Richman, author of "Not So Long Ago," is a native New Yorker, steeped in New York traditions. Sturdy in appearance and only thirty-four years of age, he creates the impression of a successful business man.



Photo Apeda





# DOROTHY FOLLIS

When the "Follies" first amused the town, Dorothy Follis was conspicuous among its bevy of beauties. Having developed her singing voice, she later appeared on the operatic stage with the Chicago Grand Opera Co. This season she will appear in the Zimbalist operetta, "Honey Dew," at the Casino

(Oval)

# LOUISE ALLEN

Pretty enough to turn the head of a saint, no wonder this attractive young actress drew the crowds in "Somebody's Sweetheart" all last season. This year she is again with the Hammerstein forces, playing the leading feminine rôle opposite Frank Tinney in "Tickle Me"



Photo Campbell Studios



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe



Photo Abbe

# MIRIAM SEARS

A new arrival on Broadway, this interesting young actress came to the local boards by way of Des Moines, Iowa, where she specialized in ingenue rôles with the local stock companies. Two seasons ago she toured outlying districts with Lou Tellegen in "Blind Youth"



# AN ARISTOCRAT AMONG STAGE DIRECTORS

*Woman producer of unerring dramatic sense  
who is now an important figure in the theatre*

By ADA PATTERSON



**M**ANAGERIAL announcements frequently mention the name of Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley as the person responsible for the stage direction of this or that new production, but to the general theatre-going public Mrs. Bradley only adds one more to the long list of names one sees on theatre programmes in connection with the executive staff of each new show.

Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley is the Poor Little Rich Girl of the stage. Or, since yearning has been crowned by achievement, perhaps we should change the tense and say she was the Poor Little Rich Girl. At all events, it is safe and accurate to say that she is the aristocrat of stage directors.

She was born close to the soil, but it was the soil of fine old Kentucky, which produces lush blue grass, goodly fortunes, fighting men and beautiful women. Her birthplace was Trimble County, a name bestowed in recognition of her forebears. She is a niece of General Bragg of Civil War celebrity.

A friend who watched her in the process of her growing up at the convent said to Antoine, the grim realist of Paris: "A little American student is hungry for good theatrical food. She is really in earnest. She wants so little, just to sit in one of the back seats in your theatre and watch you rehearse."

"Let her come," said Antoine. Thereafter, the girl was a nearly daily witness, silent and unseen, of the technique of the great Antoine. For two years she enjoyed this period of observation. Occasionally, Antoine would pause beside her in the dusk of the auditorium and explain away complexities.

When she had finished her education with the gentle nuns she went to Russia. There for two years she attended plays and watched rehearsals in the theatres of Moscow.

She came back to Kentucky and announced her wish to do something in the theatre.

"You wish to be a play actress?" asked an elderly relative in the tone she would have employed had she said: "You want to go to Hades?"

"No, aunt."

"You want to write plays?"

"Not much. Though I think I could write them."

"What do you want to do?"

"I should like to put them on the stage."

"You had much better forget all this and get married."



MRS. LILLIAN TRIMBLE BRADLEY

Lillian Trimble might have ignored the advice of her relative, as the young are prone to do. But when she met Broker Bradley of New York her ideas of single-hearted devotion to the stage, as Fannie Hurst has crisply and autobiographically phrased it, "were undermined."

Followed smart life in New York and Paris and London and house parties at the fine wooded estate from which drifts the perfume of roses to canoists at Lake Mahopac. There was a medal won by Mrs. Bradley for driving four horses tan-

dem at an amateur competition on Long Island.

Her husband was of less adamant quality than her shocked relative. In due, though she deemed it overdue, time, he relented. "If you will be happier for doing something in the theatre I will not stand in your way," was the decree of this modern spouse.

Mrs. Bradley began by dramatizing stories. One presented at the Comedy Theatre in New York, with Taylor Holmes as the new risen star, "Mr. Myd's Mystery," had a life of painful brevity. But she was of the bounding blood of old Kentucky. She went on dramatizing stories. Learning that a play that was about to be tried at Atlantic City bore a startling family resemblance to one of her own, she went to the seashore metropolis and witnessed the play. George Broadhurst, who was producing it, asked: "What do you think?" To which she made the quiet answer: "It is a bad play, but I know it is mine. Together they agreed that it was of slight vitality. They held a wake upon it at an after-theatre supper.

A third disappointment awaited her in her next dramatization, "The Woman on the Index," which was produced at a playhouse controlled by Mr. Broadhurst. But his belief in her continued.

This season she produced for Mr. Broadhurst the blackface comedy, "Come Seven," into which she poured the wealth of her knowledge of the grace and humanness of life in the Old South.

She passes upon the cast, she designs the settings, she directs the plays from the printed pages through the agony of the first night, and the vigilance of the succeeding performances.

Lillian Trimble Bradley is, in matter of years, at the summit of life. She looks as delicate as an eggshell. Which may be the reason why the property men forego their treasured prerogative of "cussing" after the stage door flashes open for her entrance upon the day's work.

"Don't let me make you uncomfortable," she said, when thus interrupting a Niagara of profane denunciation.

"The truth is we would feel uncomfortable if we did swear now," answered a "Prop."

Which sounds a keynote of the character of a woman as exquisite as she is forceful, as delicate as she is determined.

## THEATRE THOUGHTS

**M**ANAGERS may come, and managers may go, but Maude Adams goes on forever.

May Robson prefers a character-part to part of a character.

Doris Keane has turned Romance into Reality.

Ruth St. Denis is sleight-of-hand and sleight-of-feet.

Laura Hope Crews lives on a diet of skimmed milk. That is what makes her so kittenish.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., is good at figures.

Jane Cowl's family-tree resembles a weeping-willow.

Some are born with a dialect, some acquire a dialect, and some have a dialect thrust upon them. Fay Bainter belongs to the latter class.

In a former age, Ed Wynn would have been a court-jester. He is still caught jesting.

Al Jolson can hold an audience in the hollow of his hand, and fascinate it by the holler of his voice.

David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm" enters into the spirit of the thing.

Mrs. Fiske was baptized in the Fountain of Youth.

Bertha Kalich in "The Riddle-Woman" proves that she is good at conundrums.

If you want to hurt Roscoe Arbuckle's feelings, tell him he is not as fat as he used to be.

HAROLD SETON. •



Every evening for eight weeks under the auspices of the Music League of The People's Institute, the National Symphony Orchestra under the leadership of Walter Henry Rothwell, has been giving to New York a fine musical program at the Lewisohn Stadium of the



College of the City of New York. The list of soloists includes such names as Rosa Ponselle, Harold Baur, Mary Jordan, Marcella Craft, Giovanni Martinelli, Marie Rappold, Sue Harward, Hipolito Lazaro, Rafaelo Diaz and Nina Morgang.



Photo Nicholas Muray

#### JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

The man responsible for the Greenwich Village Follies and the novel and lovely "What's in a Name," this young producer is a personality in the stage world. His original ideas in scenic and costuming features have set a pace that other managers find difficult to follow.

#### AN AUDIENCE OF 10,000 AT THE STADIUM CONCERTS

(Right)

#### ETHEL LORES

The hymeneal altar by way of the Florodora Chorus. That's how it was with the Florodora girls of a quarter century ago, and history has a trick of repeating itself, as shown by the marriage the other day of Miss Lores, one of the present Setette, to Major Harry B. Claret, 36th Infantry, U. S. A.



Photocraft



Photo Ira D. Schwarz

#### MARY ROBERTS RINEHARDT

This prolific and popular authoress, so well known both in the book and stage world, is represented on the boards this season by several plays, two written in collaboration with Avery Hopwood—"Spanish Love" at the Maxine Elliott and "The Bat" at the Morosco.





Photo Muriella

**MELANIE GORDON**

*It was on the tips of her toes, as a dancer, that this young actress, the girl reporter in "An Innocent Idea" at the Fulton recently, started on the stage. After that she appeared with Lubovska in vaudeville.*

(Below)

**ELEANOR DAWN**

*Hazel every one knows. Eleanor, her youngest sister, made her professional debut in "Up in Mabel's Room" about a year and a half ago. She is also in "Ladies Night" at the Eltinge.*



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

(Right)

**GRACE HALL**

*The first white child born in Nome, Alaska, this 18-year-old blonde beauty of the Follics of 1920 is a true Ziegfeld find. Her dancing and charm add to the many attractions of this revue.*



Photo Ira L. Hill

**ALLYN KING**

*A Ziegfeld discovery, Miss King has been a prominent member of several "Follies." This season she makes her first appearance in a non-musical production "Ladies Night" at the Eltinge.*

(Oval)

**ISABEL ADAMS**

*Distinction and stately grace mark the comely personality of this actress seen recently in "The Blue Flame" and shortly to appear in George F. Hobart's new comedy "Sonny."*



Photo Pach Bros

MERELY PRETTY? NO—THEY HAVE TALENT AS WELL





Photo White

# TAYLOR HOLMES

*Taylor Holmes, farceur and movie favorite, now comes to Broadway in a serious rôle, as the star of "Crooked Gamblers." His last appearance in a play was in "Bunker Bean"*



Photo Mary Dale Clarke

# GEORGE GAUL

*He of the rugged face and resonant voice, this actor, who first commanded Broadway's attention as the Ethiopian in "Kismet," now shares with Robinson Newbold the masculine honors in "The Lady of the Lamp," at the Republic*



Photo White

# ANDREW TOMBES

*This excellent comedian—a sort of second edition of Ed Wynne—won his spurs in vaudeville and burlesque. As Doctor Stevens in "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," he quite ran away with the honors*



Photo White

# CHARLES PURCELL

*A singing actor who first won Broadway's favor in such plays as "Maytime" and "The Magic Melody," and recently elevated to stardom in "The Poor Little Ritz Girl"*

LEADING MEN WHO SCORE IN NEW OPENINGS



## OLD FAVORITES

**Y**ESTERDAY they gave us generously of their talent! Today theatregoers worship at the shrine of their successors! But—lest we forget—there will appear on this page each month those old stage favorites who, alas! we will never see again, together with unusual portraits of stars, who, like Mr. Crane are still delighting us with their art.

(Right)

*A*N actress of the "old school," with good looks, added to real ability, Blanche Walsh, who died a few years ago, won our affections in "Aristocracy," "Resurrection" and other plays. The daughter of the warden of the Tombs Prison in New York City, she was accustomed to witnessing scenes of violence from her earliest childhood, the jail being her playground. Her debut was made in 1888, in "Siberia," a year later playing Queen Elizabeth in "Amy Robsart" with Marie Wainwright.

(Below)

*OTHER* soubrettes may have been as winsome, but none have been more so! Della Fox may have been equalled, but she has never been surpassed! In some ways she was "before her time," for, away back in the 1890's, she bobbed her hair, and set a fashion quite generally followed. If she was alluring in skirts, she was bewitching in trousers, a hit in "Castles in the Air," following with a triumph in "Wang," and a riot in "Panjandrum."



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BLANCHE WALSH



© B. J. Falk

DELLA FOX

*BEFORE* George M. Cohan was old enough to wave a flag, William H. Crane was known as "a typical American actor," having followed valuable experience in comic opera, (beginning in 1863 with "The Daughter of the Regiment," making a New York debut in "Cinderella" at the Academy of Music, and concluding with four years in the Oates Opera Company), by forming a partnership with Stuart Robson in 1877, which lasted until 1889. One of the most cheering hints of the present theatrical season is that Mr. Crane may reappear in a new play.



WILLIAM H. CRANE

LEST OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT



# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



COMEDY. "THE AMERICANS IN FRANCE." Comedy in three acts by Eugene Brieux. Produced August 3 with this cast:

Henriette Charvet	Blanche Yurka
Appolonie	Jeffrys Lewis
Henri Charvet	Franklin George
Captain Smith	Wayne Arey
Etienne Bonain	Richard Dupont
M. Charvet	Frank Kingdon
M. Ringueau	L'Estrange Millman
Marie Bonain	Madeleine Durand
M. Demontier	William Bain
Nellie Brown	Harriett Duke
Pierre Bonain	Goldwyn Patton

IT is humiliating to our national pride when we realize how far behind the French—or the English, too, for that matter—we are when it comes to writing real drama—that is a play which has both literary distinction and genuine human interest. We have ingenious playwrights by the score, but they are mere carpenters when compared with their European fellow-craftsmen. The obvious answer, of course, is that, still in our swaddling clothes as a nation, we are too much absorbed in making money to have either the inclination or the time to study the deeper social and intellectual problems that puzzle and vex older civilizations. We have the same problems, but they do not appeal to the playwright of our commercialized theatre as suitable dramatic material. He is mistaken. It is of such stuff that good plays are made.

The foregoing is *apropos* of the production here of Eugene Brieux's comedy, "The Americans in France," a thoughtful play of such fine quality and feeling that it shone conspicuously out among the new season's cruder offerings—the crook and bedroom plays—as a genuine blue diamond among paste stones. That it did not last long on Broadway was not surprising. It was too good, too clean for that.

Eugene Brieux is already well known to American audiences as the author of "Damaged Goods," a play dealing boldly with venereal disease that aroused much discussion a few years ago. This time he took for his thesis the almost insurmountable difficulties presented by differences of race and custom, more particularly the clash that must arise from

time to time in Franco-American relations, and which, in fact, have already arisen more than once since we became allies on the battlefield.

M. Charvet, landowner, is a Frenchman of the old school, suave and cultured, proud of his family traditions. His daughter, Henriette, has never married. Her one passion in life is her affection for her brother Henri, a young doctor, who has served his country gallantly in the war. Father and daughter have ambitious plans for Henri, the sister even sacrificing her marriage dowry to buy him a medical practice in the neighborhood. But Fate, in the persons of two Americans, is quietly working against these two dreamers.

Captain Smith, U. S. A., a live wire Yankee, comes on behalf of his government to buy some of M. Charvet's broad acres. The price is agreed upon. Clash No. 1. The American becomes impatient at what he calls the family lawyer's tiresome and unnecessary transfer formalities—a rather absurd exaggeration, seeing that the same formalities are customary in the United States. Having taken title, Captain Smith proceeds to make improvements. Clash No. 2. Practical go-ahead America comes into immediate conflict with old-world conservatism. Improvements mean cutting down trees, removing garden statuary and other landmarks dear to Henriette and her father. The Frenchman pleads respect for the past. The American scornfully sends tradition to Hades, insisting that his irrigation project, far from spoiling the property, will bring greater happiness to succeeding generations. The Charvets are unconvinced, but their resentment is forgotten in a new peril that has now arisen. Clash No. 3.

Henri arrives from the front. Henriette hastens to tell him of their ambitious plans for his future. He will settle down as the country doctor, and she has a nice little wife all picked out for him. But Henri shakes his head. He is no longer free. He has met a girl, an American nurse, named Nellie Brown, who has faced death with him, and they are engaged to be married.

Overwhelmed, Henriette tries to make the best of the new situation. She forces herself to be sisterly to Nellie, but the effort is only too apparent, and when she sees how completely Henri is dominated by this American with a will of her own, and who never hesitates to express it, in a decided, imperious manner quite foreign to French girls, she becomes hostile, and the climax is reached when Nellie persuades her fiancé that his future lies not in France, but in America, where, as head of a big Chicago hospital, his success is assured. Henriette now throws off the mask and a bitter scene—the best in the play—ensues between these two women of different race and temperament, the one fighting for her affection for her brother, the other obsessed only by her fears for the career of her future husband.

Blanche Yurka, whose personality reminds one of Bernhardt in her younger days, was admirable as Henriette. Here is a comedienne who acts with the poise and authority of a player schooled in the best traditions of the European stage. That is to say, an actress who can really interpret and give verisimilitude to a character, and is not content to be merely exploiting her own individuality before the footlights, as are too many of our present-day leading men and women. She played with tenderness and power, and in the climax in the second act rose to almost tragic heights? Throughout she was sympathetic and convincing. Without her the play itself would have suffered, so excellent was her performance.

ELTINGE. "LADIES' NIGHT," farce in three acts, by Charlton Andrews and Avery Hopwood. Produced August 10 with this cast:

Suzon	Adele Rolland
Bob Stanhope	Vincent Dennis
Dulcy Walters	Claiborne Foster
Jimmy Walters	John Cumberland
Alicia Bonner	Allyn King
Fred Bonner	Charles Ruggles
Mimi Tarlton	Evelyn Gosnell
Cort Craymer	Edward Douglas
A Fat Woman	Mrs. Stuart Robson
A Thin Woman	Ruth Harrison
A Masseuse	Lillian Demar
A Movie Vamp	Judith Vosselli



Lollie  
Babette  
A Policewoman  
A Fireman

Nellie Fillmore  
Eda Luke  
Julia Ralph  
Fred Sutton

**M**UCH can be forgiven the off-color play if it has novelty of idea, clever dialogue, and real humor. "Ladies' Night," an alleged farce, by Charlton Andrews and Avery Hopwood, lacks these requisites. The complication is hackneyed, the humor forced, the dialogue incredibly dull.

Jimmie Walters, a modest married man, shrinks from taking his wife out into society because his sense of decorum is outraged by the scanty attire affected by the smart set. Everywhere he goes, he sees nothing but bare backs, snowy bosoms and a generous display of limb. His friends, male and female, laugh at his prudish, old-fashioned notions, and two of his men chums decide to cure him once for all, by taking him to a place where he will see beauty entirely unadorned.

The next act shows the interior of a turkish bath. It is ladies' night, and the stern sex being rigorously excluded, the women go around wearing little more than a smile. Jimmie, dressed as a ballet dancer, is caught in a police raid on a disreputable place next door, so, climbing hastily through the first window he sees, he finds himself, to his horror, inside the turkish bath.

Some parts of this scene are funny, especially where the fat lady is massaged by Olga, a colored lady of enormous proportions. For a time one is diverted by the unusual close-up offered of the anatomy of the thin lady, the willowy lines of the stately vamp, the more than generously displayed charms of Jimmie's wife and friends. But this continual harping on one string soon wearies. This insistence on fleshy backs and bare legs begins to sicken one, and we wonder how, even in these days of the H. C. L. there are to be found actresses willing to make such a show of themselves.

John Cumberland, a popular comedian with many successes to his credit, gets out of the leading character all there is in it, and Clai-borne Foster, Allyn King, Evelyn Gosnell conceal little of their shapely figures. Mrs. Stuart Robson is amusing as the fat patient, and Lillian Demar extracts some humor out of the rôle of the masseuse.

The piece is entirely unworthy the talents of the two gentlemen implicated in the authorship. One is sorry to find Mr. Andrews, author of "The Drama Today" and other works deal-

ing with the intellectual theatre, fathering such a mental defective. If our college trained men do not hesitate on occasion to descend into the morass, we may well despair of the future of the American stage. Mr. Hopwood, it is true, specializes in this sort of dubious gaiety, but heretofore even he has been rather careful of his trade-mark. One expects better than this from the author of "Nobody's Widow" and "The Gold Diggers."

#### FULTON. "SCRAMBLED WIVES."

Farce in three acts, by Adelaide Matthews and Martin M. Stanley. Produced August 5 with this cast:

Beatrice Harlow	Marie Chambers
Dicky Van Arsdale	James Lounsbury
Martin	William Lennox
Margaret Halsey	Margaret Hutchins
Connie Chiverick	Elise Bartlett
John Chiverick	Roland Young
Larry McLeod	Glenn Anders
Benjamin Halsey	Louis Albion
Bessie Carlton	Betty Barnicoat
Lucille Smith	Juliette Day

**Y**OU can't unscramble an egg," the late J. P. Morgan sagely remarked. But you can unscramble wives successfully. Attempts to do so bring about diverting complications and furnish good material for comedy.

There are farces which make us laugh uproariously. The situation or the character is so irresistibly funny that you simply cannot restrain your mirth. You don't laugh—you snort, gasp and choke till the tears run. "Charley's Aunt" was that kind of farce. "Baby Mine," among more recent efforts, was another. It would be hardly correct to put "Scrambled Wives" in the same class as those side-splitters. This new piece, by the authors of "Nightie Night," is along conventional lines, and you find yourself laughing, often because it's absurd to sit through any kind of a farce and not let your face relax sometimes.

Divorce has always been a fruitful subject for comedy—particularly in this country, where convention forbids marital irregularities being used for purposes of stage humor. It is different abroad. On the Continent the dramatists find an inexhaustible mine of fun in illicit love affairs of married couples. No matter what other sins of omission and commission our local dramatists are guilty of, they have kept their skirts, or rather pens, clean in this respect. Only those couples seeking relief from their matrimonial shackles are with us legitimate butts for stage ridicule.

John Chiverick, who has remarried after being divorced from his first wife, suddenly comes face to face with the original Mrs. Chiverick at a house party, and much fun ensues by reason of his frantic efforts to conceal from Mrs. Chiverick No. 2 the identity of Mrs. Chiverick No. 1, who goes by the name of Mrs. Smith. The only way to avoid trouble is to get her out of the house and in order to facilitate the "getaway," Mrs. Smith pleads illness and goes to her bedroom, where she is visited by all sorts of callers, unwelcome and welcome, among the latter being McLeod, a young clubman who is smitten with her charms. A lively scene follows in what is the best act of the play, McLeod and Chiverick running in and out, concealing themselves behind curtains, each unaware of the other's presence, in the manner of a Palais Royal farce. Finally, a way out of the difficulty is found. Mrs. Smith marries Larry and Chiverick remains quite satisfied with his scrambled matrimonial arrangements.

Roland Young, a delightfully drole comedian, was capital as Chiverick. Juliette Day, a personable young actress, who has still something to learn in her art, was acceptable as the first wife, and Elise Bartlett filled the eye as Connie Chiverick. Glenn Anders was particularly good as Larry and William Lennox contributed a clever bit as the butler.

Although Mr. Klauber, when a newspaper critic, often complained of the practice of performances starting long after the advertised time, now he is a producer, he is guilty of exactly the same practice. The curtain on "Scrambled Wives," advertised to begin at 8:20, did not rise till 8:45. When will theatre managers learn punctuality?

#### BIJOU. "THE CHARM SCHOOL."

Comedy by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton. Produced August 2 with this cast:

Austin Bevans	Sam Hardy
David MacKenzie	Ivan Simpson
George Boyd	James Gleason
Jim Simpkins	Neil Martin
Tim Simpkins	Morgan Farley
Homer Johns	Rapley Holmes
Elise Benedotti	Marie Carroll
Miss Hays	Margaret Dale
Miss Curtis	Minnie Dupress
Sally Boyd	Blyth Daly
Muriel Doughty	Florence McGuire
Ethel Spelvin	Carolyn Arnold
Alix Mercier	Theodora Larocque
Lillian Stafford	
Madge Kent	Frances McLaughlin
Charlotte Gray	Mary Mead
Dotsie	Camilla Lyon
	Constance McLaughlin



**W**HAT would you do if your aunt died and left you, not so much cash, but a girls' boarding school? After the first shock, you'd probably either sell the institution or you'd start in to run it yourself, even at the risk of falling in love with your prettiest pupil.

It was this latter momentous decision which Austin Bevans solemnly reached after reading the lawyer's communication telling him of his relative's odd bequest. For a long time he had held certain novel theories in regard to the education of girls—theories which he was glad to have a chance of putting into practice. Firstly, he did not believe in cramming a girl's sweet little bobbed-haired head with Latin verbs and mathematics. A woman, he argued, has a far nobler mission in life than to be made a blue stocking. Above everything else, she wants to be taught how to be charming. She must learn how to carry herself, how to speak, how to dress, how to dance and—how to flirt.

This preliminary promised a diverting comedy, and one's expectations were amply realized. The fun begins at the opening of the second act, when the giddy school girls, assembled reluctantly to greet their new principal, look for the appearance of a dried-up old professor and to their amazement and delight are confronted with—an Adonis. Most of them had rebelled at the idea of change and announced their determination to leave the school. But their mood quickly changes and they fall over each other in their efforts to attract the new principal's attention. Austin tries to be Spartan and blind his eyes to the fact that all the girls are in love with him, but the best of theories can avail nothing against human nature, and you take it as one of the most logical things in the world when he presently falls in love with one of the girls himself.

That's all there is to the piece, but it is good, unusual entertainment, refreshingly clean, well staged and, for the most part, well acted. A charming performance was that of Minnie Dupree, a favorite ingenue at the old Lyceum, more years ago than we care to remember. Miss Dupree plays a timid, faded, old school teacher, who herself succumbs to the lessons in charm. Natural, lovable, sympathetic, she well deserved the applause which followed her every exit from the stage. Mr. Sam Hardy, as the heir to the school, lacked the polish and distinction be-

longing to the rôle, but Marie Carroll was charming as the school girl who won his heart.

**CENTRAL. "THE POOR LITTLE RITZ GIRL."** Musical novelty in two acts. Book by George Campbell and Lew Fields. Music by Richard C. Rodgers and Sigmund Romberg. Lyrics by Lorenz M. Hart and Alex Gerber. Produced July 28 with this cast:

Barbara Arden	Eleanor Griffith
Madge Merrill	Lulu McConnell
Lillian Lawrence	Aileen Poe
Annie Farrell	Florence Webber
William Pembroke	Charles Purcell
Dr. Russell Stevens	Andrew Tombes
Dorothy Arden	Ardelle Cleaves
Jane DePuyster	Eugenie Blair
Teddie Burns	Donald Kerr
Helen Bond	Elise Bonwit
Marguerite	Ruth Hale
Mlle. Lova	Dolly Clements
Mons. Mordky	Michael Cunningham
Stage Manager	Grant Simpson

**L**EW FIELDS' latest managerial venture, "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," is unusually good entertainment. Its story concerns a young innocent from North Carolina, who falls in with a group of New York "gold diggers," finds herself in an embarrassing predicament, and gets out of it by marrying the youthful nephew of a wealthy stage-hater, who says, "Bless you, my children!" just in time to ring down the final curtain.

This is, of course, rather a flimsy plot on which to hang an evening's amusement. It is eked out by occasional flittings from the young bachelor's apartment to the stage of a theatre, where the chorus is rehearsing, or scenes from the dress rehearsal of a musical show are being staged. The theatre scenes utilize draperies for a background; the apartment scene is an "On Trial" affair, which at the proper moment opens in the middle and swings back into the wings on either side.

Charles Purcell, though a sufficiently agreeable tenor-lover, is scarcely gifted or important enough in this piece to be starred. He is quite overshadowed by the two comiques, Andrew Tombes and Lulu McConnell. These two have an admirable sense of burlesque. Tombes is familiar to New York playgoers, but Miss McConnell is apparently a newcomer. She does comic Dooley falls, travesties the classic dance ex-cruciatingly, and sings a topical song with telling effect. It is "rough stuff," but it is funny.

Eleanor Griffith is the ingenue, a pretty little girl with a pretty little

voice. Ardelle Cleaves plays her younger (though she doesn't look it) sister, and the violin—both very pleasingly. Florence Webber leads some of the dress rehearsal numbers and adds her bit to the comedy. Besides, there is a group of five expert and agile dancers.

"The Poor Little Ritz Girl" is rich in hilarious lines, many of them presumably supplied by Mr. Fields himself, and clever tunes contributed by Richard C. Rodgers and Sigmund Romberg. A vastly entertaining feature of the performance is the orchestra conducting of that unctuous comedian, Charles Previn.

**HUDSON. "CROOKED GAMBLERS."** Comedy drama in four acts. By Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde. Produced July 31 with this cast:

Bob Dryden	Purnell Pratt
Bobbie	Tommie Meade
Jim O'Neill	Leonard Doyle
Janet Granville	Doris Kelly
Mrs. Robertson	Helene Lackaye
Fred Robertson	Robert McWade
Henry Van Arsdale	Edward Fielding
Mrs. Van Arsdale	Louise MacIntosh
John Stetson	Taylor Holmes
Evelyn Van Arsdale	Maude Hanaford
Turner	Felix Krembs
Williams	George Lyman
Randall	William B. Mack
McIntyre	Edmund Abbey
Graham	Don Merrifield
Mr. Stone	Charles Mather
Mr. Brown	William S. Ely
Mr. Lorimer	Martin Alsop

**W**ALL STREET dramas interest most men and a few women—those foolish enough to take chances in the stock market. It is extremely doubtful whether plays based on such themes make a wide appeal, the love or sex interest—without which there can be no great play—being necessarily subordinated to the ramifications of frenzied finance.

The really big Wall Street play has yet to be written, and I say this with due respect to "The Henrietta," a pioneer and classic in this field. The gambling plays we get today are all built more or less on the same lines, with little originality and strikingly similar dénouements, the impeccable heroes always getting the best of impossible crooks by methods long made familiar by writers of melodrama.

"Crooked Gamblers," it is true, scores a point or two in the matter of originality. The scene in the third act showing two tiers of offices overlooking the Curb Market—in the one, the hero, fighting for his life, buying frantically to stem a falling market; in the other, the scheming broker selling equally vigorously in



an effort to break the stock, the lower and upper offices lighted alternately as the action shifts from one to the other until finally the scene changes to the street outside, where the mob of brokers are in delirium—that is a very effective and exciting scene and, as far as I know, it is new. It is the crux of the play and certainly holds the spectator in no uncertain fashion.

The plot itself differs from the usual run of such plays in that John Stetson, the hero, instead of being infatuated with Wall Street, does his utmost to avoid it. The manufacturer of a successful automobile tire, he is content to get rich slowly, but his partner, Bob Dryden, prompted by Mr. Turner, a suave promoter, finally induces him to turn the business into a stock company. The stock of the new corporation soars and Stetson's friends are happy they got in on the ground floor. Many of them, sure that the stock will go higher, and reassured by Stetson's own confidence, increase their holdings.

Then comes the crash. Stetson learns that Turner, an unscrupulous operator in the Wall Street game, is about to break the stock. It means ruin for his friend. He confronts Turner. The broker calmly hands him a fat check for his share of the pool's profits, admitting that now he has accomplished what he set out to do, he is about to sell the stock short. Business is business. Stetson angrily refuses the check and defies him. Straightway begins a duel between the two men, for mastery in the Street.

Taylor Holmes, who came out of the movies to be featured in this production, gives an interesting and vigorous performance. Felix Krembs was seen once more as the gentlemanly villain, succeeding so well that he won a round of hisses from even so sophisticated an audience as that supposed to assemble at the Hudson. Purnell Pratt gave a clean-cut characterization as the insistent partner, eager to embrace the opportunity for quick wealth, and William B. Mack, who seems to specialize in rôles of ruined investors, seeking to avenge their wrongs with a gun, was his usual tearful self. Maude Hanford was rather colorless as the heroine. It is true, the part gave her little opportunity.

**FORTY-EIGHTH STREET.**  
"OPPORTUNITY." Drama in six episodes, by James Crane. Produced August 2 with this cast:

Larry Bradford  
Joyce Wayne  
Joe Canfield  
Harrison Ladd  
Jimmie Dow  
Nellie Ross  
Josie Tyler  
Peggy Graham  
Mrs. Fisher  
Mrs. Canfield  
Gladys May  
Amy Nelson  
Helen Mortimer  
Felice  
Dickson  
Walter Hadlon

James Crane  
Lily Cahill  
Leonard Willey  
Clifford Dempsey  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Nita Naldi  
Eveta Knudsen  
Nora Sprague  
Isabel Vernon  
Nora Lamson  
Ada Howell  
Dorothy Betts  
Lola Taylor  
Grace Dougherty  
Ulric Collins  
Henry Davies

**I**T was a lucky coincidence for those interested in the fate of "Opportunity" that Ponzi, the mystery plunger, was pushed into the limelight just about the time this play of Wall Street greeted Broadway. The uninitiated, who have been reading carefully all newspaper accounts of the Italian skyrocket's methods, and who do not realize that plays cannot be born in a day, believe that "Opportunity" was written about his own interesting self.

Of course, it is melodrama, comparable to nothing so much as a dramatized motion picture. It has motion-picture action—during one episode the hero smashes mirrors and demolishes much furniture; and it has typical motion-picture characters—the neglected but loving wife, the vampirish Other Woman, the erring male's faithful man friend, and his vindictive enemy.

James Crane, the Ponzi of the cast, puts plenty of verve and feverish enthusiasm into the thrilling stock market scenes, and just enough hopeless despair in the "fool there was" episodes; Lily Cahill sweetly depicts the womanly type of wife; Eveta Knudsen (who, if our memory serves us well, was Vita in the Hartford days), as a thrice hard-boiled dress model is a little bit of all right, as our English brethren would say and Nita Naldi, as the bold, bad, singer of the Lorelei, could be a little less bored and still just as effective.

**REPUBLIC.** "THE LADY OF THE LAMP." Fantasy in 3 acts by Earl Carroll. Produced August 18 with this cast:

Arthur White	George Gaul
Stanley Barrett	Robinson Newbold
Li Fu Yang	Brandon Hurst
John Sang	Henry Herbert
Lao Tzu Chung	Edwin Maxwell
Sim	Frederick Arthur
T'ien Tao	Eileen Wilson

**I**T is astonishing how a manager, after risking thousands of dollars on a new production, will imperil his investment by being blind to some glaring defect in his play—a defect

which every outsider sees instantly and which might easily have been eliminated during rehearsal.

I refer to the absurd and abortive attempt to inject "humor" into "The Lady of the Lamp," a romantic fantasy of ancient China which the prolific Earl Carroll devised and the ubiquitous Mr. A. H. Woods, possibly by way of doing penance for his lingerie drama, recently launched at the Republic. An ambitious and charming Celestial dream play, logically and beautifully evolved with real atmosphere, vivid oriental coloring and exquisite stage pictures, the entire structure, so carefully reared by the dramatist, was in constant danger of collapse on the first night because of the false note struck by the comedian, Robinson Newbold, who, ostensibly a mandarin of high degree, wandered through the three acts "guying" the other characters in the most up-to-date Broadway slang. These incomprehensible "breaks" at moments when the audience was keyed up to the highest pitch of interest, came very near killing the play, which would have been a pity, for "The Lady of the Lamp" is worth while and deserves a prosperous career on Broadway.

The piece has a modern prologue and epilogue, the author, with deft ingenuity, transporting his characters from the hackneyed realities of New York City to the far off unrealities of old China and back again. You know the events taking place are but the swiftly-moving vagaries of a fragrant "pipe dream," yet you willingly accept the deception, for the effect is lovely, from the very first moments of the oriental ballet to the crashing climaxes on high towers overlooking wondrous cities. Fundamentally it is red-blooded melodrama, full of surprising twists and strange surprises. The hero, ably impersonated by George Gaul, is an artist, Arthur White, who smokes opium in order to widen his emotional experiences. While under the influence of the drug he becomes a Chinese emperor and the protector of a Chinese princess, with whom he falls in love. In order to save her from a hateful marriage with the wicked Manchu, he braves her enemies, scales lofty towers and is the first to use gunpowder as a war implement. But alas, the princess is assassinated before his very eyes. In her death, however, she lives again, for when White comes out of the dream, he encounters an American girl in whom is reincarnated his lost princess.

(Continued on page 240)





Photo Abbé

# LEO CARRILLO

*A leopard cannot change his spots; can an actor change his dialect? Once the Italian hero of "Lombardi, Ltd.," this new Selwyn star has become the Mexican toreador in the new play of that name*



Photo Baker

(Oval)

# MARIA ASCARRA

*With castanets, a mantilla and a cigarette perhaps—this native senorita gives real "local color" to Spanish Love," a new comic opera, by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart, with music by Spanish composers*



Photo Abbé

# GILDA VARESI

*Amazing success has attended whatever this actress has attempted. Only small parts fell to her lot until, one fateful night, she astonished Broadway by playing John Barrymore's rôle in "The Jest." Today, as the romantic prima donna in "Enter—Madame," this talented comedienne has all New York at her feet*



# STOICS OF THE THEATRE

*What the fiddler thinks of the play  
he has to sit through every night*

By GEORGE C. JENKS



LOOK at those fiddlers beating it! Where do the men in the orchestra go when they make that headlong dive through the square hole under the stage?

It was an observant playgoer of long experience, but one who, as it happened, knew practically nothing of the hidden mechanism of the theatre, who, at the end of an act, made this naïve remark. The question he asked was not so strange, after all. Curiously enough, the location and doings of the "house" musicians in the *entr'acte* is often almost as dark a mystery to the ordinary stage population as to the public in the auditorium. The climax of the act is reached, and, simultaneously with their playing the last note of the curtain music, the members of the orchestra leap from their seats as if they were red-hot, surge through their little doorway, tumble down a few steep stairs, and—the rest is their own secret. Except that the leader may sometimes bring his immaculate swallow-tailed self to the surface, in the wings, to confer with the star or stage-manager for a few moments, nothing is seen of the musicians, either before or behind the footlights, until they again appear one by one in their square hole, ducking gingerly to avoid the low lintel, and drop into their chairs for the next act with that air of long-suffering boredom which attains perfect expression only in the professional maker of instrumental music.

Yet there is no real mystery about it. Where they have been is the place religiously and exclusively reserved for their use and for none others, the "music room." This in most theatres is a long, narrow apartment, under the front part of the stage, adjoining the orchestra pit, and reached by the small doorway and stairs aforesaid. Sometimes there is a smaller room adjoining, which the leader can occupy alone in state when so disposed. The whole is sacred territory, into which not even the most arrogant "star" or the hardest-boiled stage-hand dare penetrate without special invitation.

THERE'S a reason. Once through the little door and the whole orchestra warms up. Stoic as he seems to the world at large, in the congenial atmosphere of the music room, even the double-bass player relaxes and becomes human. For the benefit of his comrades—all of whom have "loosened up" as soon as they are sure no stranger sees them—he reveals an appreciation of humor, especially if it has a musical flavor, and may even indulge in some elephantine skylarking and practical joking, which is always well received. Of course, it is not only the double-bass who acts as chief funmaker in those few precious minutes in the music room. He is mentioned merely as an illustration. It is a free-for-all occasion, and everybody, from the first violin to the tympani, takes a hand. Usually there is as much noisy jollity in this rough-joisted, unceilinged, bare-floored, wooden-chaired retreat as one would have found in a popular café in Broadway in the old days.

There is a serious side to the music room, too.

It is there that discriminating and brutally frank criticisms of the play then running are tersely expressed. It makes no difference that in nearly all modern theatres the whole orchestra, with the exception of the leader, is far below the level of the footlights, and therefore cannot see anything



*The musicians dive headlong through the  
square hole under the stage*

of what takes place on the stage. Somehow every man in the orchestra pit manages to obtain a more or less accurate visualization of the play, and his conclusions on it as a whole are generally worthy of respect. Of course, it is not remarkable that, when the curtain falls on the opening performance, the musicians know whether or not it is a success, because practically everybody in the theatre can tell then whether it has at least a chance. On the other hand, it is in the music room that the merits and demerits of the offering are weighed and compared from night to night, and shrewd prophecies made as to the probable length of its run. The play and its presentation are stripped to the bare bones, and the amount of vitality it possesses is estimated with almost uncanny accuracy. It is this self-appointed tribunal also which puts each of the actors who are worth consideration at all in his respective niche, and many a self-satisfied leading man would be scandalized if he could hear some of the music room opinions of his abilities. He would be all the more disturbed because he would know in his heart that judgment from that cubby-hole under the stage is usually sound.

VERY seldom does an orchestra man tell an actor personally what he thinks either of the play or the actor's individual performance therein. In fact, the ordinary theatre musician

and the actor rarely come into personal contact. They move in different orbits, and when men in the orchestra are at work they recognize one person only—their leader. In about three minutes after the final curtain falls they are in the street, on their way home.

Their power of concentration when actually on duty enables them to see nothing but the notes before them. Subconsciously aware of the beat of the leader's baton, and with faces as blank as that of a Chinese laundryman, they play correctly, with just so much feeling as the score demands—that and no more. As an illustration of musicianly conscientiousness, there is that old story of the trombonist who came across a smashed fly on his sheet music, at the end of a run, and "played him," *fortissimo*, with dire effect. As for what is doing on the stage, that is none of the orchestra's business except at such times as the leader may have a "music cue." Then, as a matter of routine, he passes it on to his men, who take it from him, and him only.

Their seemingly apathetic obedience is occasionally shown in a dramatic way. For example, if from any cause there should be a sudden, unusual disturbance in the audience which might conceivably become a panic, the players in an orchestra will, at the instant that their leader gives the signal, break out vigorously with a loud and lively air, thus saving the situation, and incidentally perhaps a great many lives. But do not expect the musicians to show in their faces that they are aware of having done anything out of the ordinary.

THE importance of concerted music as a factor in theatrical entertainment is too obvious to admit of discussion—notwithstanding that one distinguished manager, some years ago, decided that it was superfluous, in drama at all events, and discharging his orchestra, tried the experiment of raising and lowering his curtain in solemn silence. In general, however, the orchestra holds its place in the theatre, and, under direction of its union organization, insists on certain rules for its work. Thus, for instance, when members of the orchestra are called on to play on the stage—usually out of sight of the audience—they do so only on specified terms for that sort of service. And there are other conditions insisted on which indicate that the musicians realize their value, if not indispensableness, in the theatre. Moreover, they do their work still in the same part of the house that they have for many generations, immediately in front of the stage. True, they have been lowered by degrees until now they are almost out of sight; but they are there, and likely to so remain, since it has been found that in no other situation is their music quite so effective. Experimentally they have from time to time been put in a balcony over the stage, and in other parts of the auditorium. But none of the experiments have been successful, and the old-fashioned orchestra pit, with its little square exit, is still a feature of the modern American playhouse.



# BELLE STORY AND MARCELINE

*Long established favorites at the Hippodrome, the popular prima donna and inimitable clown once more give daily joy to thousands in the magnificent new spectacle, "Good Times"*

White Studio



White Studio

*Left to right: Robinson Newbold, Edwin Maxwell, Eileen Wilson, Henry Herbert, George Gaul and Brandon Hurst. The dreaded Manchu comes to claim his victim*

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE LADY OF THE LAMP"

FAVORITE PERFORMERS IN ELABORATE SPECTACLES





#### GLADYS HANSON

*The stork has been busy this summer. At least, that is why Gladys Hanson, Belasco's former leading lady, has been absent from the stage for over a year. This season we are glad to welcome her back to Broadway in the leading feminine rôle in the new Oscar Asche Oriental spectacle, "Mecca," at the Century*

Campbell Studios



Daguerre Studio, Chicago



Orpheum Studio, South Bend

#### MAUDE HANAFORD

*From the Italian Rialto to Wall Street! Quite a distance, but this actress seems equally at home in both places. Theatregoers will remember her as Ginevra in "The Jest." This season she is the heroine in "Crooked Gamblers"*



Lindstedt

#### HERBERT GRIMWOOD

*This English actor, who is to be a member of the cast of Oscar Asche's Oriental spectacle, "Mecca," is best known for his character rôles. He appeared with Olga Nefherole in "Camille," and has since supported F. R. Benson and other noted English actors*

#### LULU McCONNELL

*Though well surrounded by capable singers, Miss McConnell easily won the chief honors in Lew Field's production of "The Poor Little Ritz Girl." Like many a young actress, she had aspirations to play serious parts, but Destiny has kept her in the domain of comedy*

PROMINENT IN DRAMA, MUSICAL COMEDY AND ORIENTAL SPECTACLE



## MOTION PICTURE SECTION



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

*This fair sister of the Talmadge trio decided to spend her vacation in Europe, and sailed in August, filled with enthusiasm about her first trip abroad. Her latest picture, "The Perfect Woman," was released last month*



# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



IT is difficult to understand why the prevailing interest in spiritism has not found its way to the screen long before this. The theme of life after death, which the war and kindred influences has made of all-absorbing importance, was seized upon at once by stage writers who, to paraphrase Hume, understood souls as well as the box-office. Thus there descended upon us the deluge of plays typified by "Smilin' Through" and "All-Souls' Eve," all dealing with the mystery of communication with the dead suggested years ago by "The Return of Peter Grimm."

ONE might think that the tricks of double exposure and shadow photography would make the temptation to introduce a ghost as leading man at once irresistible on the screen. But with the exception of one half-hearted attempt by D. W. Griffith called "The Great Question," screen writers have dodged the topic either as too delicate or too sombre for the optimistic moving-picture audiences. It has remained for the Goldwyn Company to produce the first film dealing with this nebulous region and to present it under the really significant title of "Earthbound."

"Earthbound" in its original state appeared among the novels of Basil King, whose interest in the "other world" was evident long before the psychic explorations of the present moment became fashionable. Its theme—which is Greek in origin—deals with those unfortunate souls who are doomed to wander miserably over the earth in a disembodied state until the sin which they committed in life is atoned for.

THIS sin, in the case of "Earthbound," is the man's love for the wife of his best friend, regardless of the wounded feelings of his own wife or the embarrassing comments of his young daughter. On the eve of the elopement he is shot by the irate husband, and here begins his migrations as a lonely spirit in the familiar surroundings where his sin on earth was committed.

After many hopeless attempts to make his presence known, he finally manages to get his message through to the woman for whom his life was sacrificed. It is a message of forgiveness and mercy which inspires the embittered affinity to save her husband from conviction by telling the story of their love affair on the witness stand. With this done and with another message of sweetness and light to his widow, the earthbound soul is released and ascends to vaguer regions not designated on the screen.

Wyndham Standing and Naomi Childers are the principal figures in this ghostly triangle and have brought to its fantastic theme all the convincing quality that restrained and imaginative acting can supply. Indeed, the entire story has the stamp of absolute sincerity, and shows a commendable desire to bring out a new meaning from the screen, even when it falls short of actual inspiration.

IF "Earthbound" is not entirely sublime, the month's new comedy is wholly ridiculous and very good entertainment into the bargain. It is called "What Women Love"—heaven only knows why, because it deals not at all with women as a class or their particular desires or aspirations. The theme is carried along by action of the most headlong and rapid variety. It is made up of equal parts of slapstick and melodrama, with just enough romance to sweeten the plot.

But in this film the plot is not the thing. Its most interesting feature is the amazing underwater scenes which form the background for the heroine's exploits. Needless to say, the heroine is Annette Kellerman in quite the most attractive and amusing rôle she has ever assumed on the screen.

Instead of making these scenes an exhibition of "diving stunts" and deep-sea manoeuvres, the director has had imagination enough to make the mermaid-heroine blend with the story and to save her from the horror of becoming what Irvin Cobb calls "an athaletic young lady." The more obvious features of the picture have been redeemed by the whim-

sical sub-titles of Katherine Hilliker, who has shown us how amusing Nature can be in the Chester scenes.

NO screen season could be complete without its quarterly story of the Bachelor and the Baby. It is represented this month by "The Prince Chap," arranged and directed by William De Mille from the stage version, which was one of the most popular of all its tribe.

The theme is as hardy and as perennial as marigolds. There is always the bachelor, solitary, self-centered and a bit of a woman-hater. Then, there is the baby thrust unceremoniously into his unwilling and perplexed arms. Later there is the wealthy fiancée who on seeing the baby immediately thinks the worst after the low-minded manner of stage and screen society folk.

She returns the ring. The hero is quite properly broken-hearted, but before he has time to give way utterly to his grief, the baby grows into a very personable young woman and the delighted bachelor discovers that romance, like charity, begins at home.

Now personably, the bravest bachelor we know would die of fright if he were locked in a room with a baby. But Thomas Meighan, in this bewildering rôle, meets the situation with perfect tranquility. He is rewarded by a most attractive ward in the person of Lila Lee, grown to womanhood and a Paris frock in the fifth reel. It is a most fortunate screen rendition of a favorite stage theme.

A REALLY unusual melodrama appeared this month under the eerie title of "One Hour Before Dawn." It is a murder mystery instigated and controlled by hypnotism. The power of a hypnotist to force his victim into various silly and trivial acts has been stretched into a command to commit murder "one hour before dawn." There is just enough that is plausible in the theme to make the mystery really convincing, and the director has very wisely kept all his acting in the realm of the commonplace. H. G. Warner is as usual suave and restrained in the principal rôle. It is an excellent hot weather film, for it provides unlimited cold chills up and down the spine.

THE DARK LANTERN brings Alice Brady back to the screen after a brief rest, following her illness in the height of her "Forever After" triumph. Its title card bears the name of Elizabeth Robins, although it is difficult to identify this conventional love-story with the Far North adventures of this graphic novelist. But it gives Miss Brady a chance to look most appealing in deep mourning, which she wears gracefully through the storms of a most turbulent love affair. It ends, however, in unexpected smooth sailing, which must have been as great a surprise to the heroine as it was to the audience.

A WORD must be added regarding the amazing success of "Humoresque," which was first brought to the Criterion Theatre for a three-weeks' run and which has remained there for almost as many months. This breaks all records and endurance tests in screen runs, with the sole exception of "The Birth of a Nation." But the Griffith film was a phenomenon, which first took the films out of the nickelodeon class, while "Humoresque" has no spectacular scenes or historical background to support it. It has, however, the merit of absolute sincerity, the sincerity of a truly human tale told against a background that is wholly genuine. The public has met this appeal, with the result that an eager line has stood for weeks before the Criterion box-office, prepared to weep over the short and simple annals of a Jewish family, loving and quarreling in the familiar chaos of the New Ghetto. It is the triumph of human interest over all the "super-pictures" that ever flaunted their elaborate and artificial thrills.

ALISON SMITH.





Perched up coquettishly on the arm of the chair in this sumptuously furnished room, is Lila Lee, who plays opposite Thomas Meeghan ("The Prince Chap"), seated in the big armchair apparently reveling in all this attention "The Prince Chap," which proved such a tremendous success on the legitimate stage some years ago, was introduced to the screen by way of a Paramount production, and is winning its full quota of motion-picture followers



Alfred Cheney Johnston



Hypnotism is the keynote of "One Hour Before Dawn," a mystic motion-picture play presented by Jesse D. Hampton. Anna Q. Nilsson and H. B. Warner, stars of the cast, have come under its magic spell. In a love trance they stand gazing in fascination at one another in the soft glow of the moonlight

#### RENITA JOHNSTON

A Tennessee beauty, who plays Hugette in the Fox picture, "If I Were King." She is a graduate of the Sargent school and has had a thorough training in stock





Photos Ira L. Hill



MARION STOKES

ADELYNE SLAVIK

*This exotic-looking brunette and that attractive blonde passed what might be termed "the beauty acid test." When a recent beauty motion-picture competition was held in Chicago, six thousand photographs of beautiful women were submitted. Six were selected. These six charming girls had to appear before the camera in order that the final selection might be made, and the two young women at whom you gaze won out.*



ALICE JOYCE

*Unlike the selfish and unpopular stepsisters of Cinderella fame, Alice Joyce, Vitagraph favorite, starring in a stepsister rôle in "Dice of Fools," is tenderly alluring and sweetly gracious to her stepbrother, a rôle played by Robert Gordon, who, of course, rewards her by loving her "forever after"*





© Ira L. Hill

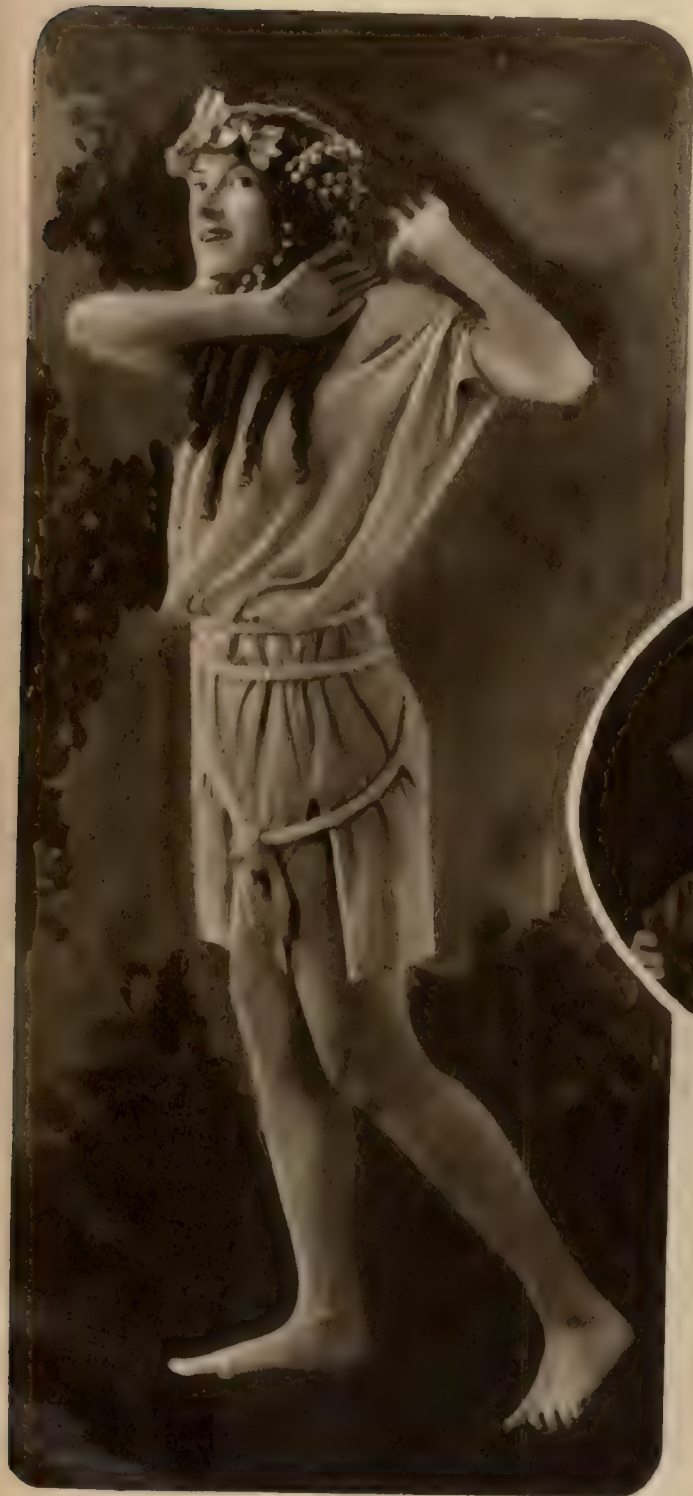
**BERT LYTELL**

*Actor, director and player, this handsome leading man went into the movies after success on the legitimate stage. He is about to star in the Metro production, "The Price of Redemption"*



# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By M. E. KEHOE



*Marjorie Lect, who danced in "The Garden of Love," written and produced by Helen S. Noble, under the direction of the Woman's Community Council of Minneapolis*



*The Mimes of the University of Michigan in their thirteenth annual offering, "George Did It." (Above) Craig Ferguson, a charming old-fashioned "girl." (Center) Matthew Lamport and Phillip E. Ringer whose dancing was one of the hits of the play*



*Gordon Loud as a "Folly Girl" in the University of Michigan's annual play, "George Did It"*





A group of business women of the Y. W. C. A. of Lexington, Ky., in Zona Gale's "Neighbors"

## AN EXPERIMENT IN COMMUNITY DRAMA

By E. F. FARQUHAR

THE University of Kentucky has lately achieved a success in community drama that should be interesting because it affords a certain amount of demonstrated fact that can be proved in any community.

The experiment in the Campus Playhouse was deliberately made to give an initial impulse to a movement for community drama in Lexington by supplying a reason for it in fact and experience. It was distinctly a contribution on the part of the University to the community interests of Lexington. It amounted to a demonstration that Lexington wants community drama and can supply the organization and players to make it a success. It has also supplied the University with an experience that it hopes to share with the whole State through its Extension Division.

A little theatre not equipped for the production of plays was the sole inspiration for the community drama that the Department of English proposed to undertake. The President wisely understood the experimental nature of it and gave the Department *carte blanche* to go ahead with a small credit in the Business Office. As a matter of fact, the whole season of community drama was financed on less than two hundred dollars, and closed with a balance in the credit column. The experiment proved that community drama is a self-supporting activity.

THE plan proposed the performance of one-act plays that might be representative of the community interest in drama and acting. It also proposed to show something of the range, democracy and advantages peculiar to the one-act play. It undertook to prove that the cost is a negligible factor and that everybody can act. It proposed five Monday nights of drama, another of æsthetic dancing and one of music in the form of an operetta. Community singing was to be introduced to put the audiences into the programs, to create a lively consciousness of fellowship and to maintain the classic importance of old songs. Season tickets were to be sold by subscription at a nominal cost of two dollars merely to meet expenses.

The policy of the Department was not to discuss community drama with the public, but to avoid the interminable discussion of an hypothetical thing by presenting it as an accomplished fact. The first problem was to equip the little theatre for the production of plays. To save time the students were put to work on a set that could present one side as an elegant interior and the reverse as a more or less shabby one. Doors, windows and panels could be shifted to any place. A cyclorama, curtains and draperies were also

made. At the same time, the casts for fourteen one-act plays, the performers for a program of æsthetic dancing and the cast for an operetta were in actual rehearsal before the public was invited to a reception on the formal opening of the Campus Playhouse.

The car service to the University makes Lexingtonians go "most unwillingly to school," but



A neighborhood group in "Suppressed Desires," produced at the Campus Playhouse of the University of Kentucky

a promised performance of "Overtones" brought a full house, in spite of a drip-drop night. Representative people of the city made short talks, and then a whole season of community drama was announced not as something to be discussed, but as something accomplished and to be seen every Monday night. The surprise of the reception was the sale of every one of the one hundred and ten seats by subscription.

THE following programmes of plays, music and dancing were presented. They serve to indicate the standard of achievement, inasmuch as no claims were made on town-boosting and charitable obligations for support. The Uni-

versity had the burden of proving that the plays could please, and the audience was asked to sit in judgment on them. The season closed with an enthusiastic approval of "Overtones," "Joint Owners in Spain," "A Maker of Dreams," "The Groove," "Three Rogues and a Rascal," "Tradition," a program of æsthetic dancing, "Neighbors," "The Land of Heart's Desire," "The Workhouse Ward," "The Open Door," "Suppressed Desires," a reading from "Within the Law," "Embers" and "Room 83." A program of music in the form of an operetta, "The Feast of Little Lanterns," closed the season with an open-air performance on the campus.

More than one hundred people were actively engaged in the success of the experiment, and five hundred people were actively interested in it. The whole season brought about seventy-five different people on the stage of the Campus Playhouse. Players were recruited from among students, clerks, business women, faculty members and neighborhood groups of Lexingtonians. All these people were brought into a common interest and enthusiasm that made community spirit a real fact. their happiness.

THE experiment showed the inexhaustible resources any town has for community drama. A large department store was selected as representative of many groups of people in a town that might give plays. The matter was proposed at an impromptu assembly of the clerks whose employer was not without some skepticism. Heroic persistence on the part of clerks often worn out and exhausted with the tedium of the day finally achieved one of the most creditable programs of three one-act plays. Problem plays and a farce were selected for this group.

Business women of the (Continued on page 217)



"The Land of Heart's Desire," one of the many one-act plays produced at the Campus Playhouse, with the cast made up of neighbors in the community



# THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

By PHILLIP HETTLEMAN

YOUR community is rich in traditions and legends, which can do much to make your life more wholesome and happy. Your present-day life can be translated into drama, community drama. Maybe you can't write a play, but you can arrange a stage setting or paint scenery or design costumes. And that is the heart of the matter. Everyone in the community can take a part in Folk Playmaking, and thus live the real democracy. Even if you live on a prairie, you will find that your native soil is rich in expression, for over a score of years ago in the prairie State of North Dakota sprang the pioneer move-

year-old son of the town shoemaker. The Playmakers' organization is made up wholly of amateurs (of amateurs in the original sense of the word *amo*, I love), impelled by the spirit of play to create, to mould something into life—into beauty."

Practically every phase of North Carolina life has been represented in the plays that have been produced. One of the plays dealt with Folk-Superstition, which still exists among some of the simple folk of Northampton County. "When Witches Ride" is a play written by Elizabeth Lay,

who was well acquainted with these superstitious people. Not being content with only writing the play, Miss Lay designed the painting for the scene.

One feature of this play is well worthy of attention, as it shows the remarkable community spirit which the play fostered. The scene of the play was a stormy night, and when the witch ventured out of the house she was snatched up by flashes of lightning. The electrical engineering department of the University installed the electrical appliances which produced the lightning and thunder. This scenic effect was remarkable for its naturalness, and is another example of the spontaneous aid of all the community in the production of their plays.

ANOTHER play, "The Return of Buck Gavin," gives a vivid portrayal of the life led by mountain outlaws of the State. The writer, Thomas Wolfe of Asheville, acted the part of Buck Gavin in his own play with convincing simplicity and naturalness. In the play, the outlaws and revenue officers are continually at war with



"When Witches Ride," a play of Carolina folk-superstition, by Elizabeth Lay

each other. In one of these battles Jim Preas, the bosom friend of Buck Gavin, is slain. Buck Gavin returns to his shack, over two hundred miles away, for the purpose of putting flowers on his pal's grave. Before he has time to pay the last tribute to his friend, he is captured in his own home by a revenue officer. Buck does not offer any fight, but his failure to reach his friend's grave causes him heartfelt grief. Buck, in speaking about the flowers, says to the revenue officer, "I would 've liked to 've taken 'em up that an'—an'..... sort o' looked 'round for myself..... Wish I'd have a leetle mo' time..... Jes' wanted to carry 'em up that an' git one mo' look at ole Smoky. But..... wal, I reckon I cain't go now..... but ole Jim 'll know..... jes' the same....."

The condition of the tenant farmer is vividly portrayed in a play written by Harold Williamson of Carthage, entitled "Peggy." The author worked on a farm and in his father's store, so that his play is based on first-hand knowledge. This play met with such popular favor that it has been produced three times.

Peggy, aged eighteen, is the daughter of the tenant farmer, Will Warren. Her parents have pledged her to marry the farm-hand, Jed. She resents Jed because she knows that marriage with him will continue her low position in society. The scene takes place in the bare living room of a two-room cabin, and Peggy objects to the forlorn existence, "a-workin' from sun-up to sun-down like niggers, and jest a-makin' enough to keep out'n the poor- (Continued on page 218)



Scene from "Peggy," a tragedy of the tenant farmer, by Harold Williamson; a community production by the Carolina Playmakers

ment of Folk Playmaking in the West.

Today the Carolina Playmakers represent the spread of this movement to the South. Professor Frederick H. Koch, who was the originator of the Dakota Playmakers, now directs the Carolina Playmakers in his capacity as Professor of Dramatic Literature at the State University, Chapel Hill, N. C. In regard to his new field, Professor Koch says, "In carrying this experiment in native playmaking on to North Carolina a new revelation has come. Here is waiting a wonder-field of traditions and romance. No section of the United States affords a richer ground-soil for the making of original folk drama." The great variety of plays produced by the Carolina Playmakers in the last two years amply proves this statement.

THE whole community of Chapel Hill is the nucleus of the Carolina Playmakers. The Play-House is located in the public school building, an institution which certainly embodies the community spirit. When the plays are produced every one—the professor, the storekeeper, the student, in fact "all the folks"—do that part of the work which they enjoy most. The leading character in one of the latest plays, "Who Pays," a story of striking mill workers, is the eleven-



A tense moment in the play, "When Witches Ride," for which the electrical engineering department of the State University of North Carolina installed the apparatus for the thunder and lightning effects, the author of the play designing and painting the scenery





Photo by Monseu

*This scene from "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" as produced by the Pasadena Community Players has all the charm of the dress and manners of other days*

## PASADENA COMMUNITY PLAYERS

**I**N the field of civic drama there is probably no more unique organization anywhere than the Pasadena Community Playhouse Association. This California activity, now three years old, is a practical demonstration of what the people themselves can do in the matter of providing their own dramatic entertainment. As a result, Pasadenans are no longer dependent on the commercial theatre for spoken drama—a happy circumstance, because there is none, as far as small towns on the Pacific Coast are concerned.

However, the Pasadena Community Players do not cater to their fellow townsmen solely. This being a Mecca for winter tourists from almost everywhere, the Players have been "discovered" by many notables. Not long ago, when "Trelawney of the 'Wells'" was being given, Montague Glass sought seats half-an-hour before the curtain. There were none left at that moment. So he agreed to wait for any reservations that might be returned.

Fortunately, a "pair" came back, and the originator of "Perlmutter and Potash" went in. After the performance, a Community Playhouse Association member asked Mr. Glass how a seasoned New York playgoer like himself had the patience to stand around and wait for tickets to an old play done by amateurs.

"Because I saw the Pasadena Players last month," Mr. Glass replied. "I liked their work so much that I didn't want to miss the Pinero engagement. I find their playing most refreshing, particularly after seeing so many New York productions. These people seem to forget themselves almost entirely in their characterizations, in an effort to please the audience; while your professional actor thinks principally of himself and cares little about those out in front. Personally, I question if there is a better group of

non-professional players anywhere than these Pasadenans. If so, I haven't seen them."

**ALTHOUGH** the Pasadena Community Playhouse is a small place—its seating capacity being 490—it is in no sense of the word a "little theatre." Neither is it an "art theatre," though it strives for artistic productions. It is just what its name implies—a community playhouse, where all members of the community are welcome to come and play. The organization is too practical to give encouragement to the "high-brow" or dilettante.

Its democracy is generally conceded to be the secret of the Association's success. No clique or group dominates. All have an equal voice, in accordance with rules that have been formulated, on the basis of past experience, for the conduct of its several activities. A Governing Board, composed of eleven directors chosen by the membership at the annual meeting, determines the policy and has general supervision over all the Association's work.

Details are handled by fifteen standing committees. Each one has power to call in additional helpers when needed, as it is realized that a community playhouse association's success is limited only by the number of active workers it enlists. The Pasadena organization is so com-

prehensive that it finds a place and something to do for every member of the community that wants to help.

The players are selected from all the different walks of the community. There have been casts where master and man and mistress and maid have played together. Merit alone is the determining factor in the casting of Pasadena community productions. Social standing or other influence has no bearing. That the maximum number of people may be used, the same players do not appear in successive casts, if avoidable.

This community ideal is fostered in every department of the work. A production committee handles the details of putting on plays, under the managing director's supervision. Committee members work in rotation on successive productions. The same applies to the costume committee, which has charge of the wardrobe. This system has been found to create more general interest than if the same people do the work all the time.

**GILMOR BROWN**, one of the pioneers in the field of community drama, is managing director of the Pasadena Players, which post he has held since the organization started. His production ideals are sanely modern without being "ultra" or faddish. Mr. Brown's plays are always mounted artistically, and he has the faculty of being able to take raw material and draw out whatever talent it possesses.

For the current season nine full-evening plays were scheduled for production. Those already presented are "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan; "The Little Princess," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "A Message from Mars," by Richard Ganthony; "The Tempest," by William Shakespeare, and "Trelawney of the 'Wells,'" by Sir A. W.

(Continued on page 217)



*One must pretend to be looking on from the vantage point of the fireplace to get the real significance of this delightful scene from "The Little Princess" as produced by the Pasadena Community Players*



# DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

By ETHEL ARMES

A PRACTICAL training course for dramatic leaders in answer to a wide demand throughout New England has been instituted by Community Service (Inc.), in Boston, Mass., with Miss Joy Higgins in charge.

The opening sessions of this new school were held last spring at the Elizabeth Peabody Playhouse, 357 Charles Street, and will be continued there during this month of October. The registration fee is purely nominal. Members of playground associations, community centres, representatives from women's clubs, fraternal organizations, churches and social service organizations, settlements and schools of expression attended in large numbers, and have registered for the intensive course this fall. At least thirty-five students of the spring course served as volunteer coaches during the past summer in developing Pilgrim Tercentenary plays, pageants and games for Boston and outlying cities.

The course outlined by Miss Higgins is a thoroughly practical one in play production and stage craft, carried out on the workshop and laboratory plan. It is especially designed for the training of dramatic leaders in social service, church and all community work.

The entire field of pageantry is covered by means of lectures and demonstrations in costuming, color combinations, etc. The production of a pageant from the first step to the last is one of the features included in the fall course. Miss Elizabeth Grimball and Miss Lotta Clark direct this course.

For the Dramatic section two plays with members of the cast chosen from among the students will be worked out and coached before the class. Last season a symbolic play by Lord Dunsany and a play in lighter vein were given. These were coached by Miss Dorothy Sands, a graduate of Professor Baker's Forty-Seven Workshop and an accomplished actress.

The Stagecraft was under the direction of Mr. Oliver Larkin, assistant instructor in Fine Arts at Harvard University, a graduate at Harvard and of Prof. Baker's Forty-Seven Workshop. Mr. Larkin is also an officer and member of The Community Players of Boston. Members of his class built and painted the scenes of the Dunsany play under his direction.

Other instructors connected with the course are Prof. Henry Hunt Clark of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and president of the Boston Dramatic League and Professor Rogers of Mason Institute of Technology. Thus, with a staff of seven instructors, each of whom is a specialist in his line and an expert in the field of community drama, the success of the school was assured from the very day of its opening.

Certain it is it fills a need and answers a growing demand. While the majority of the people attending last season had already done work in community dramatics they wanted more practical instruction in coaching and organization and in stage experience. They got what they went for in full measure.

The Elizabeth Peabody Playhouse, where the sessions are held, is a charmingly designed little theatre in connection with the Elizabeth Peabody Settlement House. Mrs. John Whitman, who is a playwright of distinction, is the manager of



the little theatre and is also very active in helping with the management of this new training school started by Miss Joy Higgins.

Should this type of school, always self-sustaining, be established in every large city it would fill an urgent present day need.

ONE of the most interesting pageants from a historical viewpoint ever staged in this country was the "Pageant of Lowell," planned under the auspices of the Girls' Community Service Club, Miss J. Macklin Beattie and Miss Katherine Cronin, directors, and presented on the South Common of the great mill city of Massachusetts early in June before 40,000 spectators.

A backward look over Lowell's long traveled road brings to view picture after picture, scene after scene of dramatic quality and national historic import. This pageant simply drew the veil aside and the past lived again. From the picturesque scenes of Indian life made famous in American history by Passaconnoway, Wonnalancet, and Apostle Eliot; from the stirring events of early colonial times, of Revolutionary Days, of the beginnings of industry; throughout the Civil War periods to the present day, the light of the Pageant shone.

Builded as it all was on actual happenings of local history, authentic in every detail of character work and costuming, and drawing together the peoples of over forty nationalities now dwelling in the mill city, the Pageant was a significant educational development and a great community event.

Mrs. Julia B. Keyes served as Pageant director. Participating in the pageant were students of the Massachusetts State Normal School, Lowell Post 87 American Legion, Lowell Teachers' Organization, Lowell College Club, The Girls' Community Service Club, Y. W. C. A., Catholic Young Men's Legion, G. A. R. American Red Cross and other organizations. The interest of the entire city was enlisted.

ON the Back Campus of Winthrop College at Greenville, S. C., a cotton mill pageant was given during the summer as a feature of the second annual meeting of the Southern Textile Workers' Association in Rock Hill.

Miss Barbara Schilling, of New York; Miss Theresa P. Schmidt and Mr. L. P. Hollis were in charge.

Leading rôles were taken by Miss Edna M. Krantz, Miss Martha Mary Sanders, and Mrs. Lawrence P. Hollis. Nearly 2,000 people were present. Requests to put on the pageant in mill villages in other sections of South Carolina and in North Carolina, Georgia and Virginia, followed its production, while the Southern Textile Exposition have made a special request for its repetition in Greenville this fall.

COMMUNITY opera was a venture entered upon early in the summer when The Federal Reserve Club of New York presented "The Bohemian Girl." The production, given at the Lexington Theatre, now termed The Commonwealth Playhouse, was under the direction of Francis Tyler.

Margaret Seaton Echelmeier was the accompanist and Louise Ryan the business manager. Both of these young women serve in the coupon division of The Federal Reserve Bank, while Emily Halley who was the director of dancing and one of the solo dancers is in the purchasing division. Every one who took part in the cast and the chorus with the exception of little Peige MacHaffie is connected in either some clerical or executive capacity with the work of The Federal Reserve Bank.

Notwithstanding the fact that all the performers were amateurs, the opera was presented with thoroughly sincere musical feeling, striking dramatic ability, fine color and dash.

Marie Roy the beautiful and gifted young girl taking the part of Arline, daughter of Count Arnheim; Aasta Otteson, the gipsy queen; Chester Smiley, as "Thaddeus," Louis Califano as "Devilshoof"; Harold Carpenter as "Count Arnheim"—all of these "star players" gave so able and sympathetic an interpretation of these well-known character rôles of the beloved old opera that it both surprised and delighted the audience. The chorus was admirably trained.

On the whole, it was an ambitious performance but by no means exceeded the grasp of the players. As an example of what can be accomplished in a dramatic and musical way by a group of amateurs it was well worth the doing and the seeing.

A MEADOW on the edge of Oyster Bay, N. Y., was the scene of a patriotic pageant given in July and directed by John D. Neal, assisted by members of The American Legion. Introduced by a prologue in which twelve skilled horsemen and horsewomen in court costumes performed marching figures before Columbia, the pageant unfolded various scenes in American history. The reading of the Declaration of Independence was followed by a tableau of the 'Spirit of '76 and the enthronement of Columbia by the States.



# The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN

## THE RUSSIAN SILHOUETTE FOR AFTERNOON AND THE BEADED ROBE FOR EVENING

Due to THEATRE MAGAZINE'S unique relation to that real source of fashion—the stage—we present each month the most advanced and ultra-fashion forecast



Subtle and heavy red and blue satin embroidery combine beauty in making the white velour de laine Russian frock over a narrow black satin Zouave underskirt



Narrow crystal gown over white charmeuse, with Grecian girdle and train of silver cloth



Sapphire blue velvet embroidered in silver and terracotta and banded in black fox over a black satin foundation skirt. Girdle of terracotta and emerald-green stripe

IN colorful dramatic suggestions, the Russian influence in fashion has swooped upon us, and the fashion world has eagerly accepted the gorgeous winter-time beauty of it. As yet, not a genuine Russian model has been shown in any establishment, but no less an authority than Frances is making gowns of this type to be introduced by a prominent stage woman. The low waist line is retained, and the narrow silhouette at the ankle, but the tunic develops into a short, circular skirt or a one-piece overdress hanging from the shoulder and held in slightly at the waist with a wide band girdle or sash of metal cloth or richly colored satin. The cut of the skirt faced and edged with fur or embroidery gives the necessary extension which moves smartly over the slim satin underskirt, which is frequently gathered into an elastic band.

A VARIETY of sleeves are permissible, but they must be long in this type of gown. The sleeve that flares loosely and widely at the wrist is perhaps more Russian, and a clever conception is found in adding a turn-back cuff to the elbow with a brilliant lining and edged with fur. Woosted embroidery on cloth and velvet, or applique of silk embroidery on satin form Algerian designs and Russian motifs.

Evening gowns are quite the reverse in silhouette and drapery—the lines are clinging, and done in crystals and beads. Quite long they are, too, but transparent, showing the very short foundation skirt. Grecian bandings hold the waist line, which are swathed to below the hip, securing the low-waisted effect. Evening wraps are of marvelous imported satins, trimmed lavishly in ermine, lynx and sable.

In Paris, the sleeve is the point of interest. Straight-lined cloth and satin frocks are sans trimming save for the lavishly embroidered sleeve from shoulder to hand—sometimes brocaded or worked in rich dark colors



High-collared frocks and blouses are correct, and many of the chic coat-dresses show the buttoned-up collar, which has clever ways of opening to leave the neck bare. The tam of duvetyn or velvet is very "recherche"



FAY MARBE INTRO-

DUCE A RAVISHING

WARDROBE

*A NEW idea in a coat-wrap that has unusual features to beguile us into the purchasing of a similar one—the slim little coat is of terra-cotta and fawn-colored duvetyn, snapped up the side and topped with artful bows of the duvetyn. The manner of adjusting a commodious collar adds to the charm of it all, and embroidered stitching of the tan marks a quaint design*



BONNETS AND BOWS

AND DIVINE EVENING

CLOTHES

*Models from Stein & Blaine*

*BLACK velvet and ermine! Becoming to blonde and brunette alike, the combination of rich fur and fabric is eternally effective. A youthful suggestion of Eton jacket outlined with the fur which repeats its beauty on the sleeve, leaves the short folded-over black velvet skirt to depend on glorious lustre and texture. The chapeau must be white, so Miss Marbe chooses one of white velvet*



*AN old-fashioned new-fashioned bonnet, pulled snugly over the hair with a cunning little visor extension that shades the eyes becomingly. The soft folds of fawn duvetyn point a new silhouette in the lines of a hat; they are drawn over the sides to the back with a tucked-in Molly-Cotton-tail effect that is entirely bewitching*



*THE frock that is worn under the coat of terra-cotta and fawn-colored satin. Squares of satin are embroidered together with tan-silk stitchery, and the loose panels lined with fawn are shirred onto fawn-silk cords, which tie into long tassels at the sides*



Ira L. Hill





**M**ISS MARBE has a penchant for black and white, and her gowns prove the versatility of the combination. A severe black velvet bodice falls low at the waistline, where it is met by a latticed tunic of black and white oriental jet, which in turn is swung over a white Callot satin skirt.



**A** DRAMATIC entrance surely with such a gown, and yet one which the gentlewoman may wear with great confidence. Bouffant and transparent over a slim satin foundation skirt, sapphire tulle floats in numberless layers, pressed closely to the waist and hip by the fashionable low-waisted garniture of steel and sapphire jewels.



**F**EMININE, flattering and forever subtle, graduated pearls have yielded their beauty to the deft hand of an artist designer and formed a bodice garniture of regal simplicity which reveals and yet conceals the delicate contour of the bust. The short draped skirt is of black velvet.

**M**ISS MARBE will wear these gowns in private life as well as on the stage. She is credited with introducing many original fashions, so that her appearance on the stage is always marked with breathless interest. If we hear aright, she will soon make her appearance as a screen star, where doubtless the fashion-makers will receive added inspiration.



**O**UR lovely star glories in the distinction of owning the first Egyptian beaded evening gown in this country. The entire front represents an Egyptian figure embroidered in vari-colored beads on black net, which clings in alluring outline to the figure. A slimly draped mantle of black velvet, which is a part of the gown, spreads its wings to display the startling novelty of design.

SUMPTUOUS GARNITURES

FOR THE EVENING GOWN

A BODICE OF BEADS

AND A TUNIC OF JET

Ira L. Hill





**G**RACE VALENTINE, who makes an early appearance in the new Guy Bolton and George Middleton play, "The Cave Girl," is a joy to behold in styles that are prophetic of the season's mode. A Jenny model shows the low waist line and a full skirted overdress suggesting the redingote

**F**ASHIONED of black sat'n, the shallow bodice features an underbodice of emerald green satin, which extends far below the waist, held in position by a string sash of sat'n. Embroidered pearl and emerald bands are delightfully barbaric

(Left) **T**URQUOISE BLUE velvet, rather severe in line, is made fetching with a huge shaped roll of orchid and blue chenille tissue draped over either side like a coiffure arrangement

**A** FLARE low-crowned roll sailor depends on the slashed back brim with two huge dull jet pins, and an exquisite embroidered black lace veil for distinguished style



Photos  
by  
Ira L. Hill





# LOVELY GOWNS AND ADORABLE HATS FROM GRACE VALENTINE'S NEW WARDROBE

Models from Jay-Thorpe, Inc.

*MISS VALENTINE'S favorite evening gown is an original Callot of coral charmeuse and tulle, with garniture and embroidered tunic of garnets, corals and pearls. The intricate design of the skirt makes irregular points and is unusually effective, glimpsing the gold lace and purple satin band of the underskirt. The banding of the full tunic at the hip is a feature of the new dancing frocks*



Ira L. Hill



*A STUNNING hat of brown velvet topped in Russ'an fashion with a riotous pheasant, is an advance fashion note of importance. It is stately, yet flippant, and altogether picturesque. When worn with a brown velvet street frock, which in turn is trimmed with a fluted faille ribbon, one may be certain of an enviable and correct toilette*

*GLEAMING topaz and pearl paillettes form the youthful bodice of a dancing frock that is novel and youthful in construction. The narrow swinging skirt panels have the same jeweled effect, falling in points below the foundation skirt of tulle. A soft sash of sapphire blue tulle swatches the waist and ties in front*







Ira L. Hill

**H**ELEN WESTLEY, whose character delineations in the Theatre Guild have created an unusual amount of enthusiasm, makes a rapid change from Grandma Clegg in the recent play of "Jane Clegg" to a modern woman of artistic appreciation who cannot resist the lure of beautiful millinery. In advance models from Bruck-Weiss her art of selection is apparent

**S**OFT black velvet with irregular lines harmonise with the contour of the face and depends entirely upon a graceful fountain of coque feathers for style. The barnyard fowl, along with Pheasant and Ostrich trimming is decidedly the correct and favored vogue of the fall season, and has a great deal of old-fashioned charm in method of decoration

**T**HE Spanish influence in dress delights us anew—in hats this fashion is rampant, but never less than fascinating. Miss Westley wears a Toreador shape of rather stiff black velvet, which rolls away from the face and embroiders a silver design upon a surface softened with an eye veil of black lace, which extends around the brim

**T**HE keynote of fall fashions in the Egyptian style is anything from negligees to hats. The closefitting turban with floating veil which crosses in the back and hangs over each shoulder, is a style of flattering possibilities, or perhaps the veil is replaced by a rather stiff streamer-bow of satin ribbon, which falls like a huge pendant to the shoulder

**A**LIGHT SHADE of terra-cotta duvetyn models a shallow little turban with drooping coque feathers placed over each ear. This new arrangement of feathers has excellent style and follows a chic French fashion of placing coque feathers to cling to the face as though pasted there. A duvetyn wrap of terra-cotta has cut-out bits of duvetyn to simulate petals about the neck







THE VOGUE FOR  
LACE ADDS NEW  
CHARM TO NECKWEAR

MARGARET IRVING, one of the beautiful blonde attractions in the "Ziegfeld Follies" affects a winsome style in the wearing of lace waistcoats. One of Irish Crochet has created a stir among the lovers of artistic fashions, and has been copied with more or less variation by the fashion makers. Net panels are slightly gathered vertically to below the waistline where it is finished with a deep peplum of the Irish Crochet. This charming accessory has brought the Eton jacket again into the limelight and many of our girlish types will feature it this fall. Black velvet Eton coat and pleated velvet skirt needs only the addition of lace neckwear to make it a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Ira L. Hill



THE high collar or frill about the face is considered very smart in Paris and New York, which means, of course, that it is a dictum of fashion for "tout le monde." It frequently appears in cloth and velvet street gowns almost as a part of the bodice, so closely and accurately is it made in one with it. With suits or afternoon frocks, the desire for framing the face is manifested in delicate lace Medici effects. It is a clever manoeuvre to "have your cake and eat it, too," for the charming accessory combines the smart new fashion yet at the same time maintains the ever-tenacious V-neckline. They are without exception attached to a net surplice or waistcoat according to the type of costume it is to fit.

Models from Timothy F. Crowley







**I**F my fans could speak what interesting tales they might tell! I've been making a collection of them over a period of ten years. In fact, ever since Cousin Angelina, Angelina, for whom I was named, gave me my first one on my fifteenth birthday; a fan I had loved and yearned for since a small child.

Cousin Angelina is English. Every summer when I was young we used to go abroad and stop for a time with her in London. On the mantelpiece in her house in Grosvenor Square always stood a peacock feather fan, a survival from the days when Cousin Angelina along with others followed the "aesthetic craze" for blue-and-white china and peacock feathers. The color and novelty of the thing intrigued my childish mind, and as soon as I arrived in Grosvenor Square I went to see if it was still in its place.

Finally, as I said, Cousin Angelina rewarded my long devotion. The fan has remained in almost perfect condition, untouched by moths or dust, all these years, and is still lovely, though rather more as a curiosity than to be carried. And its possession has certainly disproved the superstition about peacock feathers bringing bad luck as far as I am concerned. For it certainly has never brought any to me. I'm an extremely lucky person all the way through.

\* \* \*

**H**OWEVER, I'm not telling you this because Cousin Angelina's fan is my favorite fan. But just by way of preface. There are others in my collection that have interesting and amusing experiences wrapped up in their lives. But none is so precious as the last darling that I have acquired,—from now on, *et pour toujours*—My Favorite Fan!

To go back a bit . . . About three years ago at dinner one night I sat next a wonderful

English officer. He was tall and good looking, with a string of medals reading from left to right all the way across his chest, having served, a soldier of fortune, in wars at the four quarters of the globe. Much older than I, to be sure, all of forty-five, a Lieutenant-Colonel! He was very charming to me, but I felt he did not take me at all seriously. Me, I fell very much in love with him, my first serious grown-up offense. Till then I had always let others do the falling in love.

I met him several times at different places, but could only adore him from afar, he was

always so surrounded by fawning females. And after the armistice he went to Russia to fight with Denikin, and we heard of his bravery and advancement to Colonel and finally to General.

\* \* \*

**L**AST spring he came back, and I ran into him suddenly on the Avenue, my heart leaping into my throat. I was going to a business appointment, and as he turned and walked with me I told him about it. At which he showed much surprise. "I'd no idea that anything so young and frivolous-looking *did* anything!" he exclaimed. After that he came to see us. Father liked him immensely, and we taught him the habit of dropping into dinner *en-famille*, though he was frightfully busy and *fête-ed* every minute. Mother discovered that he knew Cousin Angelina, and I told him about the peacock fan and showed him my collection, which seemed to please him for some reason exceedingly.

\* \* \*

**B**UT last Saturday he sailed for England, for good. And that chapter of my life is closed. My heart has a large crack right through it, and I know I shall never love anybody so much again. The evening before he sailed he came in to say "farewell," carrying a large, long box, which he presented to me. I thought at first it held flowers, but on opening, a most marvelous fan was revealed. White uncurled ostrich, short and thick and fluffy, tipped in turquoise blue, with six bright green and gold peacock feathers radiating over the surface. You may see it in the sketch at the head of the page.

"Ostrich and peacock feathers! How enchanting!" I cried. "You must have remembered and had it made specially to order for me."

(Continued on page 222)



An ostrich feather bag, and one forming a fan-bag combination, provided for this season in which Ostrich is to be queen. In the fan that serves also as a bag, short, curly ostrich tips cover both sides, a pocket in between giving room for all beauty necessities





*As Frilly as a Petticoat  
as Comfy as a Knicker!*

## Vanity Fair

### SILK UNDERWEAR

**T**HAT'S just what the Pettibocker is—a combination of the frilly petticoat and the comfortable knicker! There's an elastic at the waist and an elastic below the knee—then from above the knee hangs a ruffle which adds a feminine touch. It lends a bit of warmth on brisk days, yet allows the freedom which only the bifurcated apparel can give.

This is only one of the Vanity Fair creations in the world of silken underthings! There's the knicker with the double back which simply refuses to wear out! There's the Union Suit with the patented "sure-lap" closing—the

Vest with its extra length and "non-skid" shoulder straps—the Step-In Envelope Chemise with no snaps nor buttons—the Vantie with step-in drawer effect and elastic waist and camisoles of tailored simplicity.

Vanity Fair is so economical, too! Not only in its "initial cost" but in its "upkeep"! It needs no boiling, bluing or bleaching, so you can rinse it out yourself and save costly laundry charges. Vanity Fair dries so smoothly and lustrously that you need not even iron it. Be certain that the Vanity Fair label is in every article of underthings you buy.



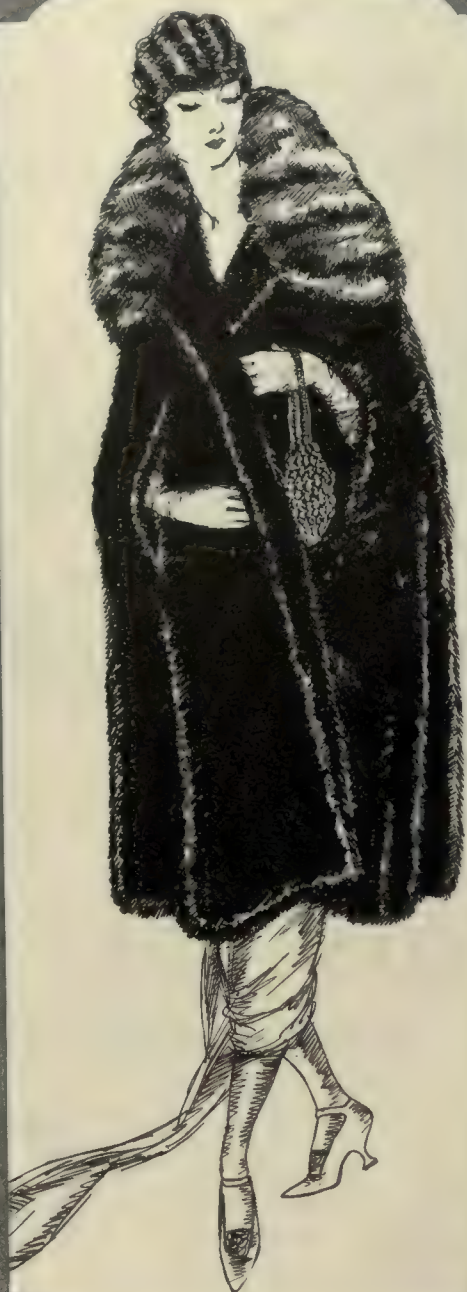
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## The Programme of Fashion

### DOROTHY DICKSON MAKES A FEW FASHION COMMENTS



**M**ISS DICKSON invariably wears a veil, though it is not a fashion she endorses for every woman unless she has learned, for instance, how to adjust the fragile accessory, and what mesh and color to wear. If the face is inclined to be round and full, the sheerest kind of net or lace should be worn, while the thin face can stand the most lavish sort of embroidered motifs directly against the skin. Like so many women who swear allegiance to the style they find most flattering, Miss Dickson always wears the Van Raalte veils. The Eton suit she wears frequently with frilled China silk blouses

THE SLEEVE AND THE COAT MAY BE  
EXTREMELY TEMPERAMENTAL IN LENGTH

**F**LORENCE FAIR, who has appeared with great success in "Clarence" attracts a great deal of attention in her lovely frocks. She carries to perfection a coat-dress of gray Klimax Satin banded with mole. The sleeve is very new, placed in a drop shoulder and fitting snugly around the wrist, where the hand is flattered with a cuff of the fur. The underdress is of gray Roshanara Crepe, made with suspenders, which can be worn over a flimsy underbodice

THE COAT-DRESS  
IS TO BE A FEAT-  
URE OF THE  
FALL SEASON



Photo Old Masters Studio



# "Onyx" Hosiery

of Silk, with "Pointex" Heel  
PATENTED

"ONYX"—denotes  
quality in hosiery



APPROVED

FRESHMAN: (just arrived, to roommate) "Aren't they just stunning! Mine are all 'ONYX' too!"

SENIOR: (from doorway) "Well, I must admit you two youngsters have good taste!"

"Onyx" Hosiery  
In all materials  
At the Better  
Shops Everywhere



Emery & Beers  
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Sole Owners and  
Wholesale Distributors  
New York



## DO YOU REMEMBER—



- When Edna May Hammil played child parts for Edeson?  
 When Jesse Lasky was a vaudeville agent producing musical tabloids?  
 When Ralph Kellard supported David Warfield in "The Music Master"?  
 When Ford Sterling was by far the most popular comedian of the screen?  
 When Ruth Stonehouse was a professional dancer on the legitimate stage?  
 When Lillian Walker was one of the chorus in "The Blonde Typewriters"?  
 When Teddy Sampson was a wee mite of a girl in one of Gus Edwards' revues?  
 When Charles Clary was leading man for Mary Mannering and Mrs. Leslie Carter?  
 When Valeska Suratt won first fame as the Gibson girl in "The Belle of Mayfair"?  
 When Barbara Castleton played on the speaking stage in "It Pays to Advertise"?  
 When Cleo Madison supported James K. Hackett in various stage productions?  
 When Mildred Manning played Tilly in "Little Nemo" at the New Amsterdam Theatre?  
 When Eva Tanguay was singing "Sambo" in "The Chaperones" along with Frank Daniels?  
 When Edith Story and Bessie Barriscale were playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"?  
 When Elsie Ferguson was a leading woman supporting Wilton Lackaye in "The Bondman"?  
 When Mabel Normand made a specialty of playing Spanish señoritas with fire-eating fathers?  
 When Marguerite Clark did Polly with De Wolf Hopper in his production of "Mr. Pickwick"?  
 When Eddie Dillon was playing with Rose Melville in that stand-by of the stage, "Sis Hopkins"?  
 When James Young was the husband of Rida Johnson Young and played in "Brown of Harvard"?  
 When Florence Turner did Shakespearean repertoire with Henry B. Irving and Robert B. Mantell?  
 When Rosetta Brice and Richard Buhler starred together in features for the old Lubin company?  
 When the late Arthur Johnson barnstormed in Shakespearean repertory in support of William Owen?  
 When Theodore Roberts was master of his own sailing vessel and traded with the South Sea Islands?  
 When William H. Crane made "David Harum" for Famous Players, and May Allison supported him?  
 When Madge Kennedy made her stage *début* in the leading rôle in support of the late Henry Woodruff?  
 When Thomas Meighan and John Sainpolis supported David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm"?  
 When Viola Dana played the same rôle, after serving her time with Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"?  
 When Mary Miles Minter played "The Littlest Rebel" and took honors from the Farnums, Dustin and William?  
 When Henry B. Walthall played a minor rôle in "The Great Divide" with Henry Miller, and did it very well?  
 When Charlie Murray and Ollie Mack teamed together on the stage before they joined the old Biograph forces?  
 When Bryant Washburn made his first appearance in support of George Fawcett in "The Great John Ganton"?  
 When Thomas H. Ince was playing the half-wit in Ramsey Morris' melodramatic offering, "The Ninety and Nine"?  
 When Robert Warwick was singing on the operatic stage before his singing voice forced him to legitimate productions?  
 When Lottie Briscoe played in "Lost River" with Harry McRae Webster, before they both joined the old Essanay forces?  
 When Violet Heming created "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and Edith Storey and Ernest Truex were of the company?  
 When June Caprice was acting on the stage with William Mack, before William Fox "discovered" her as a school girl and made a "star" of her?  
 When Robert Edeson made his screen *début* in "The Bandit and the Preacher," originally "The Night Mail," and William S. Hart played second to him?  
 When Frank Keenan carried off the honors of "The Warrens of Virginia," and Mary Pickford, Ralph Kellard, and Charlotte Walker were numbered in his support?

HARLOWE R. HOYT.

# VAN RAALTE *Veils*

Van Raalte Veils  
are made to bless  
Beauty with added  
loveliness—

*Blanco*

*Look for the little white veil  
anywhere you will*

VAN RAALTE MAKE





NATURE'S WAY

Every young and lovely face is a Masterpiece in two colors

THIS is nature's invariable recipe for beauty. The two colors may be the pink and cream of the English girl or the golden olive and warm crimson of a daughter of the tropics, but however the tints may vary there are always two, and always perfectly harmonized. It is only when youth is fading or the radiance of health diminishes that a single tone can correctly represent the coloring of a young and attractive face.

This is the most essential fact to remember in choosing those "first aids to appearance" which every woman finds necessary. The most radiant complexion is affected by fatigue, harsh winds or a humid atmosphere, and however beautiful a woman may be she must at times assist nature in preserving the delicate texture and coloring of her skin.

But this must be done in nature's way. Practically every woman who values her appearance recognizes the necessity of a good powder, and most women are careful to match their powder as nearly as possible to the natural color of the skin. A frequent error is that only one of the natural tones is matched. The powder harmonizes with the lighter tones of the face—the white or pink, the pale or deeper coloring, but the warmer tones are omitted altogether. If the powder is of correct tint and good quality it will give the desired delicate bloom to the complexion, but the face will still lack the warmth and glow which nature intended.

Nature's Palette  
Reproduced

However unusual her complexion may be, every woman may match perfectly the two tones of her skin in Dorin's Compacts—*les Dorines*, the delicate compact powders for the lighter tones, and Dorin's Compact Rouges for those little touches of warmer color which add so much to the effect of health and vitality. La Dorine comes in four colors: Blanche, Naturelle, Rosée and Rachel;

the rouges in a wide number of shades of which Rouge Brunette, Rouge Framboise, Rouge Blondore and Rose des Blondes meet practically every requirement. With these powders and rouges practically every woman can match the tones of her skin and treat her complexion intelligently in nature's own way.

The Delicate Task  
of Selection

Selection of the correct shades of powder and rouge to harmonize with each other and with the natural tones of the skin is a matter of such importance that we have prepared for your assistance a small booklet, "What is your coloring?" showing seven distinct types of beauty, and

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Dorin's Compacts—*les Dorines* and the various Rouges—are from the ateliers of Dorin of Paris, whose toilet preparations are used by the most exacting women all over the world. There are many imitators, in many countries, of the convenient form, the size and general appearance of the package, and even the names and labels of Dorin's Compacts, but no one has yet succeeded in reproducing the exquisite texture of the compacts their adhesive quality, or the natural tints which match nature's own so perfectly. For your protection, see that the words "DORIN, PARIS," are on every box you buy.



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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



By ANNE ARCHBALD

A REACTION seems to be setting in among women from the strong perfumes that have been in vogue during the past year. We wonder whether to attribute it to masculine influence!

A few months ago we read a most interesting scientific article on the sense of smell, in which it was stated that the olfactory nerves of men were more susceptible to stimulation than those of women. In other words, and more colloquially, it took less to get them started. Odors were more quickly and more strongly perceived by men than by women.

IMMEDIATELY came the thought: If this is true, women are on the wrong track in this matter of perfume. They are overplaying it, as far as men are concerned. (And if you don't admit that you adorn to please men all the time, you must that you do some of the time, anyway.) For if a little perfume is sufficient to register on the masculine nose, more, meaning too much, must be painful and detract rather than lure.

WE started a small *questionnaire* on our own account among various men we encountered, artists, actors, writers, business men. "What kind of perfume did they prefer a woman to use?" Almost every one said violet, which on further investigation proved to be a kind of generic term covering any light scent, such as rose, or lilac, or the actual violet itself. The larger and more masculine the creature the surer he was to like the delicate perfume, it seemed. Which certainly carried out the theory of the article.

And we have heard many openly voiced protests, too, the past year, from husbands and sweethearts and brothers, "not to put it on quite so strong, dear."

BE that as it may..... The present reaction may be due to the men, and again it may be just a wilful little feminine affair. But if you care to follow the latest trend, we can recommend to your notice some French toilet luxuries recently brought out, delicious in fragrance. They are likewise most reasonable in price, this having been made possible by importing from France the special perfume which characterizes the articles, and making them up in this country, thus eliminating the import price.

THE perfume used is the most remarkable lilac that we have ever smelled, the odor of the lilac flower, as you probably know, being one of the most difficult and elusive to capture, and most captures smelling like everything under heaven but the real thing. This lilac perfume has a delicious, inimitable delicacy that makes it rather akin to the lilac of an old French garden than our hardier bloom.

IN the set of these toilet luxuries thus perfumed are an Extract, an Eau de Toilette, a Sachet, a Powder, a Rouge. It is claimed for them that they are the finest, purest products and "most costly to make," but "that they are sensibly priced because the prices are based upon real manufacturing values." The Face Powder is made with a healing cream foundation, as is the Talcum, which causes the latter to cling like a good face powder, and is especially a boon to men after shaving. And the Sachet is most unusual, extra concentrated, of a tender rose color, light as thistle-down, its softness and delicacy making it usable after the bath and for babies, in addition to its ordinary use as a sachet.

(If you should care to try this new Lilac Perfume, write The Vanity Box, Care the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City, and we shall be glad to send you a sample of either the Face Powder or the Extract itself)





**NOTE:** In the gardens of the Chateau de Lude in France. It was such scenes that the French chevaliers, the forefathers of the modern Creoles, left behind them to establish the colony of Nouvelle Orleans (New Orleans). The Creoles are of pure French and Spanish blood, and their wonderful hair is a mark of their descent as well as of the care given it. They have always retained the "secrets de toilette" as well as the charm bequeathed them by their aristocratic ancestors.

## For Beautiful Hair

### Take the advice of highest medical authorities

**EVERYONE** (men, women and children) should have healthy hair. Nature provided it in the beginning. Proper treatment will preserve it through life.

The most eminent authorities have prescribed the way to prevent the loss of the hair's life and luxuriance.

#### Highest authorities

The Council of the American Medical Association (the highest authority known) has recognized Resorcinol Monoacetate for the treatment of dandruff (seborrheal eczema) and baldness (alopecia-areata)—the common foes of beautiful hair. Resorcinol Monoacetate is the principal ingredient of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Thus science approves this wonderful preparation. Abundant vigorous hair is now easily attained.

#### Simple directions

Two or three times a week apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic to the scalp. Moisten the hair and scalp thoroughly. Massage with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp circulation is then stimulated, the hair

roots supplied with needed nourishment, and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will notice an immediate improvement in the loveliness of your hair.

#### Proper shampooing

Absolute cleanliness is essential for beautiful, healthy hair. The scalp is constantly throwing off old skin and extraneous substances. If the pores and hair tubes are clogged with dirt and perspiration, a healthy condition is impossible. Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo.

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo is made from an exclusive Menthol formula of purest cocoanut and cochineal oils. You will instantly notice the delightful, cooling effect from its use. The hair becomes soft and lustrous—dries quickly—and the scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor. Always apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic after shampooing.

When purchasing "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo be sure to get "La Creole" Hair Tonic also, because the formula of each is designed to aid the other.

#### "La Creole" Hair Dressing

is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the Natural Dark Color to hair that has grown gray, gray-streaked or faded. Refinement approves its use.

If you cannot obtain these preparations at advertised prices—write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

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WALTON H. MARSHALL,  
Manager



## PASADENA COMMUNITY THEATRE

(Continued from page 201)

Pinero. There are still to be given "The Master of Shadows," by Sybil Eliza Jones; "In Walked Jimmy," by Ronnie B. Jaffa; "Bunty Pulls the Strings," by Graham Moffatt, and "Tartuffe," by Molière.

Proven plays, with a cheerful outlook on life only are given, as it is the conviction of the Governing Board of the Pasadena Association that if you want to interest the general public—in whom the Community Players are primarily concerned—experimentation and pathological drama are inadvisable. But one exception is made, and that is in the case of an original production which is made each year, to encourage local authorship. This year "The Master of Shadows," a play with a religious background, by a Pasadena playwright, will be given in response to the request of the Drama League of America for something dramatic to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. It is a mimo-drama.

IN the past, one-act plays have been put on at "workshop" evenings. They have been made a part of the "community vaudeville" which is being developed this year under the auspices of the Community Playhouse, which is a new activity to provide more varied opportunity for self-expression in the Allied Arts of music, dancing, poetry, etc. A department of educational recreation for boys and girls has recently been inaugurated which promises excellent results.

One play is produced each month and runs a week. Often it is necessary to continue the second week to satisfy the demand. From 3,000 to

4,000 see each Community production in Pasadena. The price of seats scales down from 75c to 10c.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association is not dependent on any group of professionals or others. All that is needed is home-folks with a desire to put on plays and the willingness to work them out. Each community possesses the talent to do this. A dozen communities in different parts of the country have successfully followed the Pasadena plan.

WITHIN the next year the Pasadena Players expect to have a building of their own, more adequately suited to their needs, where the various problems which they are working out—such as the correlation of music and drama, the simplification of production details, etc.—can be handled to better advantage and more people accommodated. The latter is important, as the box-office now barely can defray the dramatic expenses, making contributions necessary to carry on the other activities.

A splendid community spirit is being developed in Pasadena through the medium of the Playhouse, which is doing its bit toward bringing about a better understanding among the masses and the classes. Instead of suggesting crudity, the appellation of amateur is beginning to command respect as signifying one who does a thing for the love of it rather than as a business. With such faithful and capable workers as the Pasadena Community Players to tend it, it is certain that the flame of the spoken drama will not be permitted to go out.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN COMMUNITY DRAMA

(Continued from page 199)

local Y. W. C. A. interpreted the truth of "Neighbors" with such skill in the rôles as released the ideal from a realism that made the play a veritable transcript of life.

Faculty members played "The Workhouse Ward" in fine Irish temperament and humanized the teacher beyond any traditional recognition.

Neighborhood groups met in private homes. They demonstrated that there are plays for everybody and that the adult with a rich experience of life has a chance to express it in the one-act play, and that the neighborhood group as *dramatis personae* can be multiplied many times in any town in the support of community drama.

Altogether the experiment resulted

in a spread of interest in the literature of drama that was quite educational. It demonstrated that the happiness of any community is within its own reach. It revealed the prospect of a day when Lexington might have some self-expression of its own aspiration and idealism in original plays. Finally, it revealed the one-act play as the kindly genius that makes community drama possible because it puts dramatic activity within the ability and means of everybody, because it keeps all difficulties in proportion with its simple scope, because it satisfactorily treats the less intense situations of life and needs no machinery for its climax that appals the layman, because it is drama democratized.



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The object is to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then it dims the teeth, and night and day it may do ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people escape these troubles which are caused by film.

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Much of this film remains on teeth under ordinary brushing methods. Many tooth pastes even favor the film. Thus millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

The reason lies in film, and dental science has for years been seeking a way to combat it.

The way has now been found. It has been proved by decisive clinical and laboratory tests. Its efficiency is beyond question. And this method has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

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Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

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Ask for a 10-day Tube. Watch the results, then read the reasons for them in the book we send.

Those whiter, cleaner teeth you see mean safer teeth. They mean that film, great tooth wrecker, is being day by day combated.

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family.



## THE CAROLINA PLAYMAKERS

(Continued from page 200)

house. I ain't a-goin' to live no such life with Jed. He couldn't do no better."

Mag Warren, her mother, is furious at the stand of her daughter and replies, "Me'n your pa'll say what you'll do."

The words that follow between the two clearly give the keynote of the typical farm tenant's family. The young generation is for advancement and progress, but their environment, built up by years of ignorance and suffering, is the tragedy of the struggle. Mr. Williamson draws a picture with a message, and many communities in the North and South could well afford to stage folk-plays on this serious and ever-present problem.

Peggy: I ain't a-goin' to marry Jed an' have to work like a dog all my life..... besides, I got to love the man I marry.

Mag (scornfully): Love? What's love got to do with your bread an' meat?

Peggy (resolved): I'm goin' to git me a job up-town an' be somebody.

Mag: There ain't nothin' you could do there. You was raised on a farm an' I reckon that's jest the place for you. You don't think you're better'n your ma, do you?

The father, who suffers from heart trouble, enters the house completely worn out by his work. Upon hearing that Peggy does not desire to marry Jed, he drives her out. "Shet up, we've raised you up here an' it's us as'll say what you'll do. Jed axed you to marry him, an', gol darn it, you'll do it, too."

Peggy tearfully insists that she will not marry Jed, and her father, in an uncontrolled fit of temper, rises, "Then, damn you, you can git right out'n this house now an'....." Then, exhausted by his fit of uncontrolled rage, he reels backward, and falls heavily..... dead.

The death of the farmer leaves the question of support plainly up to Peggy. Besides her mother, there is Herman, the brother, aged eight, who also must be provided for.

Mag: "You'll marry Jed, won't

you, Pegg? You ain't a-goin' to see your ole ma go to the poorhouse, air you, Pegg?"

Peggy is silent for a moment. Then, raising her head, she speaks brokenly, "I reckon.....it's the only way.....for me."

At these last words, Professor Koch aptly remarks, "So ends the play inevitably. Peggy is foredoomed in her struggle to free herself from a soil-bound serfdom."

THE experience of the Carolina Playmakers proves that material for folk-plays and community dramas abounds everywhere. Not only has the mountainous part of the State proved a fruitful source for the Carolina Playmakers, but the Carolina coasts and sand dunes have played their part as well. Dougald MacMillan of Wilmington has written "The Bell-Buoy," based on the deeds of land pirates, and it is typical of the many incidents related to sea disasters near Cape Hatteras and the Albemarle coast.

It would be impossible for playmakers who attempt to represent the life of the State to fail to take the Southern negro into account. Several plays have already been written by the Carolina Playmakers concerning the negro from his superstitions to his moonshine activities, but the present-day negro, too, was featured in the production by the Playmakers last May, "The Fighting Corporal."

Nothing more clearly emphasizes the two characteristics which the Carolina Playmakers are striving for than two of their last plays, "Dod Gast Ye Both," by H. C. Heffner, and "The Last of the Lowries," by P. E. Green. The first play, concerning a gang of moonshine outlaws operating in the Carolina mountains, has on the stage a real moonshine still, which was captured by United States revenue officers. Miss Elizabeth Taylor, as mother of the Lowrie outlaws in "The Last of the Lowries," acted her part in a remarkable way. She emphasized the spirit of the play and helped to create the atmosphere, a goal the Playmakers are continually striving to attain.

### MR. AND MRS. CRANE'S JUBILEE

In the article entitled, "Is Stage Matrimony a Failure?" by Helen Ten Broeck, published in our Mid-Summer issue, the impression was given that Mrs. William H. Crane, wife of the well-known comedian, is dead. Nothing could be further from the truth. It was one of those unfortunate mis-statements that will now and

then creep into print in spite of all efforts to prevent them. Mrs. Crane, after being ideally happy in her married life for a period of almost half a century, is not only in fine health and spirits, but she and her distinguished husband are making plans to celebrate their golden wedding, having been married November 6, 1876.



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Members of the Navy Club; ex-"gobs," marines and canteen workers, in "A Pair of Sixes," which they successfully presented at a half-dozen summer resorts, to raise funds for their clubhouse

## THE NAVY CLUB GIVES A PLAY

IF you have enjoyed the hospitality of the Navy Club, then you can appreciate how much of a haven it has been to thousands of "Gobs and Marines—and you will understand the loyalty that prompted them to rehearse "A Pair of Sixes" for two months, so they might produce a play that would bring funds that are sadly needed if the club is to be made a permanent institution.

The Navy Club, which first opened its doors in an office building on Fifth Avenue in 1917, came to be known to the men in the Navy and Marine Corps as the finest service club in the world. Here was a club with home environment, where a man could forget for a time the rigors of a convoy trip and rest up for the next one. After the Armistice was signed and the service clubs in New York began closing their doors, one after another, it was thought for a time that the Navy Club must do likewise, but the realization that it might still continue to fulfill its mission to Navy men in peace times spurred on the Founders to redoubled effort, with the result that the sailorman now has a splendid club in East Forty-first Street, which is really his home, while in New York. And one must visit this club to appreciate what a wonderful boon it is to the enlisted men of the Navy. The home atmosphere, one of the characteristics of the place, is due to the splendid women who were canteen workers during the war, and are still performing the same tasks as cheerfully and regularly as in the troubled wartime days.

RECENTLY a drive was inaugurated to make possible a building and endowment fund, but it fell far short of what was needed, and to meet the emergency, the members turned to the Stage and the Play for aid—the Play, that raised thousands of dollars for the comfort and entertainment of soldiers and sailors during the war.

Arthur Fisher, one of the members

conceived the idea of producing a play, the cast to be composed of club members and canteen workers, and under the leadership of Henry E. Dixey, Jr., manager of the Navy Club, the cast was selected and rehearsals begun, and the first performance given at Ridgefield, Conn., sponsored by Mrs. A. Barton Hepburn and Mrs. MacDougal Hawkes. A second performance was given at Newport, R. I., on July 26th, at the Armory at the Naval Training Station, which called out nearly the entire Newport colony and they were well entertained. On the 27th the play was given for the boys at the Training Station without cost, Mrs. Charles A. Childs having been responsible for bringing the play to Newport, where the cast was hospitably entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James.

THE play was also presented at Monmouth Beach on August 4th under the patronage of Mrs. Wm. H. Hamilton and arrangements made to show at various other summer resorts, including Greenwich, Conn.; Saratoga, N. Y., and South Hampton, L. I.

An amusing incident of one of the first performances was the result of a bit of stagefright on the part of S. D. Smith, an ex-marine who played the rôle of Doctor Wiloughby. When he made his first entrance on the stage, he saw Admiral Sims in a front box and came to attention, but the prompter, with great presence of mind, whistled "Carry on," and saved the day—or rather the performance!

We hope the performance of "A Pair of Sixes," by the men of the Navy Club will bring to its "coffers" all that they had hoped for and more—because the Club has meant so much of comfort, wholesome atmosphere and entertainment to the men in the service during the war, and we trust it may continue to fill the same place in the lives of the boys who still sail the seas under Uncle Sam's banner.



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# Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



(Continued from page 210)



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"No, Angelina dear," he said. "Sorry! I did remember about the peacock but I found that fan all ready to my hand, just as it is." And with a twinkle in his hazel eyes—you see I'd talked to him so much about my work—he added: "I'm astonished that it is left to me to tell you that these fans are *the very latest thing*."

Wasn't that too adorable of him! I'd like to think that there was a special something in his eyes and the way he held my hands when he said "Good-bye," but women are *always* imagining . . .

The next day I looked at the name on the cover of the box, and then I took a sad pleasure in going down to the place where the fan had been bought and seeing all there was to see. My gentleman had had excellent taste, as I should have expected. Some women might have preferred jade green or mauve in the same combination of ostrich and the vivid green and gold peacock eyes, a green entirely natural and not assumed, I was surprised to learn. But my turquoise and white ostrich was just the shade for me.

There were other wonderful types of ostrich fans, also. And ostrich fan-bags. And ostrich novelties—bandeaux for the hair, little wristlets, and puffs to hide a sharp elbow, which alas, most American women possess. Ostrich bands, fine floating, foaming, for trimming wraps and gowns. Ostrich plumes for hats, uncurled and curled, and more beautiful in their tones than any we have ever seen. Exquisite were the plumes in the new *nacré* effects, two tones that is, soft pastel yellows and mauves, greens and blues, pinks and carmines. Ostrich is unquestionably to be the outstanding feature of the season.



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*Lenore Ulric*



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(Continued from page 210)



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(Continued from page 176)



from her lips they were as exquisite lines of poetry with their gentle modulations and soft "nuances."

YES, I hope to visit America again," she said, in answer to a question, "I hope to make many more trips. If nothing prevents me, I will return early in the month of October. I shall be glad to see your country again, for it is always new to me. Its greatness is inspiring. Its energy holds me. I never cease to be amazed at its growth. And I am fond of America because of the friends I have there and because of the wonderful care during my illness. I was very near death during the war, and I feel I owe my life to the people who were about me. But I could not die at that time, for my France was suffering a thousandfold more than I, and still it lived on."

"In returning to America," I asked, "has Madame anything new for her repertoire?"

"No new plays," she replied, "but I hope to present the first act of 'Athalie,' with the chorus and music as you saw it last night at the theatre. I feel sure that Americans will understand it and like it. The first act really is the greatest in the piece."

"It is by Racine," she continued, "and many of my greatest rôles came from the pen of Racine. My first recognized success was in one of his tragedies. Long before that I played the little boy in the piece, the one with whom most of my scene takes place."

IN talking of America, Madame Sarah closed her eyes and rested her chin upon her clasped hands. For a moment she was lost in pleasant reminiscence.

"It is more than forty years ago that I first visited America," she said, softly. "Ah, what a long, long time ago it seems. And how different everything was at that time! How it

has all changed! I am sure that I have been to every corner of America, and I have seen them all in their never-ending stages of development. I am fond of the West and I like New York. Paris—of course—I adore with all my heart and soul, and I miss its space and ease in New York, but the energy, the vibrations, even the towering buildings—have become to me things of great beauty.

"It is sometimes said that you Americans are devoid of sentiment; that in affairs of the heart you are like the birds who come in early spring and sing while the trees are in blossom, but who leave with no sign of regret at the first touch of autumn. I do not believe that. Your sentiment is of another kind. You are younger than we as a race, you are perhaps barbaric, but what of it? You are still in the moulding. Your spirit is superb. It is what helped us to win the war."

THE war! Madame Sarah sighed profoundly. She still has a thing or two to say concerning its many phases.

"After my last performance in 'Athalie,'" she told me, "I am going into Belgium for a short time."

"A tour?" I ventured.

"Ah, no," she answered smiling. "It is but one of our little 'ballades'—scarcely more than a week-end trip. We do not call that a journey, even. I often go away just for the pure joy of coming back to my wonderful Paris. Hardships of traveling are nothing if I know that my Paris is waiting for me. Oh, how I adore it, the people, the buildings, everything in it! It is more to me than anything else in the world."

And when I had left Madame Bernhardt it occurred to me that her unfeigned devotion was gloriously reciprocated by the love and homage of her Parisians.



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One of the most popular songs of the present time, "Values" (Another Hour with Thee), is sung by Orville Harrold. The song is an instance of the artist's power to gild, with his own special magic, what might fail in lesser hands to shine forth with even its own intrinsic lustre. He sings the melody in a high tenor key, exhibiting the beauty of his famous upper voice.

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him to record simple rhythmic and tuneful melodies. "Who Can Tell" from "Apple Blossoms" is his own composition and tremendously popular. It opens with a flute message followed by phrases for wood-winds against a sustained harmonic background in the strings. The waltz melody is taken up in a moment in strong, piercing-sweet, impassioned tones of the violin. The popularity of this melody has attained under other interpretations will greatly increase through this glorious rendering.—Adv.



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## THE NAUGHTY LAUGH

(Continued from page 172)

clown, and while her talents are supremely laugh-provoking, she in no sense represents the art of acting.

I HAVE said that the naughty laugh is the best, because it is the least bound by hypocrisy or pretence, because it is human to the roots, and because it clarifies our vision of each other. Shaw is the master of low comedy writing, he has reduced the human race by the microscope of his humor to the bare facts of life. In a sense that is what the naughty farce does, it reduces the sentimentality of men and women to their actual life size.

Nor is the size small if we take into consideration the relief there is to false values in what is called the naughty laugh. The joke, after all, is on us, if we fail to have a deep sense of humor. We must appreciate, not merely the intellectual laugh that a witty line may bring, but the more commonplace laugh of an embarrassing situation to which we are all exposed at some time or other in our lives.

IN case there may be some readers who may regard this as a cynical viewpoint, I want to disclaim any such motive or thought in my mind. If I believed that the naughty farce was in any way a cynical expression I could not do justice to the situation. I could not enter so heartily into the fun and frolic of the eve-

ning. I believe that low comedy must be played on the broad lines of hearty laughter—the smile is not enough, it does not express the sincere fun of the situations. I plunge into the humor of the situations with certain enjoyment and delight, as if it were as much fun to make them funny as it would be if they were real.

THE æsthetic comedy of brilliant conversation that stimulates suggestions unseen and unknown in the play, is often far more dangerous to the imagination than the outspoken farce of naughty situations, that in their exaggeration disentangle themselves.

The after effect of such farces is not lasting, there is no suggestive memory of some half-told fact. The evening has been a rapid-fire, give and take of improbable situations, accumulated laughs, and that is all.

And it is enough. If you can make people laugh for two hours and leave nothing in their minds that clings to their moral senses unpleasantly, you have lifted them out of their struggling, serious, overburdened life, and, you may have pointed out to them that the scandalous gossip of their neighbors may, after all, only have been the outcome of innocent but embarrassing situations.

## NEW BOOKS

MORE CHAPTERS OF OPERA (1908-1918). Historical and Critical Observations During the Last Decade. By Henry Edward Krebhiel. Henry Holt & Co., New York, 1919.

THE title page of this book gives some idea of the fulness of its contents. The decade covered is replete with extraordinary interest. In it were the operations of Hammerstein, Gatti-Casazza's long reign at the Metropolitan, the failure of the Opera Lyrique at the New Theatre; the Century Opera's two seasons; the Society of American Singers; the coming of Humperdinck, Puccini, Galli-Curci, Toscanini, the French and Russian Opera, etc. Many incidental subjects are discussed; such as the Cost of Giving Opera, the Prices of Tickets and the Future. A most entertaining, instructive and valuable book of record and criticism.

A QUAKER SINGER'S RECOLLECTIONS. By David Bispham. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1920.

THIS book of his life by David Bispham has the uncommon distinction of amiability and simplicity, and the very minuteness of its personal record gives it value. The recounting of an upward struggle that achieved success slowly should be heartening and instructive to those aspirants who are eager to know how success is achieved. Those who

have the qualities and the courage may well profit by the story and the incidental advice. Mr. Bispham's foothold was first gained abroad. His final triumphs were at the New York Metropolitan Opera House and in America. He encountered so many people of distinction that twenty-seven pages of an Index are required for reference. His anecdotes about them are new and of personal experience. Lincoln, Grant, Roosevelt, Wilson and Taft are among the occupants of the White House of whom he has something to tell.

The reminiscences concern many more than musical people. Queen Victoria, before whom he appeared; Ouida, Mark Twain, Carnegie, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Beerholm Tree, Gilbert, Alexander, actors, managers and singers in great number; Booth, Barrett, Bernhardt, Fechter, George MacDonald, Modjeska, Sims Reeve, and so throughout a long list.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

"Basil Everman," by Elsie Singmaster. Published by The Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. 305 pp.

"Mrs. Warren's Daughter," by Sir Harry Johnston. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York. 396 pp.

"Suspected," by George Dilot. Published by Edward J. Clode, New York. 252 pp.



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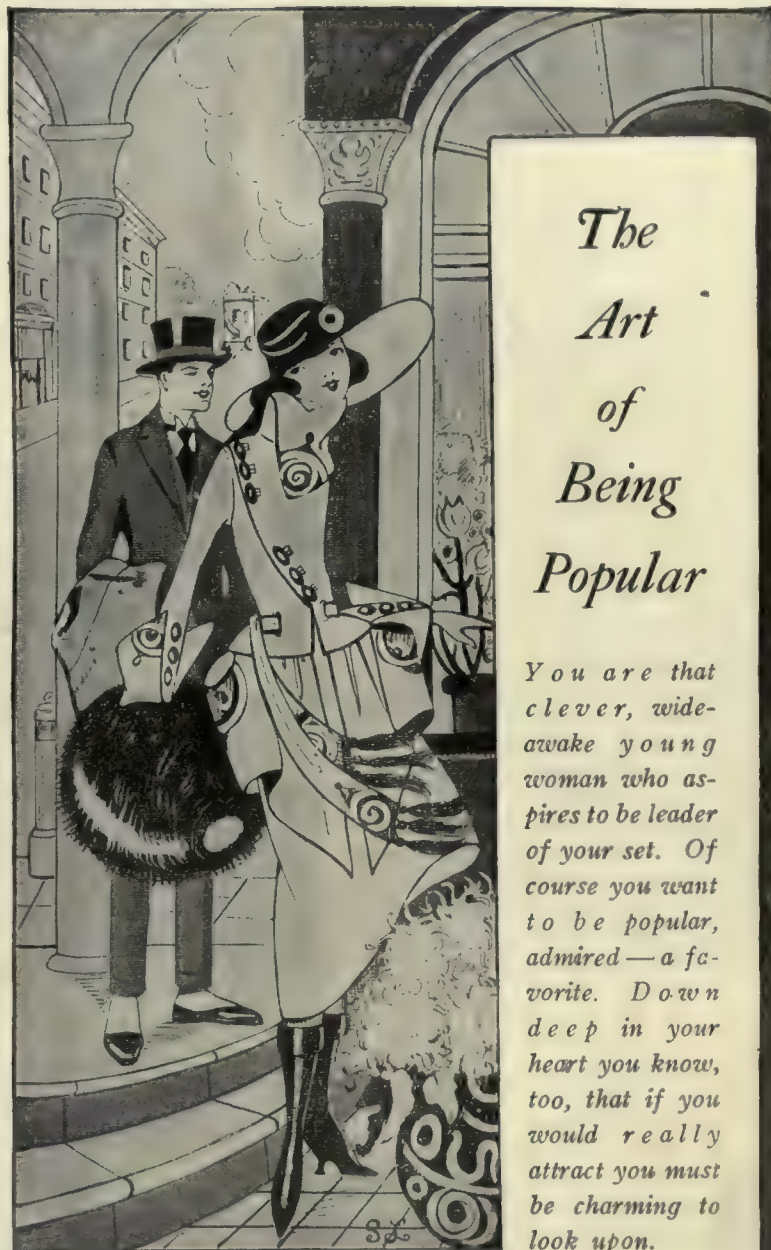
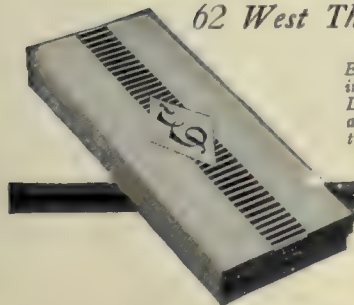
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# SHAKESPEARE SAID IT

*A story of stage life*

By JOSEPHINE VICTOR

(Continued from last month)



FOR the next hour Mrs. Rich was busy addressing photographs to "Ben Rich, Esq.," and had a dozen for mailing, when Jacobs was announced. She dispatched them by messenger to the post office before she joined him in the lobby of the hotel.

"You've been up to something," he exclaimed, shaking hands. "What is it?"

"Well," she chuckled, "you know what I told you over the 'phone—" He interrupted, "About the ammunition?"

She nodded. "Well, I've just fired my first round!"

"Hope you aimed carefully, is all I've got to say. Shall we start?" As they walked along he eyed her keenly. "You know, Ray, when you smile so disingenuously and show your pretty teeth is the time you are dangerous." Ray's answer was an infectious laugh that caused passersby to turn and observe her. But she paid no heed. "Jacobs," she prefaced, "for the next few days I expect to enjoy one or two good laughs and it won't be at my expense, either."

Arrived at the theatre, they found Ben standing near the box-office, in earnest conversation with his former partner, Feinman, who on sight of Mrs. Rich ran forward and almost wrung her arm off in greeting. "Well, well, Ray, I'm awful glad to see you! I was on my way to your hotel to see you, when I ran into Ben here, who said you were on your way up to the theatre, so I waited." He stopped for no reply. "When did you get back? How was things on the other side? Pretty awful, yes?" He paused long enough to light a cigarette. "I just blew in myself, with the wife, from Chicago. We're at the Traymore. You and Ben will take dinner with us, yes? I hear the show is great!"

RAY rescued her bruised hand, and, after presenting Jacobs, the quartet proceeded into the house. Jacobs clambered into the orchestra pit, where the piano was partially concealed, and, signaling to the others that he was ready, began to play. The listening trio broke into spontaneous applause when the new composition ended and pronounced it O. K. Elated, Jacobs hurried off to arrange for an immediate rehearsal of the song.

BEN and his wife accompanied Feinman as far as the latter's hotel, and both refused his pressing

invitation to enter. He finally gave it up. "Well, all right," he said, "if you won't, you won't, and I can't make you. We'll see you tonight, then. And, say," he called after Ben, "I mean that—about buying in on your show. If you don't want to let me in on the New York run, I'll buy the Western rights. A good number two company ought to clean up out there."

"But," interrupted Ben, "yuh ain't seen it yet. Maybe yuh won't like it, kid."

"Say," Feinman protested, "it ain't just all luck with you. You're a darned good showman. I got to hand it to you." He laughed reminiscently. "I never thought it was in you when I first introduced you to the show business! Besides, I've been hearing people tout the show. That means they like it and if it's that popular, it's good enough for me to buy."

Ben laughed, not displeased at the other's flattery. "Well, s'long, Abe; see yuh tonight, an' maybe I'll talk turkey."

FOR the first time that day Ben was alone with his wife. She did not rise to breakfast with him, as was her custom, pleading fatigue. Later when he knocked at her door, she was not visible, being engaged in dressing. Still later a mysterious package had engrossed her time and attention. It was maddening! Ever since the supper she had shunned him. Her silent accusation was unbearable! She misunderstood him. He'd have to explain that to her somehow and make her see it, too!

As they drew near their hotel, he broke silence and began lamely, "Becky, I got a see yuh 'bout a thing—" She interrupted, "If it's Abe Feinman's proposition you want to talk about—" He was angry. "Oh, hell, I ain't worryin' 'bout Feinman."

"Are you worried?" She regarded him. "You don't look it." He made a gesture of annoyance. "Well," she exclaimed, "something is wrong!"

"Look-a-here, Becky, I ain't a-goin' to stand this kiddin'. I ain't done nothin'—honest to God, I ain't! Flora is a pretty gal an' easy-goin'—but no harm in that! As for bringin' 'er to supper the other night, it was Jacobs asked 'er, and except at rehearsal I ain't seen her since."

"Ben! O, Ben!" he heard behind him, and, turning, saw Flora Fay resplendent in sports outfit waving to him from a wheel chair. "Oh, Ben! is it true I'm to have a new number

(Continued on page 280)

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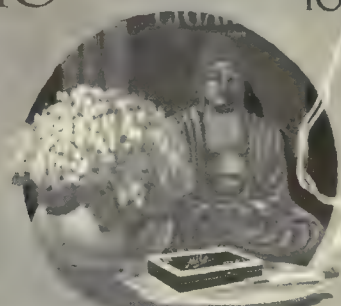
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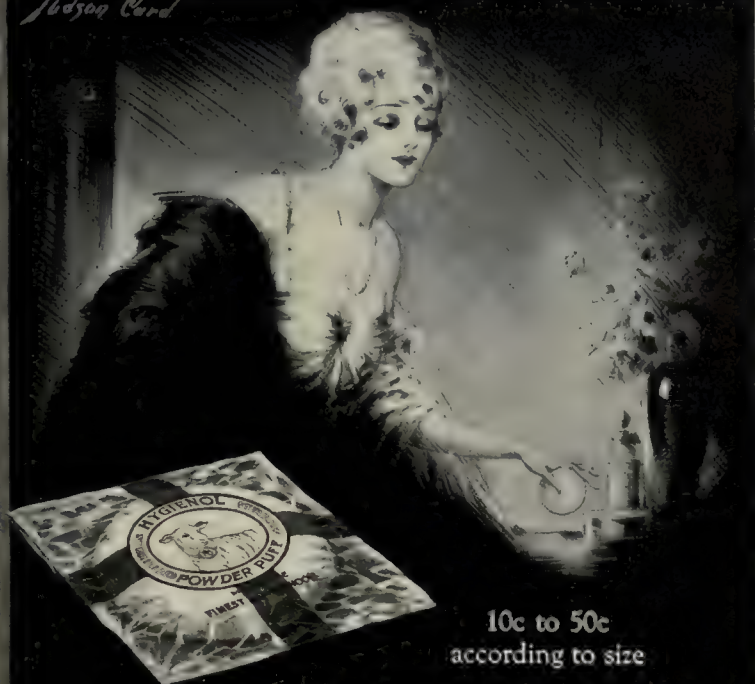
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(Continued from page 228)

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in the first act," she gushed, "I'm on the way to rehearsal now." She turned to Ray. "Do you know, Mrs. Rich, this dear Ben of ours is so busy I haven't been able to get a word with him alone in two whole days! And I'm so grateful to him, too! Bad man!" And the dainty Flora shook a slender finger at him.

Unable to control her mirth, Mrs. Rich whisked out her handkerchief and pressed it to her lips. She was fairly shaking with silent laughter. The two regarded her amazed. "Forgive me," she managed to say by way of apology. "But curiously, I confided to Jacobs a few hours ago that I was looking forward to a good laugh, only I didn't think it would come so soon!" The thought evidently excited another paroxysm that lasted an embarrassing length of time. In the pause that followed, feeling another attack imminent, Mrs. Rich beat a hasty retreat without so much as an excuse left behind. As she told her mother-in-law afterwards—"I really couldn't say a word, or I'd have gone off into another fit. I wish you could have seen Ben's face and Flora's expression!"

FLORA was the first to recover. "Well," said she, "if it was as good a joke as all that, she might have let us in on it!" But instead of acquiescing, Ben, with pent-up rage too long repressed, gave voice to oaths so startling that even Flora was subdued. Exactly what he said she never could clearly recall. It was all so incoherent, but it was dynamic and it frightened her. She managed to get to rehearsal, though, twenty minutes late and a trifle ruffled. Her appearance there was exaggerated a bit to impress Roberts. "Oh, Mr. Roberts," she whispered, drawing him aside, "please don't scold me for being late. I'm so upset that I'm not sure I'll be able to rehearse." She paused to take breath. "Ben and his wife have just had a most awful row," she lied. "In my presence, too! Most embarrassing for me, and my dear—" she turned to Jacobs, the composer, who had joined them—"would you believe it, all she did was laugh and laugh and laugh! Ben was furious!"

"When did all this happen, Flora—just now?" asked Jacobs. She nodded. "And I'm so upset! Well, what are you grinning at," she demanded. "I see nothing funny to laugh at!"

"I'm not laughing at you, my dear Flora," protested Jacobs, "but my memory plays me such shabby tricks! While you were talking, I happened to remember what a friend of mine said to me over the 'phone this morning, and I think I begin to see light. It seems that she, this friend of mine, aimed at something, and I'm beginning to think she hit the bull's eye. And now," he said, taking a seat at the piano, "suppose we begin

and see if we can make the new song do the same."

BEN RICH went around like the proverbial bear with the sore head. He was horribly grouchy besides. No one knew what had soured him, but every one was afraid to approach him in this unknown mood. His everlasting good humor had vanished and irritability took its place. The office staff marveled and trembled. Getz, the company manager of the "Pink Canary," had confided to Miss Smith, the play reader, that in his opinion the change in the Boss began in Atlantic City, and that it had something to do with the "Missis." But Roberts, the stage manager, who had it from Jacobs, the composer, emphatically declared that this was not so. But when Dicky, the office boy, emerged from the inner sanctum and announced that the "boss was throwing fits" in there, then things looked serious! Dicky's clothes were freely bespattered with ink. No, he denied having broken the ink bottle. They did worm it out of him at last that the Boss had thrown the ink well! No, not at him.

It was Miss Cohen, the stenographer, who got the real story from Dicky, and related it in strictest confidence to Miss Reilly, the telephone operator, while the two were at lunch in the automat. "I don't know if you noticed it," said Miss Cohen, between bites of a tongue sandwich, "of course, you wouldn't, being at the switchboard, but whenever anyone mentions Flora Fay to the Boss he goes wild. You see, I have a good chance to notice things when I take dictation and people drop in and talk. Well, as I was saying, while Dicky wouldn't come out and say so, being so fond of the Boss and all that, what made the Boss mad when he threw the ink well was a picture of Flora Fay."

"I thought you said it was her name," broke in Miss Reilly.

"Well, dearie, wait until I come to the point," Miss Cohen was put out. "It was both!"

"Both? How's that?"

YES, both. But this time it was the picture. It seems he's been getting them through the mails lately. Somebody is teasing or playing a joke, I guess. Anyway, the Boss can't see it that way. Besides, now that Mrs. R. is back from France, I guess he's afraid it might reach her ears, because," and here Miss Cohen whispered, "there was talk, you know—some people even hinted at scandal!"

"Oh, these actresses! They make me sick," righteously declared Miss Reilly.

"Say, Gracie," announced Miss Cohen, with a thrill in her voice, "suppose Mrs. R. did find out! Wow!" Satisfied with the effect she had produced on the less imaginative

(Concluded on page 232)

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(Continued from page 230)



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6 EAST 39th STREET

NEW YORK

Miss Reilly, Miss Cohen added, "Do you know that one day George, the colored porter, threw out a whole waste paper basket of photos, all torn across, that had come from the Boss's room, and they were all pictures of Flora Fay." To Miss Cohen's delight Miss Reilly could only gasp at such a piece of infidelity.

THE "Pink Canary" had closed at Atlantic City in a whirl of glory and had traveled on to Asbury Park before being offered for metropolitan approval. Everyone connected with the piece was happy, except Ben Rich, the producer. He did not joy in his new success. Like the ostrich, he wanted to go away and hide his head. He could no longer blink at facts. The world or someone in it knew that he had flirted with Flora Fay, or, if he had not, she had with him, and he had been party to it. And there was that miserable breakfast and that awful visit to her rooms! And now he was deluged with photographs of Flora Fay! With inscriptions! The person who sent them knew everything! Suppose his wife and mother heard of it! He groaned aloud. And the damned things kept coming at such unexpected times and places! He was afraid to lunch in public for fear a messenger would come up and present him with one—or at dinner the waiter would hand him one. As for the post, the damn things were forever turning up!

He knew the sender was not Flora. Such a trick on her part would be stupid, even if she wanted to be revenged for the things he told her that day in Atlantic City, when his wife had gone off in fits of laughter. How that rankled! Was it his wife? He couldn't be sure. But it hurt. Then the very day the "Pink Canary" was to open in New York, a whole batch of photographs had arrived. It was the final bolt. That's when the ink-well episode—described by Miss Cohen to her friend, Miss Reilly, as told to her by Dicky, the office boy, took place.

NEW YORKERS took the "Pink Canary" to their hearts as joyfully as did their Jersey neighbors. A "sold-out" house greeted the premiere. Jacobs' importance as a light opera composer brought out the musical contingent. Society motored in from nearby resorts, while a generous sprinkling of Broadway "lights" helped fill up the gaps.

Mrs. Rich queued it down the center aisle, as usual—only this time not decked out in jewels, but in the sombre garb of her service uniform. The armistice was an accomplished fact, but as she had not yet received her discharge, she was still in the service of her country and she wore her uniform of service proudly.

Ben, at the back of the house, among the standees, somehow knew he loved her more than ever before. The thought of ever losing her was too painful to contemplate. All his troubles with "friend wife," he reflected, started with the "Pink Canary." Well, he'd get rid of it!

His mind made up. He sought Feinman between the acts, and over a cigar the deal was closed, even before the last act had been played. Feinman agreed to take over all existing contracts and all that went with them.

The press notices for the "Pink Canary" next morning were fulsome in their praise. All in all, Ben Rich had "put over" another one. On that account, his managerial brothers listened in amazement when told of the transaction with Feinman.

But by the time that leaked out, Ben and friend wife were on a boat bound for the Azores. On this trip he had been persuaded to take along luggage. As she watched him pack, Ray exclaimed with a merry gleam in her eyes—"Truly, in time all things can be brought about!"

THE day they sailed Ben and Ray stopped in at the office to attend to some last matters. Dicky brought in the morning mail. The very first letter proved to be a bill. "What's this?" exclaimed Ben. "A bill from Holmesfair for fifty photographs of Flora Fay!" He looked at his wife.

"Better pay it, Bennie," and she smiled.

Ben drew a check and rang for his stenographer. "Take this note, Miss Cohen," he said. "The Holmesfair Studio, Enclosed find check. No further need of Flora Fay photographs, now or in the future. Yours truly."

"Then," said Miss Cohen, in relating the incident to Miss Reilly, "the Boss turned to Mrs. R. and kissed her in my presence, saying, 'It's all right, kid. Ben Rich no longer presents.'"

STANDING near the rail as their boat left her dock, stood Mr. and Mrs. Ben Rich, waving good-bys to several of the office staff and Feinman, who had come to see them off. Dicky, resplendent in a new suit, a present from the Boss, stood with the rest.

"Say, Becky," her husband was saying, "in that deal with Feinman I made a pretty good thing. Sold Flora Fay to him at a bonus. It might please yuh to know she is really payin' for this trip."

"But, Bennie," she protested, laughing, "that isn't right."

"Say," he replied, chuckling, "Shakespeare said it"—"What chickens don't know ain't gona hurt 'em any."

THE END



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# IN THE WORLD OF THE MOTOR

By FRED GILMAN JOPP

**Y**OU have, doubtless, pictured in your own mind your conception of the ideal automobile—most everyone has. While all people may not agree in every detail of what constitutes the most desirable car, due largely to the difference in individual motor-vehicle requirements, nevertheless, in the essential elements, there is little diversity of opinion.

It goes without saying that the Ideal automobile should be noiseless, free from vibration, powerful, of simple, sturdy construction, with few moving parts to get out of order and require attention, and with friction reduced to a minimum. It should be easily operated, flexible, capable of rapid acceleration, quick stopping, ready at a moment's notice, free from mechanical and other complications, theft-proof, clean, roomy, and comfortable. Most important of all, it must be practical, reliable, serviceable, and economical. In appearance it should be so distinctive and attractive as to cause that just pride

violence and greater frequency result in a smoother running, more powerful motor, engineers soon developed the two-cylinder car. Then came the four-cylinder car, and later the six-cylinder car, in each of which the principle was carried one step further. The later developments of the eight and twelve-cylinder motors and of the sixteen-valve motor are too well known to need recounting here.

While leading engineers disagree as to the

best number of cylinders, they are all striving for the same ideal—uniform torque, less motor noises, less vibration, and this has nearly been obtained.

Motor-cars, like fashions, must represent advanced and acceptable ideas. The discriminating public is always seeking newness of style and distinction. Clothes and cars are subject to the whims of public opinion. Therefore, to satisfy the class that desires the best, it is necessary to produce something new and dignified, something that is wholly desirable.

For the sportsman, the clubman, the golfer, the athletic type, and those who are desirous of riding in a distinctive type of car, with new thrills and sensations, the roadster with a speedster type of body fulfills the many expectations to a new degree of enjoyment and satisfaction.

That the favorable attitude of the public toward the all-season touring sedan or coupe is not confined to

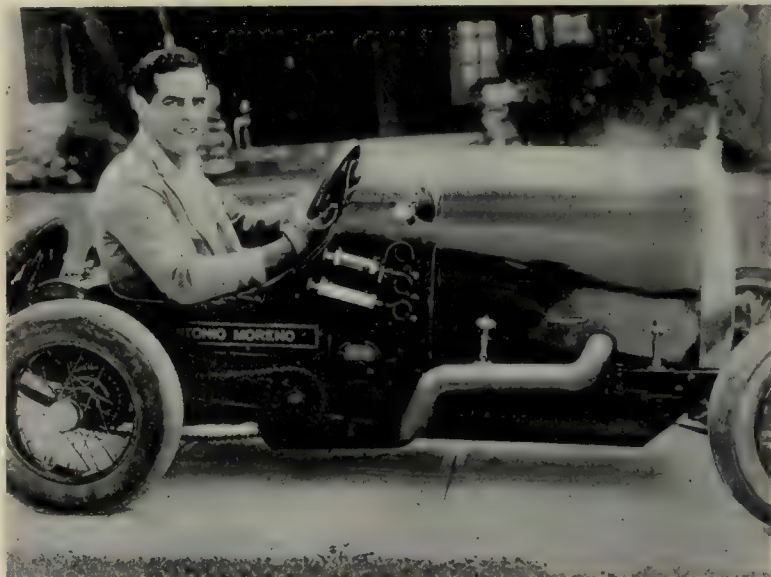
*"Poney Blimping has them all beat when it comes to real thrills and genuine pleasure" said Ruth Roland, at San Diego, when she alighted from the tiny carriage of the fly-*



*about after an aerial jaunt which took her out over Coronado Island. Miss Roland is the first woman to go up in a dirigible. She says she wants to repeat the performance.*



*Miss Julia Faye prefers the Kissel Car with its quiet dignity that suggests fleetness and power with a pleasant touch of rakishness and style*



*Toney Moreno, film star, calls this thing his "Lifeboat." It has a 72 inch wheelbase and is rated as good for 85 miles per hour in high gear*

that comes with ownership of a really fine car. The body work should be typical of the best traditions of the coach-builder's art. In brief, it should be right in every detail.

To eliminate noise and vibration has been the constant aim of engineers since the advent of the first automobile. You possibly remember the one-cylinder gasoline car. It was noisy and jerky. Working on the principle that explosions of less



*Roscoe Arbuckle can't ride in an ordinary automobile on account of his well upholstered frame. But that doesn't bother Fatty for he is ingenious as well as plump. He has several specially built cars one of which, a Renault, is pictured here*

certain sections of the country is indicated in reports from automobile dealers throughout the United States. Dealers say that in the past year or two they have experienced considerable difficulty in securing closed cars in quantities sufficient to meet the demand of the spring and summer months.

The reason for the high favor with which the closed type of automobile is regarded seems obvious.





*Hudson Super Six*



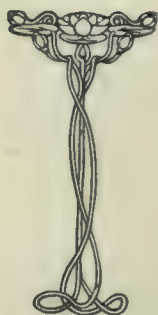
*Limousine*

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QUISITE FINISH AND DETAIL. AND ALL ARE UN-  
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*Eleanor Painter of Florodora fame drives a Roamer. Constructed with regular seating capacity for five this car makes a delightful, sturdy, roomy touring model. Built with distinctive lines and finished in colors, selected by Miss Painter, it never fails to excite favorable comment and admiration*



*Christie MacDonald worries constantly about the appearance of her Cadillac. A naughty taxi-man, speeding after the everlasting dollar, cut across her path, as will be seen by the damaged fender. And now nothing but a new fender will satisfy her*

The well built closed car affords, in summer and winter, a greater measure of comfort than is possible in the open type of vehicle. With windows lowered, the touring sedan or coupe becomes an open car, providing protection from dust, rain storms and other summer disturbances. In the winter months, with windows closed and equipped with a heater, the sedan or coupe always is comfortable. And comfort, after all, is the factor that most appeals to the present-day motor-car owner.

What will the final equipment of automobiles be? This is the question that is brought up almost every time several motor-car owners get together for a few minutes' chat on what their car can do.

If they are old-timers they begin to tell each other how in the old days all that a purchaser got was a chassis and a body, and it cost from \$200 to \$400 to dress up the machine.

About fifteen years ago there was no equipment, such as lamps, speedometers, horns, tops, windshields, tools, nor even a pump to inflate the tires. All this was classed as accessories and had to be bought separate. But along about 1907 one manufacturer started something when he began to put lights on his cars; another offered a horn gratis, and several tire makers decided to give away a pump. The year 1908 witnessed further generosity, for speedometers, tool-kits and magnetos got on the free list. The



following year tops, windshields and robe-rails were standard equipment, and in 1910 and 1911, due to the demand for aiding selling talk, electric lighting and starting systems came into effect.

When the electric lighting and starting was installed, it was thought the last word had been heard, for these improvements overshadowed all the previous ones that had been made. But competition forced manufacturers to try and add new features, and the succeeding years found further additions, until today a car is sold with practically everything that is designed for efficiency and comfort.

Correct form in driving means minimum drain on the pocketbook. Velvety stops and starts prevent unusual strains on the engine, clutch, transmission, axles and tires. They also cut down the consumption of gasoline and oil. A well-made engine, like a Swiss watch, is a sensitive thing. It resents abuse, but responds willingly and capably to gentle handling. Starting an automobile is an art. Simple though the act may be, there are always plenty of drivers who never acquire the finished way of doing it. The master driver aims to create a steady pull on the driving mechanism from the moment he slips into first speed until the car is under full headway. Learn to accelerate simultaneously with letting in the clutch. The mechanical act of gear-shifting can be learned in five minutes.



(Center)

*The word "exclusive" best describes Ethel Clayton's Mercer. The flexibility of the Mercer engine is well known and affords its lucky owner every opportunity to derive the greatest amount of enjoyment*

(Left)

*If you are fortunate enough to be one of the "movie" colony on the Coast—you need not worry about the H. C. of bathing houses; you just drive your car down to the beach, hop out, and there you are!*



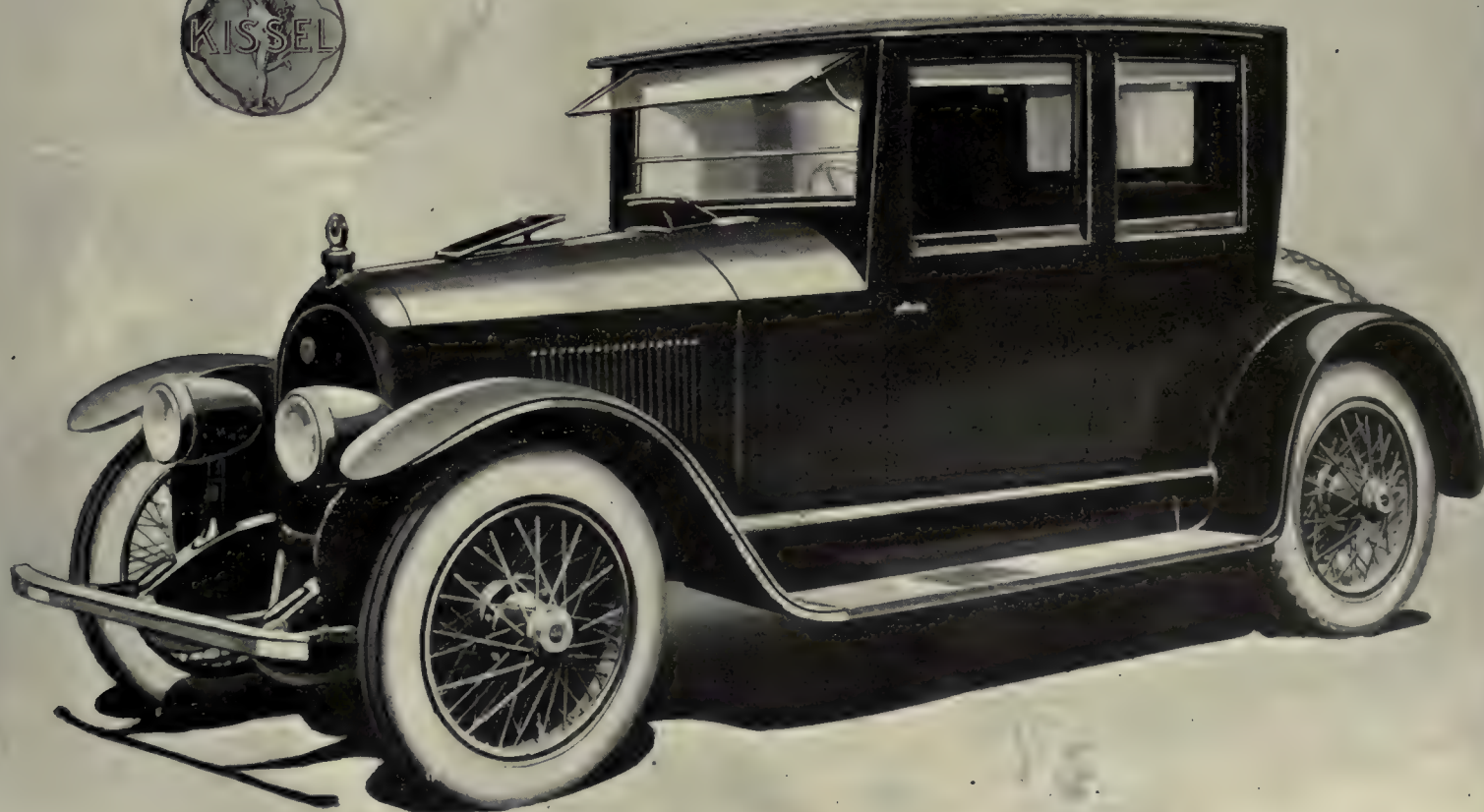
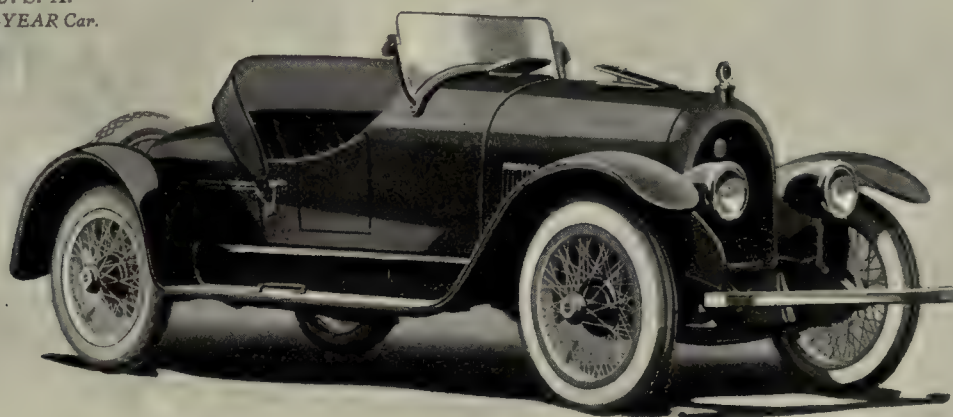
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# KISSEL Custom-Built Six





(Continued from page 164)

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in  
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and even deer. We had a performing deer once who appeared on the stage all alone and almost delivered a monologue to the huge audience. Animals are so natural in their acting, too, far more so than a great many human actors. We have a man on our staff who can make almost any animal do anything I want it to. If I take a fancy into my head to have a ballet with pigs, for instance, dance on their hind legs, in a few weeks he would supply me with dancing pigs. "Doc" Potter is his name. He is the man who taught the deer how to act.

AS for the actors and actresses, the singers, the dancers, the clowns, the mob, they are all as interested as I am in getting the effect of fairy land which I am after. Suggestions come to me from all sides. I remember in the toyland scene of two years ago, a super came up to me and said, "I can do a trick that's funny, if you'll let me be a jumping jack." "All right," I said. "You're a jumping jack," and I gave him an order on the costumer for the dress.

All of us, big and little, enter into the spirit of the show without words to see if we can't make it the most unbelievable happy time one can think of in a theatre. The same people come back year after year, so that on the stage we've got into a mood that is essentially a Hippodrome mood. Augustin Daly, in his best days, never had as enthusiastic a company of artists as I have to handle.

Usually we rehearse six weeks, this year we rehearsed only four weeks, but the Hippodrome show is a standard entertainment. It can run indefinitely until the end of the world because it is an established mood in the theatre, differing from any other. And yet it has its difficulties.

IT is much harder to get the mechanical work done than it used to be. Materials are hard to get, because so many beautiful fabrics and designs used to come from Europe. I recall the Bird-Ballet we did a while ago, in which the costumes were exquisite. They cost about one hundred dollars each then: they would be worth five hundred each today. These limitations on artistic labor, added to increased cost, often hampers one's imagination. Then, labor is not so willing to work at high pressure as it once was. Time seems to have lost all control over human beings, that is, working time. These are handicaps that, in directing a big crowd of people, the director has to put up with.

Rehearsals seem to be a dreadful muddle in the beginning because I never tell anyone what it is all about. Some will be rehearsing one thing at a big armory, for instance, while others will be working on the stage,

and no single group knows exactly where they fit in, or how or when. Fortunately, I have a good memory and at the proper time I tell them what to do.

SOMETIMES they think I've gone mad, and are apprehensive about me, but, of course they're quite wrong, because I haven't gone mad at all, I've simply prevented them from going mad themselves. Ideas come to me for an effect in the middle of an ensemble and I suddenly stop the whole march. Then I decide that it is a waste of time, because there is a big band to pay, a corps of stage hands and property men standing around while I make the changes: it will be money thrown away. I have to think of the cost of everything, too. So, I tell them "never mind," to go on with the march and I'll make the change later. Then they all look at me pityingly and whisper to each other that I have lost my reason—at last. That is because no one person knows exactly what the show is going to be but myself. I carry every detail of costume, of character, setting, illusion in my head, making very few notes. I usually prepare a scene plot in advance, and a very small property plot which is added to as we go along until it is an enormous list.

WHEN everything is ready I rehearse one act a day in full, and then I have two or three complete dress rehearsals. Mr. Dillingham and I are the only "outsiders" present. It is a great help to have his viewpoint, because he is my final appeal, and I trust his theatrical judgment implicitly. There have been less talented managers to deal with during my experience with the Hippodrome. I recall a scene in which fourteen horses were shown on a race track, running at full speed on treadmills. I made an issue of that scene. The horses had rehearsed splendidly by themselves, but when the crowds rehearsed with them, the shouting and the general excitement paralyzed them and at the dress rehearsal they wouldn't move: they were petrified with fear. The manager insisted that I cut the scene out and I insisted that it remain, assuring him that as soon as the horses got used to the crowd, they would be all right. At the second dress rehearsal they were no better. Then, when the manager insisted again that the scene be abolished, I told him that if it was I would resign. I knew it was an old and well-tried stage illusion, a thrilling one, and that a few more rehearsals would make the horses more confident. Finally, I bet the manager fifty dollars that this would be one of the most successful scenes, and I won.

Making this show without words costs about three hundred thousand dollars and it's worth it.





*"Cheer up, Eve, there'll be no more tire trouble on this trip; I got a Kelly-Springfield."*



(Continued from page 188)

The piece is well acted. George Gaul was admirable as the artist-emperor, his fine voice serving him well in the kingly rôle. Henry Herbert, an actor of distinguished achievement, gave an especially fine performance as the malevolent Manchu, spider-like and ferocious. Eileen Wilson looked pretty and made a favorable impression as the princess.

**SELWYN.** "TICKLE ME." Musical comedy in 2 acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein II and Frank Mandel. Music by Herbert Stothart. Produced August 17 with this cast:

Mary Fairbanks	Louise Allen
Jack Barton	Allen Kearns
Marcel Poisson	Vic Casmore
Frank Tinney	Frank Tinney
Alice West	Marguerite Zender
Customs Inspector	Benjamin Mulvey
A Native Boatman	William Dorriani
	Olga and Mishka
Dance Specialties	Frances Grant and Ted Wing
A Slave	Jack Heisler
The Tongra	Marcel Rousseau
Blah Blah	Harry Pearce
Keeper of the Sacred Horse	Tex Cooper

**H**ERE virtually are two shows for one price of admission. The one is Frank Tinney, the other isn't.

It is a case where the title given in the program, "A Musigirl Comedy" should be reversed, since the music and the girls—and a few boys—furnish a Kaleidoscopic background for Frank Tinney's fun making. Tinney is a comedian with a way all his own, and although not all of his jokes are new, still his way of handing them out makes them seem fresh, and they are all greeted with laughing approval. He appears at first in black-face for a few moments, but soon leaves it off and in straight makeup, meanders joyfully through the rest of the evening. There is real wit in some of the things he says, and cleverness marks all his work. One of his best bits was a take-off on Julian Eltinge's female impersonations.

The background furnished by the other principals and the members of the chorus—not to exclude the white horse—was not always uninteresting, although at times rather slow. Louise Allen furnished some bright spots, while the work of Vic Casmore as a moving picture director was, to say the least, energetic. Marguerite Zender, with the help of some good male voices, sang one song, *Until You Say Good-bye* satisfactorily, and was a pleasant picture to look at. There were two teams of dancers, one of which, Olga and Mishka danced with much grace and charm, while the other, Grant and Wing, gave an exhibition which was mainly muscular.

The scenes were numerous and some of them elaborate, especially the one in the sacred bath with its astonishingly realistic soap suds cascades. The costumes were varied, colorful and gorgeous, but not always in good taste. The music,

some of it with attempts at oriental color which only succeeded in being jazzy, offered nothing of distinction. Of plot there was none, it being musigirl comedy, but there was, and let us be thankful—Frank Tinney.

**GARRICK.** "ENTER, MADAME." Comedy in three acts by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. Produced August 16, with this cast:

Gerald Fitzgerald	Norman Trevor
Mrs. Flora Preston	Jane Meredith
Tamamoto	George Moto
John Fitzgerald	Gavin Muir
Aline Chalmers	Sheila Hayes
Bice	Michelette Baroni
The Doctor	Francis M. Verdi
Miss Smith	Minnie Milne
Archimede	William Hollman
Madame Lisa Della Robbia	Gilda Varesi

**I**T is a tenuous and somewhat monotonous little comedy, entitled "Enter, Madame," with which Brock Pemberton, erstwhile theatrical page writer and coadjutor of Arthur Hopkins, signalizes his entry into the producing field.

The story is quickly told. A husband divorces his grand-operatic wife and is about to marry a widow. But the wiles of the prima donna force him to about-face, and he departs with her on a South American concert tour instead of settling down to slippers at the fireside.

The play is, of course, merely a vehicle to display the talents of Miss Gilda Varesi, who for years has been playing morose and revengeful dames in our Broadway drama. Miss Varesi's gifts are exceptional, but her opportunities are rather overworked in her present rôle. She portrays tellingly the temperamental excesses, the bursts of idealism alternating with moments of self-interest, which the authors of "Enter, Madame," have provided in their rather conventional characterization.

Norman Trevor is magnetic and convincing as the hesitating husband—so much so that he almost makes an incredible rôle credible. Jane Meredith, lately vamping in "His Chinese Wife," is delightfully catty as the widow who hopes to replace the diva in the husband's affections.

**MOROSCO.** "THE BAT." Mystery play in three acts, by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Produced August 23.

**E**VERYBODY loves a detective story, just as all the world loves a lover. For that reason alone "The Bat" is likely to be popular. Mrs. Rinehart is an adept at concocting narratives of mystery—blood-curdling yarns of robbery, violence and sudden death to the accompaniment of blinding lights and mysterious knockings. Her stories do not bear close scrutiny on the score of plausibility, but they are decidedly thrillers.

Mr. Fleming's house has been leased by the elderly Miss Van Gorder. The tenant is no sooner settled in the house than there are mysterious knockings, doors open

(Continued on page 242)

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## Amateur Producers and Players

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DEPARTMENT  
THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle  
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A G. H. Melford Production

\*Enid Bennett in  
"Her Husband's Friend"

Billie Burke in  
"Frisky Mrs. Johnson"

Ethel Clayton in  
"A City Sparrow"

Ethel Clayton in  
"Sins of Rosanne"

A Cosmopolitan Production  
"Humoresque"

A Cosmopolitan Production  
"The Restless Sex"

Dorothy Dalton in  
"Half An Hour"

Dorothy Dalton in  
"A Romantic Adventuress"

Cecil B. DeMille's  
Production  
"Something To Think About"

Elsie Ferguson in  
"Lady Rose's Daughter"

George Fitzmaurice's  
Production  
"Idols of Clay"

George Fitzmaurice's  
Production  
"The Right To Love"

Dorothy Gish in  
"Little Miss Rebellion"

William S. Hart in  
"The Cradle of Courage"  
A Wm. S. Hart Production

\*Douglas MacLean in  
"The Jailbird"

Thomas Meighan in  
"Civilian Clothes"

George H. Melford's  
Production  
"Behold My Wife!"

An All-Star Production  
"Held By the Enemy"

\*Charles Ray in  
"An Old Fashioned Boy"

\*Charles Ray in  
"The Village Sleuth"

Wallace Reid in  
"Toujours de L'Audace"  
("Always Audacious")

Wallace Reid in  
"What's Your Hurry?"

Maurice Tourneur's  
Production  
"Deep Waters"

Bryant Washburn in  
"Burglar Proof"

Bryant Washburn in  
"A Full House"

\*Thos. H. Ince Production

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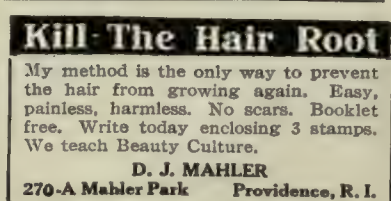
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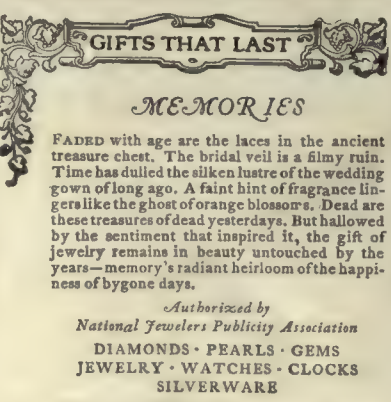
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## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 240)

when they shouldn't, stones are thrown through the window carrying notes warning her to leave immediately. Several attempts have been made to enter the house in the night-time by some unknown person by the name of "The Bat," who, it is thought, knows money is concealed there and is trying to discover its whereabouts. The servants, terrified, leave one by one, only the Japanese butler and Lizzie, a comic maid, played by the inimitable May Vokes, are still faithful to their Spartan mistress, who is grimly determined to sit tight. She sends for a detective who will sit up and watch all night. On the arrival of the detective things begin to happen. It would take more space than can be spared to relate all that does happen, but for the next two and a half hours the spectators grip their seats and there is no let-up in the nervous tension until the very end, when to your amazement you discover that The Bat is—No, that's not fair to you. Go and find out yourself. Preposterous as it all is, you will have the time of your life.

The piece is well acted. The delightful fooling of May Vokes gives enough comic relief to prevent nervous persons becoming hysterical. She creates laughter at moments when otherwise you'd bolt out of the theatre through sheer terror. Effie Ellsler, an old-time favorite, was admirable as the resourceful Miss Van Gorder, who has no difficulty in out-detecting the detective, and Harrison Hunter had quite the professional manner as Anderson, the sleuth.

**MAXINE ELLIOTT.** "SPANISH LOVE." Drama in three acts with music, by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart. Produced on August 17.

"SPANISH LOVE" is a slow-moving, tiresome drama by Avery Hopwood, with Mary Roberts Rinehart as collaborator. It is adapted from the work of two or three Spanish writers. The first act was more deadly slow and lifeless than the other two. The antidote came in the form of a group of genuine Spanish dancers from Madrid, whose gayly picturesque costumes set off by black mantillas, splashed up the gray, tired atmosphere a bit.

Though the title isn't a tepid one, "Spanish Love" is lacking in any great amount of warmth. Maria Ascarra, in the rôle of the Spanish girl, did not portray the sort of woman to cause men's blood to flow hot and fast—to make them want to fight, and kill, and die for her.

James Rennie is handsome enough to play any sort of lover-rôle, and as the bandit-hero he is all that any romance-loving soul could desire. His work was comparatively easy compared to that assigned to William H. Powell, enacting the rôle of the dying Spaniard, whose intense love for the belle of Murcia, is unrequited. William Powell has per-

sonality, and strange little mannerisms of his own, and though they prove a bit repellant in this play, at least, they did not detract from his acting.

**39TH STREET.** "THE CHECKERBOARD." Comedy in three acts, by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Produced August 19.

THAT the Hattons know how to write comedy, they have amply proved in the past seasons. For that reason one was led to expect from their joint collaboration something better than "The Checkerboard," an impossible farrango about Russian dancers who masquerade as royal exiles. The piece promised fairly well in the opening act, but went all to pieces as the rebelous plot unfolded.

Kate Mayhew, as usual, acquitted herself superlatively well, but Jose Ruben was seen to little advantage as the Russian Masimoff, one of the worst rôles that has yet fallen to his lot.

**LONGACRE.** "THE CAVE GIRL." Comedy in three acts, by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Produced August 18.

THERE is something hopelessly "stock company" about "The Cave Girl." It seeped through the play itself, was apparent in the work of practically every member of the cast, and even the audience became imbued with it, and applauded only at melodramatic moments.

Grace Valentine, playing the feminine lead, has many successes to her credit, but her present part will not add to her laurels.

John Cope did the best he could with slim material, but there was nothing particularly distinctive about the work of any one in the cast.

**HIPPODROME.** "GOOD TIMES." Musical spectacle, by R. H. Burnside. Music by Raymond Hubbell.

THE new Hippodrome show, "Good Times," the sixth in the series under the present management, is a *spectacle de luxe*, a riot of color and form in which a multitude of people arrayed in garments that vie with each other in gorgeousness and beauty, throng every scene.

The show opens with a number called "Shadowland," in which clever light and shadow effects play a part and where silhouette figures blow iridescent bubbles of light, which burst and disappear.

Between this and the last—the familiar tank scene with its diving girls who disappear under water for many minutes—there are several ensemble numbers, all of them lavish in their appeal to the eye, and with a background of insistent music to the ear. Belle Story does much of the singing, and works industriously, assisted by Nannette Flack, Joseph Parsons, Arthur Geary and "Happy" Jack Lambert.



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## QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

**I**N what numbers of the THEATRE MAGAZINE have pictures of Mr. Robert Mantell appeared, and would it be possible for me to get copies?—N. H., Washington, D. C.

There was a personal picture and an article in April, 1919; a full page picture in January, 1916; a small picture in the character of Macbeth in April, 1916; and Mr. Mantell's own article entitled "Personal Reminiscences," illustrated with nine pictures, in the August, 1916, issue. Copies can be obtained from this office.

**I**S there any recognized or established dramatic society in New York City for amateurs, and what requirements are necessary for application?

The Y. W. C. A., Central Branch, New York City, has several interesting dramatic clubs. Write for their circular. Then there is the Stuyvesant Players, Stuyvesant Park, and the Neighborhood Players, the Neighborhood House, Greenwich Village, and the Amateur Comedy Club, 105 East 36th Street.

**H**AVE you ever published any pictures of Eugene O'Brien when he was on the stage? If so, where can I obtain copies containing them?—D. L. K., Nebraska.

There was a personal picture of Eugene O'Brien in the August, 1915, issue, at the time he was playing in "The Celebrated Case." Copies can be obtained direct from this office.

**C**AN you tell me something about the career of Louise Beudet?—L. M., Kansas City.

Louise Beudet, an actress of French-Spanish extraction, made her debut here in 1879, as a child in light opera companies. Later she became a member of the stock company at Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco. Afterwards she starred in Australia and India.

**W**HERE and when was "Poodles" Hannerford born?—M. A. Zanesville, Ohio.

We would suggest that you get in touch with the Press Department of the New York Hippodrome.

**D**ID Madeleine Lucette Ryley write a play called, "A Coat of Many Colors"?—M. B., Scranton, Pa.

Yes. The work is a comedy in four acts and was first performed at the West London Theatre, July 22, 1897; produced at the Grand Opera House, Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 9, 1897, with Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon in the cast; first performed in New York City, at Wallack's Theatre, Sept. 13, 1897.

**W**HAT is the name of the English actress who is playing "Mary Rose"? Is the play a conventional comedy?—M. L. Wichita, Kan.

Fay Compton is playing the titular rôle in London which Maude Adams will assume here. The work is a dream play, with a pathetic ending and of characteristic Barrie beauty.

**W**HAT is the name of the new play by Galsworthy which was recently produced in London? What are the titles of some of his other plays that have not been acted here?—W. S., Canton, O.

"The Skin Game," recently produced in London, is Galsworthy's latest play. It shows a conflict between the aristocratic landed families and the newly rich. "Joy" and "The Madras House," by the same author, have not yet been acted here.

**W**AS "The City" a Clyde Fitch play?—S. J., Denver, Col.

"The City" was one of the last plays Clyde Fitch wrote. Among his other works are the following: "Beau Brummell," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "The Liar," "Lovers' Lane," "Nathan Hale," "The Truth," "Girls" and "The Masked Ball."

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

Pablo Casals has been called by critics the greatest musician in the world. He has made Columbia Records with his cello this month of Rubinstein's "Melody in F" and Saint-Saëns' "The Swan." The latter is from this composer's "Carnival of the Animals," a zoological potpourri of well-known airs and parodies punctuated throughout with imitative animal effects.

The New American Contralto, Jeanne Gordon, hailed by all the critics as the New York Metropolitan Opera Company find of the year, has made a Columbia Record of the "Madrigal of May," from the Barrymores' famous play, "The Jest." She has also sung for the Columbia Records this month, "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," Delilah's seductive aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah."—Adv.



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# THEATRE MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER, 1920

**C**HRISTMAS will soon be here again. So will our beautiful December issue—a number as full of good things as the proverbial egg is full of meat. Unusual pictures—articles of extraordinary interest.

If you don't see this number, you'll miss the principal event of the theatrical season. Here are a few of the many notable features:

Were you ever behind the scenes at the Opera? Of course not, for no one except the very few privileged ones are ever allowed in those sacred precincts.

Let us take you there. You'll be amazed and delighted at all you see. It is a veritable fairyland, where you rub shoulders with all the famous vocal artists of the day and see them at work—not as an opera audience sees them—but as they are when not on public view.

Read the fascinating article by Charles D. Isaacson in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for December.

We are all looking forward to Maude Adams' coming back to the stage this season. She will be seen at the Empire next month in Barrie's beautiful new dream play, "Mary Rose," and people will crowd to see her and adore her, as they've always done.

What is the secret of Maude Adams' never failing popularity—and why is she particularly suited to Barrie's plays? There is a reason, and it's a remarkable one.

There is a strange similarity between the actress and the author in spiritual perception, humor and fancy.

Maude Adams is inordinately shy. She

shrinks from public notice, and so does Barrie.

Some people can't understand the Maude Adams personality and moods.

But you will, after you've read the article in our December issue.

Have you ever amused yourself—while sitting in the theatre waiting for the curtain to go up—watching the different couples as they come straggling in, one after another, chattering, stumbling, groping? You see all types and ages—elderly

couples, crusty bachelors, sour old maids, engaged couples—each with different interests in life, each seeing the play through his own spectacles. It's amusing to hear the scraps of talk right and left. What a pity, you say, it can't be recorded. But it has been recorded—by the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Read "The Opening Night Audience," by Estelle Hamburger, in the December issue. It will make you laugh.

Why has America no playwrights of the first rank—writers of the same calibre as Galsworthy, Drinkwater, Dunsany, Synge, Masefield, St. John Ervine, in England, and Brieux, Porto-Riche and Bataille in France?

It is humiliating to our national pride to have to admit that our best authors are not writing for the theatre, but the facts are there.

In our December issue, Walter Prichard Eaton discusses this interesting question.

Gilda Varesi, the romantic prima donna in "Enter Madam," has had amazing success this season. The talented comedienne has all New York at her feet. Of course, you'd like to know more about her, where she came from, her earlier triumphs, her views on life and men.

It's a legitimate curiosity which you can easily satisfy by securing the December THEATRE MAGAZINE.

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17-19 MAIDEN LANE



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII. No. 236.

NOVEMBER, 1920.



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Posed by Bozena Pondelicek

THE SPIRIT OF THE DUNES



# THE AMERICAN PLAY

*Powerful well-written melodrama more likely to find favor with our audiences than any other form*

By GEORGE M. COHAN



IT occurs to me, looking backwards, that there have been one or two outbursts of useful impertinence in my career. This confession in itself may be an indiscretion of mature years.

There are several periods in youth that seem to approach the pinnacle of fame. I recall, for instance, the importance I once attached to the words of a song with the refrain, "*Life's a funny proposition, after all.*" It was a youthful outburst, the first bloom of adolescent philosophy, and to my then immature perception it seemed a little classic. I wouldn't consider it so now, and I wouldn't perpetrate anything like it to-day. Youth doesn't know there is a second blooming until the first bloom wears off.

FRANKLY, the play has always been more interesting to me than the actor. I never cared to act, I'm not mad about dancing, and what success I have had in either is merely incidental to the life of the theatre. It has been my inherited destiny, that's all, and I have done the best I can with it. But if I am able some day to write a play really worth while, I shall be satisfied. This is not the popular impression of my views, but it is my own. The "play's the thing," and it doesn't make much difference whether it is what is known generally as the American play or not.

Personally, I don't care where the scene is laid, who writes it, or whether it's about Americans or Turks, so long as it's a story that I can believe. That's the elemental need of any play, to my mind, or of any story, for that matter. I want to believe that it's true, and if you put most of the modern plays and magazine stories to that test, you may make the discovery that there are tricks in the art of fiction and stage-writing that are repeaters. I don't mind a trick if it is used in proper subjection to the general purpose of a story. Tell me a direct story that I can believe, and you can use the whole bag of tricks. What I object to is the trick story, pure and simple—a story written to fit the trick, instead of the trick made into a story.

SUCCESS is by no means the final answer to the question, whether a play is good. I have been writing sketches and plays since I was fifteen years old, but to my mind they have been negligible as contributions to the American drama.

The very worst play I ever wrote, called "Fifty Miles From Boston," made a fortune on the road. I knew that New York wouldn't stand for it, but while I was away they sneaked it on to Broadway, and it received the knocks it deserved. Fortunately, I returned unexpectedly and promptly closed it. Then I sent it to the Grand Opera House, where it found its own audience.

It belonged to a class of plays that have been described as "rube plays." Those sort of plays are essentially an American brand, and they are still dear to American audiences. Denman Thompson founded a school with that little American classic, "The Old Homestead." You

could believe every word of it, and you couldn't help warming up to the lovable old man himself. It was a little stage sermon, too, which no one who saw it ever forgot.

There is something about the dyed-in-the-wool American called the "rube" that we never grow



Apeda

GEORGE M. COHAN

tired of. You can exaggerate him, even today, and still we love him. We are not all demoralized by bedroom farce and the form divine. It was some time before the so-called American play broke away from the farm's-own, though it became more and more sensational. Take "Way Down East," for instance, and the sawmill drama, "Blue Jeans." These were variations of the "Old Homestead" idea, over-burdened with tricks.

IF I am competent to judge the American play, I should say it has been smothered with tricks. More especially in recent years has it been confused by the "Movies." I did two pictures, chiefly because, active in the theatrical field, I wanted to learn something about the cause and effect of this usurping industry. I begged off on the third, because I simply couldn't stand it. I was lost in a constant state of perplexity and anxiety as to the whys and wherefores of what I was to do. I walked about the studio in a perpetual state of inquiry. "What do we do next?" I kept saying to myself, "What do we do next?" It seemed to me that it didn't matter at all as long as I was photographed. Now, in every actor

there are temptations to act, and sooner or later he comes back to the stage. The play is an art, the movie is a photographic mileage.

IN the competition to make money in the theatre, entertainments have become mixed, and the American play has suffered. For instance, we have in the theatre a conglomerate exhibition of several vaudeville acts corralled on the stage and surrounded by girls, called musical revues. I have written and produced musical reviews myself, and I have a theory that the stage is the place where one can function intelligently if one tries. To sit for two hours watching a parade of women, more or less nude, is not enough. One expects of a musical review something more than a few vaudevillians marooned on a stage island entirely surrounded by girls.

A review should be proportionately a review of the season's plays, an amusing catalogue of the theatre, a sparkling metropolitan comment of theatrical events humorously told. I never made any success with my reviews on the road, never tried to, because they were made for Broadway. They wouldn't be understood on the road because the audiences that are outlined on the railroad maps couldn't possibly have seen the plays reviewed. There was no fun in it for them. I merely mention this because the American stage has enough tradition to inspire it to maintain a semblance of art, at all times.

I don't care what you try to do in the theatre, so long as you do it with a sincere attachment to its traditions. They are not hard to live up to if we are really fond of them. One of the difficult things to do in the theatre is always to believe in the sentiment that has glorified it, that has made it an institution of our civilization, and that is to avoid offensive plays. I don't

mean plays that offend morals, because they never strike deep enough to become good plays, but I mean the plays that offend one's intelligence. There are many kinds of plays that do this.

FOR instance, it is the fashion just now to suspect melodrama of being a false friend of the theatre. The trouble is that no one is writing good melodramas today. I think it requires a very high dramatic gift to write a powerful melodrama, and that the public would welcome this form of play-writing if someone could write a good one. Nobody seems to be writing them. More's the pity.

In fact, the serious American play seems to have the defect of preachment or poor literature. From abroad we have had plays that should inspire better literary quality in our own, although "John Ferguson" was a play I could not sit through. They told me that it was because I am Irish, but my objection to it was John Ferguson himself. His sincerity seemed theatrical.

Many managers insist that people don't want good literature in plays, but I am convinced that they do. The success of (Continued on page 316)



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MARGARET ANGLIN

*After a long absence, this distinguished classic actress returned to Broadway as the heroine of "The Woman of Bronze," an old-fashioned French drama in which her fine acting breathes the spirit of modern life*



Moffett



Photo White

Janet Beecher

William Morris

Charlotte Walker

Phillip Merivale

*When he realizes that she is attractive to other men, Howard Mowbray (William Morris), is most anxious to have his wife (Charlotte Walker) back again*

SCENE IN ACT III OF "CALL THE DOCTOR," AT THE EMPIRE

FINE ACTING IN DRAMA AND COMEDY



# PROHIBITION HITS THE STAGE

*The lovable Rip, the jovial Falstaff and other famous comedy characters imperilled by the Eighteenth Amendment*

By GEORGE C. JENKS



THE old-time comedian who had been playing a drunken scene in a vaudeville sketch flung himself off the stage in profane disgust as the curtain came down to a mere pitter-patter of perfunctory hand-clapping.

"What's the use?" he exploded, when, having taken his share of the one "bow" which was all the meagre applause warranted, he turned toward his dressing-room. "The drunk business is played out on the stage. There isn't a laugh left in it. Why, a lot of those people out there didn't know what I was driving at. Yet there was a time when a fellow with a jag was sure-fire comedy. He didn't have to work hard, either. Everything he did was funny to the audience—the thick, wheezy voice, the stumbling gait, the hiccup, the maudlin tears, the untuneful song, the sudden anger at some imaginary offense—everything 'went.' Even a 'ham' doing that kind of character could hold the stage pretty nearly as long as he liked. It was 'ad lib' stuff. But now! Well, you saw my act to-night and how it flattened out. Why, I saw one woman yawning half her head off, and half a dozen men walked out on me. And, by George! I was giving them material that was *funny*—stuff that's been good for a riot since Shakespeare's time, and maybe as far back as Aristophanes for anything I know. Talking about Shakespeare, take 'Othello.' There's only one real laugh in that whole play. That's when Michael Cassio gets drunk and wants to lick the bunch to prove he's sober. The way things look now, they'll have to cut that scene in future—or else explain on the programme what it all means."



THE old-timer was in his dressing-room, taking off his make-up, before he condescended to reply to the obvious query. Then, as he removed the crimson grease-paint from his nose with vaseline, he grunted:

"The reason? Why, Prohibition, of course." He turned quickly, red-stained towel in hand, to look over his shoulder at his questioner. "Understand me," he said, seriously, "I am not criticizing the Eighteenth Amendment. It wouldn't make any difference, anyhow. The law is the law. But, surely, it will put a crimp into a great deal of good old stage 'business.' Nothing can be funny on the stage unless it is more or less familiar. When I go on and reel about, pretending to be drunk, the people who appreciate my performance compare me with other drunken men they have seen in real life. They know already that an overdose of intoxicating liquor will make even a sedate, dignified man behave like a fool. He will indulge in antics that would be impossible to him in his sober senses, and the incongruity of it makes them laugh. So when these antics are reproduced on the stage, with the slight exaggeration which the theatre demands, the audience catches the humor of them on the instant because it realizes that they are more—or less true to nature. If there were no basis of comparison, the work of the actor would be meaningless. That is pretty nearly what be-

fell me tonight. Prohibition has been in force less than a year, but already drunken men are rare—not only on the public thoroughfares, but in private or semi-private gatherings, where, in the old days, it was a common thing for one or two of the guests to become what was politely called 'hilarious,' and to supply the sort of comedy I am doing in this vaudeville sketch of mine. Nowadays, for a very good reason, men do not drink too much wine at public dinners or similar functions, and do not get drunk in saloons, and so, since the amateur comic souse is almost extinct, the stage will have to lose him also. To show how I feel about it, I'm having a new sketch written in which I shall try to be funny while dead sober. I close in my present act at the end of the week. It's a 'dead one.'"



BUT not only in the way above set forth by the old comedian must the enforced passing of the drinking habit affect the drama in America. With the disuse of strong liquors as a beverage, there hardly can fail to be a lessening of interest in stage stories whose action revolves mainly about the consequences of excessive drinking in general, or in which the leading character is a genial toper. Who can doubt that there is a fair-sized group of old and exceedingly popular plays which, under former conditions, might have been expected to reappear in revivals for years to come—as favorite stage works have survived for generations in the past—but which will surely lose their appeal with a nation of teetotallers?

"Rip Van Winkle," for example. How can we be expected to sympathize with the shiftless, mendacious, but lovable, ne'er-do-well of the Catskills, when we have become accustomed to think of drunkenness as the vilest and most repulsive of all personal vices? Perhaps there never has been a more delightful character than Rip, as Joseph Jefferson played him. But that was in a period when the frequent use of intoxicants was a much more common habit than it has been in this country for the last twenty years past, and when a person befuddled by drink was—unless he waxed particularly offensive—generally regarded by his friends with tolerance, if not with amusement.



SO Rip Van Winkle's love for "schnapps" was regarded as something of an amiable weakness, and it is to be feared that the long-suffering Gretchen has always enjoyed less sympathy from the audience than she deserved when at last she allowed her vagabond spouse to turn himself out of doors into the midnight tempest.

There seems a possibility, too, of some of Shakespeare's most pungent comedy scenes losing much of their edge in a world that knows nothing of the humorous stimulation of strong waters. Falstaff, that prince of convivialists, may find it difficult to hold his popularity. How flat among non-drinkers will fall the many joking references to his love of sack made by his pothouse com-

panions in Mrs. Quickley's Eastcheap tavern, and how little patience the playgoer of the future will have with that whole roistering Boar's Head crowd! It is only with a strong effort that one can imagine the jolly Sir John flourishing, or even surviving, in a Prohibition regime. But this is not all. There are a number of other notable figures in what we reverently call "The Plays" which will be more or less out of place if the principles of the new Amendment are carried to their logical conclusions, not omitting our bibulous old friend, Sir Toby Belch, with his plaintive—and prophetic—demand:—

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

That a general abolition of the drinking habit will necessitate sweeping changes in the methods of several of the industrious journeyman dramatists of today is indisputable. Some of them will have to furnish out a completely new bag of tricks. There are writers of sensational drama—especially those who prefer to deal with the sordid side of contemporaneous life—whose plots are nearly always preserved in alcohol. Without the element of drunkenness and its reactions, many plays of this order would lose their vitality entirely. So well do the authors of this class of drama know their business, however, that their motto seems to have been, "When in doubt, play intoxication." And usually it was a safe course.

Until comparatively recently the villain of a melodrama was more often than not a creature of the underworld, whose crimes were conceived and carried out under the influence of ardent spirits.



HE was always drunk, and, as a natural consequence, unspeakably brutal. Bill Sikes was his prototype, and anyone who saw Sir Henry Irving's powerful rendering of the part will testify that the liquor supposed to have been consumed by the amiable burglar must have been poisonously vile. Yet in many a melodrama since Sikes's time that worthy has been outdone in whisky-inspired wickedness, and always the audience has seemed to be satisfied that inordinate doses of cheap liquor will infallibly evolve that particular type of coarse rascality.

As for plays avowedly written to convey a lesson on the evils of alcohol, it is doubtful whether there will be any market for them in a community in which nobody drinks. What appeal could there be in such a play as "Ten Nights in a Barroom," for instance, when there is no such thing as a barroom in existence? True, some plays dealing with conditions long past maintain their hold on the public fancy and draw dollars to the box-office. But that is because the dramatic action is stirring, the characters striking and original, and the story intrinsically strong, rendering the underlying motive of the work a secondary consideration. A notable example of a sensational drama outliving its original purpose is that classic of the one-night stands, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."





*The green stuff is always enjoyed when furnished by the theatrical sub-débutante*



*The substantial part of the salad usually consists of something like this*



*To many, a dash of paprika is essential*



*For those who prefer a lemon dressing, the managers kindly furnish it*



*But dressing of some sort a salad must have*

## SALAD—AS SERVED ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY STAGE

*Silhouettes by Ethel C. Taylor*



# THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

*To the actress the passing of youth is a tragedy  
for it means goodbye to public adoration*

By CAROL BIRD



**Y**OUTH on the Dawn—a few brief miles of rollicking joyousness along Life's way, and then—the inevitable milestone called Middle Age.

Women throughout the centuries have tried to find a *détour*, in the hopes of missing it, but it bobs up persistently somewhere along the road. Women of the stage manage better than all the others to keep it in the distance, but even they some day find they have reached it.

**T**O women outside the world of the theatre, the passing of youth means less admiration, fewer good times, an altered mode of life. But to women of the theatre it means far more. To them it spells deterioration in greater degree. It means the lessening of their earning power, as a rule, for perhaps in no other profession in the world is Youth so valuable an asset as in the World of Make-Believe. For them, Middle Age means that the shining days of adoration are nearly over. No one realizes better than they that the Public, their real employer, puts the lovely young actress at the head of the payroll. She is the idol, the worshipped and adored one—Queen of the Cast.

Of course, there always remain the character rôles, and these, assuredly, are not to be scoffed at. But it cannot be denied that the gay, glad creature of youth, vivacity, magnetism, and fresh, unmarred beauty, holds the center of the stage. It is Her hour. She will not abdicate until she, too, reaches the fateful turn of the road where the First Wrinkle weaves its way into her satin cheek.

This is the story of a popular ingenue of fifteen or twenty years ago who has just crossed the fateful Border. She is playing her first character rôle on Broadway today. Meet Minnie Dupree, scoring a great success as the little, grey spinster in "The Charm School"! It is at her beautiful home in Larchmont that you can get better acquainted with her. Her quaint, old-fashioned, rambling country house, with its odd little turrets, and surrounded by beds of asters and nasturtiums, and great bushes of brilliant golden glow, seems to furnish just the background as she tells about the transition from girl rôles to those of women past the Magic Age.

**S**OMEHOW the Golden Glow which grows in such profusion about Miss Dupree's home reminds one forcibly of the Mistress of the Garden. There is something glowingly courageous about the way the resplendent blossoms turn their faces to the sun. They throw off a radiance that surely must be felt by all the neighboring flowers. The fine, sturdy, optimistic bloom towers heavenward like a sylph of gold. Nodding gayly at its companions, it seems to inspirit all

the other garden dwellers who are fortunate enough to come under its glad, bright spell.

There is something a bit wistfully pathetic about Miss Dupree as she sits in her little study, a quiet haven done in soft yellows and black, one of her Alaskan dogs crouched at her feet, a pile of newspaper clippings strewn about her, discussing, in philosophical fashion, the change

interrupts your reverie in an uncanny fashion!

**T**HERE IS a difference, of course. Time doesn't pick favorites. He passes none of us by," she says, gently, still with that indefinable, far-away look in her eyes.

"Of course, I had to come to it, just as every actress does at one time or another in her life—I mean come to the point where she must realize that the days of delineating girl-character are over—that to continue them means to make herself pathetically absurd. I came to it reluctantly, 'tis true, but now that I'm here, why it isn't so dreadful, after all. Playing a character rôle isn't half bad. It's really very satisfying."

She leans down to quiet the dog at her feet, who is barking sharply and angrily at the intrusion of a delivery boy coming up the walk. You think you detect a little catch in her voice, and then she raises her head again, and she is smiling brightly. You decide you are mistaken. You are seeing the pathos of the situation in too magnified a fashion. Why read something into some one's manner that really doesn't exist there at all? It is but your imagination.

**H**AVING punished her pet dog for his rude interruption, by sending him, whining his remorse, out of the house, Miss Dupree returns to her subject:

"The transition came suddenly, like a flash of lightning or a thunderbolt. I didn't realize it had happened until it was all over. You see, during the busy, ambitious years I played ingenue rôles, I did not have much time to become introspective. I worked mighty hard, and finally success came to me. Age did not appear as a spectre on my horizon. Of course, I dreaded the first wrinkle, as do most women, but I did not become too morbidly worried about it. Well—the years sped by—full

and happy and satisfying—and then three years ago I left the stage. My Ingenue days were over.

"What shall I say about that chaotic period when, away from my beloved work which had been all of life to me, the storm broke, and I came to understand how relentless Time can be. I grieved, I admit it, and then—the Great War, I went over with an entertainment committee, and what happened to me on the other side can be likened to nothing so much as a forest fire. It burned away all the petty, futile thoughts of Self, and made me realize what a small part of the Great Pattern I was. How infinitesimal! Just a tiny pawn in the great Game. What did a wrinkle or two matter, after all? Why should I ever have hoped that Time would stand still for me? There was much more in life than merely youth and the depicting of it.

"I built up for myself (Continued on page 324)



J. Ellis, Washington, D. C.

## MINNIE DUPREE

*One of the hits of "The Charm School" is the delightful performance of this well known actress as the teacher. Here she is seen as she appears in the play and as she looked in the days when she was a favorite ingenue*

the years have brought. She is a slight figure, clad in a pale blue smock, and a tan sport skirt. Something eternally girlish clings to her.

She turns her face toward you, and you try to visualize the Minnie Dupree of the Ingenue Days. Her eyes are still clear and blue, and there's a happy glint in them, but—were not the eyes of that girl of bygone years pansy-hued and widely ingenuous? Her hair is still light and fluffy, but—did not the young star of "The Road to Yesterday" have burnt-gold curls framing her beguiling face? Her complexion is still fair, but—didn't little Minnie of "Old Heidelberg" fame have a peachbloom skin? And those lines (unmistakably lines of character, and a fine character, too, but lines, nevertheless), were they there, say, twenty years ago, when theatregoers of that day worshipped at her shrine as she appeared in "The Climbers"?

And then, in telepathic fashion, Miss Dupree





Goldberg  
"The Peacock Mask," one of  
illustrator W. T. Benda's most  
striking headpieces

(Below)  
The dancing of  
the lithe and  
graceful Margaret  
Severn is one of  
the most attractive  
features of the  
show



Lumiere  
In their whirlwind Russian  
folk dance Ivan Bankoff and  
Mlle. Phebe bring down the  
house



Goldberg  
The "Silly Girl" mask



The frosted birthday cake—a charming number

Photocraft

# HIGH LIGHTS IN THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES OF 1920



# IN THE SPOTLIGHT

(Below)

## HENRY HERBERT

*As the sinister Manchu in "The Lady of the Lamp," this English actor contributes a most vivid performance to our stage. For years Mr. Herbert was associated with Sir Frank Benson, and later toured in Shakespearean repertoire at the head of his own company. He came to America about six years ago and played in Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" and in "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"*



Edward Thayer Monroe

## NITA NALDI

*This darkly picturesque young woman who plays with subtle power the adventuress rôle in "Opportunity," has been a model for painters and for fashions. One stage of her theatrical progress was that of a show girl at the Winter Garden. She adorned "The Passing Show of 1918" and decorated the ensemble at the Century Roof. Her first dramatic effort was a part of ten lines in "The Bonehead" last season, yet the same subtle power evident in "Opportunity" made her a considerable figure in the cast.*



White

## FELIX KREMBs

*So well does this actor play the conscienceless operator in Wall Street that he receives from smart audiences who witness "Crooked Gamblers" at the Hudson Theatre a distinction usually only bestowed by one-night-stand houses upon their villains. When he comes before the curtain he is hissed. Upon which he withdraws, as well he may, with a gratified smile. Mr. Krembs was the wicked one in "The Unknown Woman" with Marjorie Rambeau last season. For two years he was a member of the original company of "Friendly Enemies."*

## MARY MILBURN

*As the delightful Irish slavey in "The Girl in the Spotlight," this young actress, a newcomer to Broadway, made a decided hit. A native of New York, she began her stage career in the chorus of "Furs and Frills." Later she was in "Listen Lester"*



Campbell Studio





© Kossuth

#### MARY GARDEN

*Superwoman—supreme exemplar of modern opera—that's what Huncker calls this famous American singer who goes on a long concert tour, before taking up operatic work with the Chicago Opera Company. Miss Garden is seen here wearing her stunning creation, the Gown of a Thousand Mirrors. No mere man could begin to describe this dress, of silver cloth, on which are fastened hundreds of tiny mirrors. The effect when the lights are thrown on is blinding in its dazzling brilliancy.*





© Strauss Peyton

#### RUTH SHEPLEY

*Demure, vivacious, charming—three adjectives that fit this young actress—lately the lovable Eva in "Adam and Eva," and now in the new Guy Bolton comedy, "Wild Cherry"*



Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

#### MADGE KENNEDY

*After three years in the films, this clever ingenue returns to the speaking stage in Doan Mitchell's new comedy drama, "Cornered." Broadway has not forgotten her former success in "Little Miss Brown" and "Fair and Warmer"*



#### MARIE CARROLL

*Having won her way to Broadway by way of the good little wife in "Oh, Boy," this personable young player now takes the part of the flirtatious little school girl who weds the principal of "The Charm School"*

BEAUTY AND TALENT IN NEW PRODUCTIONS





Camera Study by Maurice Goldberg

## An Autumn Idyl



# TIGHTS AND GRINS

*Leer of bedizened chorus girls takes the place of scintillating wit of the old days*

By JAMES L. FORD



**N**O one who has had to sit lately through some of the so-called revues and musical comedies can fail to be impressed by the utter lack of real humor. Time was when wit flashed through almost every line spoken on Broadway. Charlie Hoyt, Ned Harrigan, Billy Birch, George Ade, to say nothing of W. S. Gilbert—our stage dialogue fairly scintillated. Today you still see audiences laughing vacuously. At what?

Are wit and humor extinct in this town?

Many years ago, before we began to proclaim ourselves blatantly as a "nation of humorists" and when dull-witted persons were not harping on their "saving sense of humor," we had wits of genuine distinction in New York, some in society and others writing for the stage. Such men as Joseph H. Choate, Clarence King, F. F. Marbury, William R. Travers and Chauncey M. Depew were noted for their brilliant sayings. The present generation knows few such men. Wit has disappeared also from the moneymakers who prepare our musical comedies.

I once helped in the making of a burlesque to be produced at Koster and Bial's music hall. I am glad to say that I was not wholly responsible for that production, for I worked with an accomplice who was equally accessory to the fact, and we had many disputes regarding the jokes that I interpolated. On the first night I watched the performance with keen interest and was mortified at the cool reception extended to my own rather labored *jeux d'esprit*.

**I**N despair of raising a laugh through the lines of his part, the German comedian interpolated one of his own, "Stop dot monkey-doodle business!" and the house rocked with laughter.

I never forgot that night, and years afterward I reached the belief that in the quoted line that German comedian had set the pace for musical comedy wit of generations to come. I never sit through one of those empty, jangling entertainments without feeling that wit of the "monkey-doodle" school rings through it all. And as I sit, wondering at the inane laughter that greets each idiotic essay, memory takes me back to the days when there was real wit in stage entertainments and hearty laughter at things worth laughing at.

There was a time when I failed to understand, but when I began to study the audiences and compare them with those of an elder day, the truth flashed upon me. It is the nightly gathering of salesmen with their "gustomers" that has wrought the change. For these and their kind today librettists are writing, managers are producing and "gustomers" are busy with their ever-abbreviating scissors.

As for the music, one can hear it all in advance of production by pausing in front of one of those cradles of tin-pan melody in the side streets west of Broadway. In some of the superior melodies that manage to creep into the score I recognize revamped tunes of the remote

past faintly disguised by the tin-pannist and fitted with new and foolish words.

At the moment when the "monkey-doodle" jest was sprung upon the cultivated ears of the Koster and Bial audience, there was wit and humor a-plenty on the American stage—enough, indeed, to give pleasure to the gray-haired theatregoer possessed of a long memory and keen appreciation. The matchless wit to which Gilbert gave exquisite lyrical expression and to which the music of Sullivan was joined in holy wedlock, was then at the height of its vogue. Augustin Daly's splendidly trained artists were delighting audiences of taste and refinement with real comedies, adapted from the German and staged with every perfection of detail.

**I**N other theatres could be seen plays rich in racy American humor, opera bouffe, given in French by such artists as Aimée, Duplan and Mezières, and, at the Thalia, far down in the Bowery, farce and comedy, interpreted by some of Germany's most famous players, such as Josie Gallmeyer, Adolphi, Knaacke and others.

There was abundance of musical entertainment, too, with melodies that did not spring from West Twenty-eighth Street, but from the brains of foreign composers of acknowledged merit. There were "Olivette," "The Mascot," Billie Taylor and "The Geisha," and a score of others, for at this time Europe was flooding us with melody. And then there was the variety stage, which was not only giving us food for genuine laughter, of which no man need be ashamed, but nursing in its broad bosom young men and women who were destined to take honored places in the field of the legitimate drama.

Moreover, New York could always furnish an audience capable of enjoying each and every one of these entertainments, for the theatre was clean then and more of a family resort than it is today. The young girl invited to a theatre-party was not obliged to wait until one of her parents had seen the show to learn whether it was fit for the innocent mind. The reign of the "gustomer" had not then begun.

**T**HERE is nothing in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas or in the local farces of Harrigan and Hart calculated to please the Syracuse merchant who is amassing a fortune by selling clothing below cost in a salesroom from which all daylight has been excluded. When he visits New York it is with the intention of mingling pleasure with business, and the salesman who knows his business knows his "gustomer's" taste too well to offer him anything of super-refinement. The Rentz-Santley Company, which has been roaming the country for many decades, has had an astonishing influence in moulding provincial masculine taste. The diversions that it offers, such as the Skipping-Rope Dance, the ladies swinging in trapezes, the grand Amazonian March, and the semi-circle of short-skirted, raucous-voiced lady minstrels, are to the "gus-

tomer," when at home, a source of rapturous exhilaration. The apotheosis of all this kaleidoscopic splendor is found in such an entertainment as that given in our own Winter Garden.

I attended a revel at this playhouse not long ago and noted that the "gustomers" whose rating was the highest in Bradstreets had seats as near as possible to the gangplank, but it was not until a number of barelegged young women began to scamper up and down this thoroughfare that I understood why the seats next to it commanded a premium. When this delightful feature was introduced for the purpose of bringing the audience in closer touch with the performers than in other establishments conducted on more conservative lines, my memory took me back to a theatre called Donnelly's Olympic in Brooklyn, where it was customary to brace up the sagging business of a burlesque show by the introduction of what was conspicuously billed as a "Grand Amazonian March around the Orchestra." To introduce this diverting specialty a gangplank was stretched across the orchestra, and over this there marched a row of young women in red cotton tights, singing as they walked, and pausing now and then to rebuke the too pressing attentions of Brooklyn's leading citizens.

"Leave go of my leg, you bald-headed old slob! Can't you let an honest girl make a living?" exclaimed one of these sirens within my hearing, as I sat gazing with the round eyes of ingenuous youth at the imposing display.

**H**OWEVER, to the honor of the Winter Garden management be it said that pinching and other similar courtesies are taboo there; there is no telling, however, what the future will bring forth.

It has been said that the generation bred on the movies and to whose ears the beauties of the spoken drama are unfamiliar, will have but meagre memories to console their later years. And it may be said with equal truth that those who know the humor of the stage only by the leer of bedizened women and wit of the "monkey-doodle" school, will never be able to look back, as many of us can now, to the apostolic succession of entertainments of music blended with humor that began with negro minstrelsy and was borne along by Harrigan and Hart, Charlie Hoyt, and Weber and Fields, and was then succeeded by the *débacle* into monkey-doodledom, with its tinsel wit and tin-pan melodies.

Time was when Birch, Wambold and Backus, the chief figures in the San Francisco Minstrels, supplied the town with jokes and songs. They were followed by Harrigan and Hart in their racy Mulligan Guards sketches, and what theatregoer of that day who is still living can forget the inimitable fun of those farces or the music of Dave Braham? Harrigan and his father-in-law, Braham, worked together in the closest sort of harmony, the Gilbert and Sullivan of the town. (Continued on page 310)





Maurice Goldberg

#### VIOLET BENNET

*Isn't she dainty in this beautiful, old-fashioned gown? She made her bow to Broadway in "Sinbad," at the Winter Garden*



Photocraft

#### TOT QUALTERS

*One of the hits of the Revue, is this loose-jointed, eccentric dancer who was seen last season in vaudeville*



Maurice Goldberg

#### VIOLA WELLER

*"Easy to look at," as they say nowadays, is this little lady who pleases one and all with her dancing and singing. She, too, was formerly with the Winter Garden*



Photocraft

#### CLEVELAND BRONNER

*Has an act of his own on the Century Roof, entitled, "Fantastic Conception of Twenty-four Hours." Mr. Bronner devised and staged this number—also designed and executed the costumes*



MARGARET MOWER

*Remembered for her work in "The Book of Job," this charming young actress is appearing this season in the leading feminine rôle in "Welcome, Stranger"*



Photo Lewis-Smith, Chicago



Alfred Cheney Johnston

EDNA HIBBARD

*This actress, who has good looks as well as versatility, is equally at home in drama, farce or musical comedy. Last season in "Tumble In," she is now playing the rancher's daughter in "The Bad Man"*



Photo Campbell

PATRICA MORRIS

*Not quite a newcomer to Broadway, this young stock actress, for she was seen with Alexandra Carlisle in "The Country Cousin." She now plays the crinolined girl heroine in "A Man of the People"*



Photo Lewis-Smith, Chicago

MARION COAKLEY

*Only twenty, yet what a busy career! In addition to playing leads in "Daddy Longlegs," "Fair and Warmer" and "Little Women," this young actress has appeared in "The Flame," and more recently in "Self-Defence." Now she is playing opposite George Renavent in "Genius and the Crowd"*

YOUNG LEADING WOMEN WHO PLEASE BROADWAY



Mr. O. P. Heggie as Stillbottle; Mr. Frank Hector as Percy Welwyn; Miss Muriel Martin Harvey as Tilly Welwyn

The sheriff's man has come to collect for the furniture or remove it immediately. Tilly, who is expecting the wealthy and aristocratic Mainwarings for tea, is trying, with Percy, to get on the good side of Stillbottle. They are successful, for not only does he permit the things to remain, but also consents to act as butler that afternoon

SCENE IN IAN HAY'S COMEDY, "HAPPY GO LUCKY," AT THE BQOTH



White



Photocraft

Madame Della Robia (Gilda Varesi, centre) gives a supper party in her apartment for her former husband and his wife-to-be

SCENE IN ACT II OF "ENTER MADAME" AT THE GARRICK

CLEVER CHARACTERIZATION IN RECENT SUCCESSES



# THE MARIONETTE REVIVAL

*Little wooden actors to re-kindle imagination,  
fancy, illusion which the movies have quenched*

By LIDA ROSE MCCABE



**B**ACK comes the age-old puppet show! In the present world-wide revival of "little wooden actors" America is no laggard. "Puppet-starved America"—the Boston critics' lament in appeal to Tony Sarg's "animated cartoons," no longer holds good. For New York is at the threshold of a Marionette Rialto.

Significant is the American publication of the first book on Marionettes in English; the United States Government issue of its first marionette patent; the pending inauguration of four Manhattan marionette theatres, while numerous puppet companies are in rehearsal or trying it out on the dog at nearby resorts preparatory to winter tour in wake of the Little Theatres. For logical handmaid of the Little Theatre are Punch and Judy, Guignol, Pulcinello, now happily transplanted, like true Old World aliens, to America's Melting Pot.

Not to be outdone by mere land-lubbers, even the steamship *La France* has a Guignol on board—the Little Theatre in its Children's Room, manipulated by a famous Paris puppeteer employed the year round by the steamship company to entertain its passengers.

"The marionette issues from a sanctuary," to quote Anatole France. "The actor spoils the play for me," he confesses. "I mean good actors. Their talent is too great; it crosses everything. There is nothing left but them. Their personality effaces the work they represent."

**T**HE very name Marionette harks back to the Virgin Mary. It means "little Maria." Marionette appeal is universal. Born in the twilight of the race, it rooted early in Italy, to spread round the world, everywhere finding a responsive chord. For the marionette is the people's natural child, the veritable step-child of culture. "Who loves not puppets is not fit to live," sings Byron.

The American invasion of the "little wooden actors" is providential. For they come to stimulate, to rekindle what the movies have well-nigh quenched in the playgoing public imagination, fancy, illusion!

The marionette or puppet is not to be confounded with the mechanical doll or toy. Their construction and manipulation are varied, and in all ages have exercised the ingenuity of inventors, mechanics, artists and poets. Whether worked by hand, wires or strings, above or below stage, in action or repose, their's is a seeming miraculous power of suggestion.

Something sensationally new in the puppet world are the marionettes invented by Mathurian M. Dondo, professor of romance languages at Columbia University. These marionettes, on which Professor Dondo has been working three years, are the first mechanical invention of the kind to which the United States Government has granted a patent. So startlingly life-like are the little figures in appearance and movement that a person seated some distance away would be ready to swear they were living beings.

Manipulated from below, instead of from above, their construction is so simple that a six-year-old child could operate them. They will bring the drama into home and school as talking machines bring grand opera or concert music. Negotiations are pending for their manufacture in large quantities at popular price.

"Every well-regulated family," chuckles the merry professor of Brittany birth, Old-World training and fourteen years' American residence, "will then have its own theatre and stock company; write its own plays and perform to standing room only!"

**W**ITH a set of puppets before him, any one can write a play," declares Professor Dondo. "They speak for themselves. You simply take down what they say and laugh or cry with them. They awaken in the inner soul slumbering beauties."

To substantiate his claim, the Oxford Press publishes "Seven Marionette Plays," by Professor Dondo. They were written primarily to put over to his classes, through the medium of his invention, French medieval farces, legends, fairy tales. Professor Dondo departs from the current idea that puppets are meant only for children. That erroneous idea, he deduces, sprung from eighteenth century England's popularization of Punch and Judy shows. The professor's marionettes have played at Smith College, Princeton and Columbia Universities.

Tony Sarg opens his third puppet season December first at the Punch and Judy Theatre, playing there through the holidays. "Rip Van Winkle" will be the opening play. It is now in rehearsal at Sarg's Sixteenth Street studio, where is the workshop and puppeteer training school of the cartoonist turned marionette impresario. "Rip Van Winkle" is the first play indigenous of the soil written for marionettes. It is the work of Mr. George Mitchell and keeps close to the Washington Irving classic.

**O**N October 21 Tony Sarg's wooden-headed actors, now reduced in size from their original three feet, with collapsible stage to facilitate travel, eight trained puppeteers and a press agent, took to the road after the manner of the legitimate. The itinerary covers sixteen New England towns already sold out. Some towns are booked for a two-week stand.

"I realize," said the cartoonist of unctuous smile, "that marionette appeal in this country is limited, however limitless their mechanical development. They are not part of the people, as in Europe. The construction of a single puppet has cost me as high as three hundred dollars. Costuming material and fashioning are also costly. Much time goes to training puppeteers. Dramatic instinct, gift of mimicry, clear enunciation, much digital dexterity, if not acrobatic skill, are the assets of the clever, dependable puppeteer."

To Mrs. Maurice Browne, better known as

Ellen Van Volkenberg, actress, rather than to Tony Sarg, international cartoonist, should be credited the American revival of ancient marionette art.

In the Chicago Little Theatre, three years ago, Mrs. Browne gave America its first professional marionette performance. Discarding Old-World models, she constructed, costumed and trained her own marionettes, which have little in common with traditional puppets, for they are neither grotesque nor humorous, being of the exquisite magic of elfland. Emboldened by success of her most ambitious production, "Midsummer Night's Dream," which ran for five weeks and might have gone indefinitely, Mrs. Browne last Spring invaded New York. This winter she contemplates a Broadway theatre with varied repertoire and puppeteers personally trained by her after the method of the legitimate speaking theatre.

Miss Lillian Owen, from out the West, is also scheduled for Broadway with marionettes of her own devise and training. Michael Carr, the Florence, Italy, associate of Gordon Craig (arch-stimulator of puppet revival), executed the scenic setting of Miss Owen's tentative Neighborhood Playhouse spring production, which cinched her decision to come this winter to the Rialto.

**M**ISS OWEN, after three years' puppeteering with Mrs. Maurice Browne's Chicago company, came to Tony Sarg as Mistress of Wardrobe and his right-hand man. Having distinctive ideas of her own, she eventually broke from the cartoonist, and, fortified by a successful summer tour of New England coast towns, she will come to Broadway with five puppet plays, a dozen variety acts, and silhouette puppets of her own invention to revolutionize the wooden actor world. These American-born puppets are as flat as those used by the ancient Japanese. They are brightly colored and, like their contemporaries, are manipulated from above stage.

Music—tiny, fountain-like tinkling music—is a feature of all puppet shows. To date it has escaped the Musical Union! Miss Owen has four distinctive musical instruments to accompany the singers, in which her puppet company specialize.

Playwriting for puppets is a technique distinctive as that for screen or legitimate stage. The most successful plays are from experienced puppeteers. Already a school of marionette playwrights is developing, with Mrs. Hamilton Williamson, inseparable from Tony Sarg's vogue, and Miss Nellie Mische, of Mrs. Maurice Browne's original Chicago staff, in the lead.

The University of Utah has classes in Marionette playwriting. In wake of Professor Dondo's invention, Columbia University will likely have similar classes.

It is to the puppet stage of the Cleveland Playhouse, however, that America is indebted for the first English book on marionettes, for it was while Helen Haiman (Continued on page 310)





*"Après la Guerre"—a Franco-American comedy by Prof. Dondo. An American soldier returns to France two years after the war to search for his Red Cross nurse. Having only a limited knowledge of French, he employs an interpreter to help him find his lady love. The interpreter being the French Red Cross nurse's lover, farcical complications naturally ensue*



PROF. DONDO



Photo Jessie Torbox Beals

*Scene in Molière's comedy, "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," as produced at Remo Bufano's Marionette Theatre*



*Scene in "Jack and the Beanstalk," as presented by Lillian Owen's Marionettes*





Photo White

Olga Miska, the dancer, seen here with the "Chorus That Hates Clothes," is not Russian, as her name suggests, but New York Irish, her husband, Mishka, being responsible for the Russian patronymic



Photo White

#### FRANK TINNEY

Goodbye, Frank—blackfaced comedian! So successful is this actor in whiteface throughout the major part of "Tickle Me" that from now on he will discard the dusky makeup in which he won popularity



#### MARIETTA O'BRIEN

The sensation of "Tickle Me" was the "We've Got Something" number, when girls walked on, each carrying little bottles which they distributed among the audience. Some say the bottles contained only tea; others that it was something with a decided "kick." The fact that there were bottles of some sort is proven by this pretty chorus girl principal snapped in the act





F. de Guedre

#### ALICE GENTLE

*This mezzo-soprano was to have made her Carmen debut in 1910, under the Hammerstein régime, but Oscar sold out to the Metropolitan. Meantime, she has been singing at the Metropolitan Opera House and at the La Scala, Milan*



Hartsook

#### MADELEINE KELTIE

*Lyric soprano and a finished musician, headed for the concert stage as a pianist before she took to singing*

#### MANUEL SALAZAR

*Dramatic tenor of Costa Rica. Between his engagements in North America, he returns annually to Mexico, Central and South America and the West Indies*



White

#### QUEENA MARIO

*Young American coloratura soprano, protégée of Mme. Sembrich, and likened to Galli-Curci and other famous exponents of bravura singing*



Goldberg



C. M. Hayes

The San Carlo Opera Company, just closing a season of four weeks at the Manhattan Opera House, was the first organization to restore operatic traditions to the house founded by Oscar Hammerstein. The company includes, in addition to the regular members, Gladys Axman, Deana D'Este, Alice Gentle, Anna Fitziu, Nobuko Hara, Ernest Brenot, Frank Pollack, Marie Rappold, Myrna Sharlow, Sylvia Tell and Regina Vicarino



# "LIGHTNIN'" BREAKS THE RECORD

*Frank Bacon tells the secret of the play's unprecedented run in New York*

By ADA PATTERSON



ON the night of August twenty-sixth, at the Gaiety Theatre, Frank Bacon, in his soldierly blue and brass buttons, came before the curtain after the second act and made a speech. With his characteristic smile, one part gentleness, one part waggishness, he said:

"Tonight we begin the third year of the run of 'Lightnin'' in this theatre. I wrote the play in thirty days. I took it about to managers for ten years. Winchell Smith had it for two years. When he returned it, its condition was much improved. We appeared in it in Washington six months before our opening here. None of us then thought we had a play that has such an appeal."

So did Mr. Bacon modestly erect a milestone in the progress of "Lightnin'." It had finished two years as a tenant of the Gaiety, the home of comedy, at the corner of Broadway and Forty-sixth Street. It had taken a new lease. It would be a tenant for another year at least. It was easily possible that it might remain longer. "Lightnin'" had smashed the long-time records of Broadway successes into smithereens. Likewise splinters. Also atoms.

"Erminie," with its record of 800 performances, loomed as a forbidding rival. But "Erminie" had the aid of music, and of the late Pauline Hall's shapeliness, and "Erminie" had taken summer vacations. "The Music Master" had run two years with interruptions. "Old Homestead" lived three years in New York, but with summer closures. "Lightnin'" had suffered no interruptions save that which Mr. Bacon himself created when he went out with his actor brethren on strike for a month in 1919. Necessity did not press this act upon him. He was a playwright and a manager. In either of these capacities he consistently might have declined to strike. Instead, he addressed a meeting of the strikers at the Hotel Astor, saying: "Mother says she used to make the children's clothes, and she's willing to do it again."

"I take no credit to myself for playing 'Lightnin'," said Mr. Bacon to the present writer. "And I won't ask any special credit for the play. The credit that belongs to me is that I discovered Bill Jones. He was my landlord at Vallejo. Rather, my landlady's husband. I had been playing Bill Jones for thirty years. Whenever Mother and Bessie and I had a sketch that didn't interest audiences much, I would drag Bill Jones out and put different clothes on him, and put him to work. I found that everybody liked Bill Jones. Whatever the sketch I put him in, it 'went.' I was sure that if I could get a manager to take a play built around Bill Jones, audiences would like it, but I didn't expect anything like this. When we talked about 'Lightnin'' at home we were unanimous. 'We'll get a season out of it in New York and on the road,' we agreed. That was the glistening peak of our ambitious dreams."

"The reason for 'Lightnin's' success is that there is something of Bill Jones in every one." Mr. Bacon mentioned a man of the theatres whom we both know. "If we suggested anything that we thought would be a good stunt he would say: 'Yes, I've done that.'"

"Are there any women Bill Joneses?"



FRANK BACON AT THIRTY

*This photograph was taken twenty-five years ago—while the actor was barnstorming in California*

"There are. They are the women who, when you suggest something, will say: 'I'll manage that.' We recognize Bill Jones in others, and, in our honest moments, in ourselves. He is a universal character, and the occasion for a universal play. Bill Jones is true, and truth in a play wins."

"How does it feel to have played in a Broadway success for two years?"

"It feels, when we've finished a performance, 'There, that has to be done all over again tomorrow or this afternoon.' It feels like keeping up punishment."

"You don't really mean that?"

The Baconian smile filled a silence. "I'm writing another play," he went on. "This one is about a young man. And I've begun writing a book, 'My Barnstorming days.' Mother is helping me. I write about eight pages, and she cuts it down to a stick."

"Do you want to make a prophecy about the life of 'Lightnin'?"

"An assertion rather than a prophecy. It will have a run of four to five years in New York.

Another year in Chicago. A year in Philadelphia and Boston. San Francisco wants it for a long run. A San Francisco manager offered us amazing terms for a run 'with Mr. Bacon in the play.' There are the Pacific Coast towns where I played for so many years. And there are the other cities of this country. 'Lightnin'' will live in a regular run for ten years. Then it will go into stock. It will take its place among the plays of long life. Have you ever thought that the plays that live character plays? No play that I r that was written about young people has lived more than three or four years."

Incidents punctuating the success of "Lightnin'" are many. Fred Zimmerman, manager of the Gaiety Theatre, said on its dubious opening night: 'After the first act I wouldn't have given fifty dollars for the play. After the second act, the one with the court-room scene, I wouldn't have taken a million for it. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels came behind the scenes to say: 'Nobody ever dragged me around the theatre the way you have tonight.' President Wilson sent a messenger to ask for a copy of the bee story. The Chief Executive had tried to repeat the whopper about driving a swarm of bees across the plains in mid-winter without the loss of a bee, but had left the road somewhere. He wanted to get it right. Hiram Johnson recalled to the actor their acquaintance in Sacramento, when they used to meet at a street corner near the theatre and discuss California politics. But there's an incident that sunk deeper into the Baconian consciousness than all these. Looking down from the stage, he saw a gray-haired woman in the first row pat her white-haired husband's hand, and, with a quick movement, kiss his cheek. It was while "Lightnin'" and his wife were

talking of their home. I think the pair had been quarreling, and the scene caused them to make up," said "Lightnin's" creator.

Whatever the cause, they like it. How they do like it! To the star come checks drawn in Havana, in Buenos Ayres, in Rio Janeiro, begging in elaborately polite Spanish that his excellency will himself ensure the writer's chance to see the play. It ends with the assurance that the writer, annihilating distance, kisses his hand.

"And from London?" I asked.

"The English are content to buy tickets when they arrive," he answered.

"I have heard that George Carpentier's manager said, when he had seen all the plays in New York, 'Lightnin'' is the topnotch play and Frank Bacon the topnotch actor.' That indicates English taste. Why not go to London?" I queried.

"Why not stay in New York?" Mr. Bacon countered. He mentioned a "play that had lived but a fortnight in London and another whose star had foregone salary, and its author royalties, to lengthen its anæmic course in the tight little island's big city." (Continued on page 312)





Photo Roet Litz Studio

**ALICE DUER MILLER**

After years of travel and living abroad, Mrs. Miller, society woman and Barnard graduate, is again residing in New York. From her delightful story "The Charm School," the play of like name has been dramatized. She was also responsible for "Come Out of the Kitchen" several years ago



Photo White

**"POODLES" HANNEFORD**

The Hippodrome's equestrian clown, whose riding is as daring as that of any bareback performer



G. W. Harting

**FANIA MARINOFF**

What nationality will this versatile Polish actress portray next? She has been seen in Japanese, Chinese, Italian, French, Russian and Jewish rôles. As the Hungarian artist in "Call the Doctor" she adds another foreign character and another hit to her list

**WILLIAM ARCHER**

The distinguished English critic who is now in this country superintending the rehearsals of his play which Winthrop Ames will produce at the Little Theatre next month



Crist Schneider, Berlin

**FERRY CONWAY**

New musical clown at the Hippodrome, who plays upon instruments of his own invention, closing his act with a Strauss Waltz played on a picket fence



Campbell



# AN AMERICAN PASSION PLAY

*Southern California evolves a wonderful  
superdrama visualizing the life of Christ*

By HOWARD C. KEGLEY



**S**URPASSING the "Passion Play" of Oberammergau by presenting a dramatic visualization of the life of Christ in two hours and a half, Southern California has finally evolved the super-drama, free from creed, sect and personal interpretation. It is known as "The Pilgrimage Play," and was recently presented in an open-air theatre at El Camino Real Canyon, near Hollywood, California.

The drama is more absorbing in interest than anything hitherto attempted, since it presents the entire life of Jesus, so far as it is given in the Scriptures, while the "Passion Play" deals only with the last week of Christ's life. The new production is backed by some of the leading divines of America, sponsored by some of the greatest artists and actors in the country, and had been underwritten by a Los Angeles organization which guarantees its permanency so long as all profits are put back into the production.

With the exception of a few particularly capable artists, the players do not receive more than \$50 per week. Owing to the temperate climate of Southern California, a ten-week run each summer is assured. The play is produced only at night, when darkness makes it possible for more than a dozen stages on the hillside to be used at various times by resorting to the use of remarkable electrical illumination features. More than 200 persons appear in the cast.

**A**NATIONAL committee, which is giving "The Pilgrimage Play" its moral and financial support, consists of Rt. Rev. Philip M. Rhinelander, bishop of Pennsylvania; Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Johnson, bishop of Los Angeles; George Arliss, president of the Actors' Church Alliance; Miss Violet Oakley, mural decorator; Clayton Hamilton, author and dramatic critic; Rev. Dr. Edward Yates Hill, pastor of the mother church of Presbyterianism in America; Edward W. Bok, noted editor; Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Mrs. W. Yorke Stevenson and Mrs. Otis Skinner.

The play includes a prologue, two acts and an epilogue. In the prologue is presented the prophecies of Christ's coming; Act I deals with the Saviour's baptism, temptations and teachings, the transfiguration, the miracles and other episodes of His life. The Second Act portrays His entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, Gethsemane, and the trial by Pilate. The epilogue is devoted to His death, the resurrection, and the ascension. There are fourteen scenes in the drama.

Among those who collaborated in writing the book of the play are Mrs. W. Yorke Stevenson, who promoted the production; Prof. Baker of Harvard; Brander Matthews, the noted critic; Sheldon Cheney, and Clayton Hamilton. Among the prominent players who have already taken part in the presentation of this great drama are Henry Herbert, the distinguished English actor, who portrayed the character of Christ during the first four weeks of the play; Miss Calhoun Anderson as Elizabeth; Miss Florence Stone as Mary

Magdalen; Miss Florence Reed as Martha; and James Warnack as Judas. The production managers are anxious that no one personality shall be permanently identified with the sacred rôle of Christ, and for this reason the leading part will be changed frequently. After playing it with remarkable success for four weeks, Henry Herbert relinquished the leading rôle to Reginald Poel.

A truly wonderful open-air theatre was constructed in El Camino Real Canyon, especially for "The Pilgrimage Play." It was intentionally made small, affording room for only 1,000 persons at each performance, but giving each an opportunity to hear every spoken word. The entrance to the auditorium in the hills has been built to represent the gates of Jerusalem, and the hillside villages around Jerusalem form an effective part of the background.

**F**AITHFUL architectural reproductions were made by reference to Robert Hichens' "The Holy Land" and J. James Tissot's "The Life of Christ." The costuming is absolutely true to history. Persons who have witnessed "The Mission Play" at San Gabriel will be interested in knowing that Rosamonde Joyzelle, who was seen as the Señora in that production, is cast as the Mother Mary in the Christ drama. The book of the play sticks strictly to the Bible and undertakes to present every word spoken by Jesus as recorded in the Scriptures. The production is absolutely nonsectarian. The music of the play, emanating from a pipe-organ concealed upon the hillside, was arranged by Rudhyar, a young French musician and composer of international renown.

In "The Pilgrimage Play" the great spiritual message of the New Testament is presented in new form, with all the beauty that nature and art can lend it. A rugged canyon, shaped by the master hand of nature, serves as the setting for the play. The wings of two hill ridges almost completely enfold the huge stage.

**T**HE high hills on either side of the stage have for ages guarded the narrow pass through the mountains to San Francisco, a trail once trodden by the Franciscan Fathers in their weary pilgrimage from mission to mission, for the conversion of the native Californians—then mostly Mexicans and Indians—to the teachings of Jesus Christ.

The four Gospels of the New Testament have been so transcribed into dramatic form that the words of the greatest spiritual figure who has appeared upon earth throughout all the ages are given literally and without alteration, substitution or the introduction of a single word that He did not speak.

All that art can give of illumination, music, drama, singing, pageantry and decoration has been consecrated to this noble work. A group of celebrated artists have dedicated themselves to the task in the spirit of service and self-effacement. A rock-bordered path winds through the

hills to the theatre. The very approach to the amphitheatre lends an atmosphere of deep spirituality, augmented by the rugged beauty of the hills.

Before the performance begins, strains of orchestra music come down from a hidden pit in the hills, where the musicians are concealed from view. The acoustics are so nearly perfect that many persons have pronounced the music the sweetest they ever heard. This is perhaps due to the fact that the clear tones reach the audience with a purity of pitch not attainable in an enclosed auditorium.

The dome of the theatre is the vast vault of Heaven, star-studded above the rock-ribbed canyon walls. The several stages are concealed by a flowing curtain stretched across the opening of the canyon. Darkness hides the remainder of the great stage. The theatre lights are slowly dimmed down, the curtain is noiselessly drawn aside, and the lights of the stage are slowly brought up to their full intensity, producing upon the hillsides a panorama of rare beauty and significance.

The players, all costumed faithfully, then begin the great drama. The lines are spoken, not as by actors, but as by the living followers of the gentle Nazarene, who voiced them in the presence of the Master at Galilee nearly two thousand years ago.

**W**HILE scenes are being enacted in the lower stages of the great theatre, various atmosphere characters, such as fishermen, weavers and husbandmen, may be seen, far off on the hillsides, industriously plying their trades or occupations. The marvelous acoustics make every word plainly heard anywhere in the auditorium.

In the transfiguration scene the apostles are dimly outlined in the gray gloom of early morning, on one of the lower stages, while high up on the mountainside suddenly appear, as if by magic, the three great figures of this episode. Each speaks his lines in a moderate tone, yet every word reaches the audience. In the lower stages a perfect dawn is being developed with electrical effects. The lighting effects used in this setting render a vague suggestion of gray-green and blue shades, barely enabling the audience to see the characters move about.

Slowly, and high on all the hillsides, a suggestion of gray-green, with a tinge of blue, offers the first intimation of the approaching dawn. An effect of cold gray follows, after which comes a faint trace of rose, which gradually grows in intensity until the whole interior of the great canyon is lighted with the golden flood of early sunrise. It is with the same facility of lighting effect that evening scenes are created.

The arrival of Christ upon the stage is prepared for in the various scenes of the prologue, and it is with breathless suspense that those in the audience await his appearance. Finally, he is led in to the baptismal scene by a small child. Only the perfect silence of the audience betrays its deep interest in the drama. There is no applause during the play. (Continued on page 314)





Photos by Stagg

*The Last Supper—With Henry Herberl  
as the Christus*



*Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of Jesus*



*Jesus blessing  
Mary Magdalene*



*The entrance into Jerusalem*

IMPRESSIVE SCENES IN CALIFORNIA'S "PILGRIMAGE PLAY"



## OLD FAVORITES

### JULIE OPP

*A New Yorker by birth, Julie Opp entered journalism when only twenty years of age, and later edited a woman's page. Being sent to Paris to interview Emma Calvé and Sarah Bernhardt, they both advised her to adopt the stage. In 1896 she appeared with George Alexander in "As You Like It," at the St. James's Theatre, London, making her New York début a year later in "The Princess and the Butterfly," at the old Lyceum. During the next few years she played leading parts in London and New York, and married William Faversham, to whom she has borne three sons, probably predestined for the stage*



Photo Marceau



WRIGHT LORIMER

*As David in "The Shepherd King," a Biblical drama, Wright Lorimer won fame and fortune. Mr. Lorimer used to invite clergymen to witness his performance, just as, at a later date, Morris Gest did, when he presented "The Wanderer," based on the story of "The Prodigal Son." A feature of "The Shepherd King" were real sheep and real goats*



VIOLA ALLEN

*A Southerner by birth, this favorite actress made her stage début as a leading lady, following Annie Russell in "Esmeralda," at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, in 1882. After appearing with such noted actors as John McCullough, W. E. Sheridan, Tomasso Salvini, Joseph Jefferson and W. J. Florence, she became leading lady at the Empire Theatre, New York, remaining there until 1898, when she objected to the sensational rôle assigned her in the notorious "Conquerors." Becoming a star, in "The Christian," she met with great favor*



# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



BELASCO. "ONE." Drama in four acts by Edward Knoblock. Produced Sept. 14 with this cast:

Dr. Noah Petch	Randle Ayrton
Theodore Beverley	Philip Desborough
Michael Jaffray	Martin Lewis
Bert Mason	Theodore Babcock
Pearl Delgado	
Ruby Delgado	Frances Starr
Mrs. Henry P. Howland	
	Marie R. Burke
Mrs. Delgado	Clara Sidney
Katie	Daisy Belmore
An Elevator Girl	Lulu Ayrton

IN these days, when men fly in machines heavier than air and are able to send telegrams without wires, these days when we recognize a force in nature that we call telepathy, by which we are strangely sensitive to the minds of others, even to knowing what they are saying or thinking, when eminent men of science tell us solemnly that they have actually spoken to the dead—it behooves us not to be too incredulous about matters our puny brain cannot, as yet, understand. Anything is possible. Scepticism is often synonymous with Ignorance as history has often proved.

Don't let us, then, jeer at Mr. Knoblock because his play "One," in which Mr. Belasco is presenting Frances Starr this season, seems too fantastic for serious consideration. Medical science assures us that the phenomenon of a duo-existence is possible. Instances are extremely rare, although there is a suggestion of something of the kind in all twins. In any case, it is an interesting hypothesis. It is good to be sometimes lifted out of the commonplace and given a glimpse of the weirdly supernatural.

Pearl and Ruby Delgado are twin sisters. Pearl is of an introspective, serious turn of mind, while Ruby, a professional pianist, is more inclined to the gay side of life. Passionately devoted, they realize that each is essential to the other. For example, Ruby has fine technical skill as a pianist, but when it comes to improvising she feels herself weak and colorless until Pearl communicates to her her superior strength and mentality.

Ruby comes to New York to fill

a concert engagement, leaving Pearl in London. But distance cannot keep the sisters from communicating with each other. So sensitively are their two natures attuned that they can speak and understand each other even across 3,000 miles of water, the only pre-arranged signal being that each press to her bosom a red rose. Pearl receives a proposal of marriage from Michael Jaffray, a young Englishman whom she had believed in love with Ruby. He assures her she was mistaken. It is she he loves, not Ruby. But still Pearl hesitates, realizing that the love she will give this man will rob Ruby of the strength she needs. In her dilemma she calls Ruby in New York. In the next tableau we see Ruby in Manhattan, preparing for her coming concert. The pianist receives the message and tells Pearl that she should marry Michael, assuring her she can get along all right alone.

But Dr. Petch, an old scientist, shakes his head on hearing this news from America. In his opinion, Ruby has sacrificed herself for her sister's happiness and her concert will be a failure, which, as we see in the next tableau, again laid in New York, is true. Ruby tries to play, but gives up in despair. Her power has left her. Slowly Pearl realizes the truth. She is the stumbling block. If she were not there, Ruby would be a success and marry Michael who really loves her. She determines, therefore, to sacrifice her own life and die so Ruby may live.

An impressive, novel and interesting, if not very cheerful, play, presented with the care, skill and masterly elaboration of detail that mark all Mr. Belasco's productions.

The dual rôle is acted by Miss Starr in a reverential spirit. She invests each sister with the contrasting light and shade necessary for the delineation of the two characters and she is successful in giving the appearance of reality to obviously impossible situations. Throughout it was an impressive, intelligent and sympathetic performance.

The rest of the cast were competent. Randle Ayrton was particularly admirable as the old physician too

much interested in the scientific experiment to heed the danger of his advice.

FRAZEE. "THE WOMAN OF BRONZE." Play by Paul Kester, from the French of Kistemaekers. Produced September 7 with this cast:

Leonard Hunt	John Halliday
Mary Courtney	Marion Barney
Mrs. Douglas Graham	Harriet Sterling
Sylvia Morton	Mary Fowler
Patrick Griggs	Walter Connolly
Douglas Graham	Sidney Mather
Vivian Hunt	Margaret Anglin
Reginald Morton	Langdon Bruce
Papa Bonelli	Harry Barfoot

WE go on building theatres—New York has more to the square inch than any city in the world—and we go on manufacturing playwrights, who turn out for local consumption something more than a hundred new plays a season, but we do not advance in the development of really distinguished actors and actresses.

I hate to be pessimistic, but much as I go to the theatre, I see only little talent making for artistic recognition. Let us accordingly be thankful for the limited genius left us from an earlier régime.

Pre-eminent among the women is Margaret Anglin, at present starring at the Harris in "The Woman of Bronze," a three-act emotional drama adapted from the French of Kistemaekers, by Paul Kester.

Kistemaekers follows Bernstein's model, which is to devise as engrossingly a situation as possible, from which he works backward and forward, a method which palpably asserts itself in the representation and which inherently voids the piece of strict truth and conviction.

"The Woman of Bronze" is old-fashioned. Its story is the inevitable triangle, this time two women and a man with a second male acting in the rôle of *raisonneur* and mutual friend.

Leonard Hunt is a sculptor, competing for a million-dollar prize. He contracts a liason with a protégée of his wife, a temperamental violinist. Domestic happiness and professional hopes seem shattered. The wife,



however, comports herself with common sense and wins him back, while inspiration returns that promises success. Twice Miss Anglin, as the wife, has to eavesdrop in order to advance the complication, while at least a dozen adventurous characters have to be introduced in order to establish an artistic milieu.

The whole thing is obviously theatrical and acted, too, with an insistent stage note that makes lots of it hopelessly unreal. But Miss Anglin, if possible, rises superior to the limitations of the play, and by authority, adroit *finesse*, deep sincerity and a convincing display of emotional grasp, makes the rôle of the injured wife a characterization of appealing veracity.

The supporting cast is a long one. Langdon Bruce as a disreputable sponge, the father of the vamp, made his rôle both amusing and artistic.

PLYMOUTH. "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK." Comedy by Rida Johnson Young. Produced Sept. 8 with this cast:

Larry Delevan	Ernest Glendinning
Washington Irving	Frank Charlton
Fitz Green Haileck	John Randall
Henry Brevort	John Ward
Cornelius Vanderbilt	Douglas J. Wood
John Jacob Astor	Albert Andrus
Rachel Brewster	Margaret Nugent
Bully Boy Brewster	Paul Porter
Ariana De Puyster	Pauline Whitson
Mihcael O'Day	Alf T. Helton
Patricia O'Day	Genevieve Tobin
Peter Delmonico	Wm. J. McClure
Bill Hart	Frank Horton

THAT the Irish—God bless 'em—were almost as thick in the New York of our grandfathers as they are today one is tempted to believe from the opening scenes of this delightful new comedy by Rida Johnson Young, in which she makes a dozen or more sons of Erin rub shoulders with such historic figures as Washington Irving, Cornelius Vanderbilt—skipper of the Staten Island ferry—John Jacob Astor and other celebrities of early days—the days when lovers sought solitude in Maiden Lane, when Bowling Green was a place where people bowled, when everybody thought Astor crazy because he bought up land as far away in the country as Gramercy Park, when it was the fashion to hum *Robin Adair*, when local firemen wore red shirts and plug hats and Peter Delmonico peddled sandwiches from a basket. An' shure, it does one's heart good to hear the rich Irish brogue and catch the flashes of Hibernian wit, especially

as spoken by Genevieve Tobin, a delicious little actress in whose slender and charming person discerning and other critics hail a new Maude Adams.

The play of sentiment is such a rarity nowadays that when by chance the dramatist plucks up courage and flies in the face of managerial policy his work comes as a surprise. Like the breath of Spring, it is fragrant to the nostrils, it stimulates heart and mind and wins immediate favor by the very novelty of its cleanliness, evoking memories of "Rosemary," "Prunella" and similar pieces that from time to time, have served to deodorize Broadway after prolonged orgies of sexual filth. Some managers labor under the impression that theatregoers want only bedroom, peignoir, bare flesh shows. To prove they are mistaken one need only point to such clean entertainment as "Little Old New York," and "Not So Long Ago"—to say nothing of "Lightnin'." No beds, no nudity. Yet each displays the "Standing Room Only" sign. What about it, Mr. Woods?

The plot of Mrs. Young's comedy is slight and of no striking originality, but it serves. Larry Delevan, a young Irishman with sporting proclivities, tells his associates that he will soon be able to pay his gambling debts as he is about to inherit a fortune, left by a distant relative unconditionally unless a more direct heir—long lost—should turn up within a year. The year is up. The money is as good as his. At this juncture arrives John Jacob Astor who informs Larry that the missing heir, Pat O'Day, has been found in Ireland and has already landed in New York with his father. The O'Days arrive on the scene, the father querulous; Pat, a frail, shrinking lad. Larry, disgusted at his disappointment, listens with bad grace to Astor's suggestion that he give lodging to the pair, but finally yields.

At the beginning of Act II, Pat's father has died and Larry taunts the tearful, lonely lad with being so effeminate. He thumps the supposed boy on the back, urging him to be more manly and, when particularly exasperated, does not hesitate to apply the slipper. As was inevitable, Pat—really a girl who has impersonated a boy at her father's command in order to secure the fortune—loses her unsophisticated heart to her dashing young guardian. She is already heartily ashamed at the fraud her unscrupulous parent forced

her into and she tries to find the best way out of her predicament. How she finds it and finally wins the heart of Larry makes a delightful play.

Miss Tobin was an unalloyed delight as Pat—a broth o' a boy in her masculine attire and deliciously dainty, girlish and charming as her own true self. Ernest Glendinning made a manly and sympathetic Larry and the historical characters of John Jacob Astor and Cornelius Vanderbilt were well assumed respectively by Albert Andrus and Douglas J. Wood.

COMEDY. "THE BAD MAN." Satirical comedy by Porter Emerson Browne. Produced Aug. 30 with this cast:

Gilbert Jones	Frank Conroy
Henry Smith	James A. Devine
Lucia Pell	Frances Carson
Morgan Pell	Fred L. Tiden
Red Giddings	John Harrington
Jasper Hardy	Wilson Reynolds
Angela Hardy	Edna Hibbard
Pancho Lopez	Holbrook Blinn
Pedro	Herbert Heywood
Venustiano	James H. Bell
Alvarado	Chief White Hawk
Felipe	Indian Joe
A Mexican Cook	Frank Bixby
Bradley	John Nicholson
Blake	Jas. B. Lenhart

THE BAD MAN" shows us Porter Emerson Browne turned Shavian—not quite so Shavian as Shaw, of course, but a vastly better melodramatist at least than G. B. S. ever dreamed of being. "A satirical comedy," Mr. Browne calls the new piece, though it is really a satirical melodrama with copious infusions of comic relief.

The first act is almost all comedy, and it is rather tedious. In it we learn the life-stories of the principal characters backward and forward, by dint of much repetition. But during the last two minutes a brutal husband starts to torture his patient Griselda of a wife, and Pancho Lopez, a bad man from across the Mexican border, bursts in on the startled inhabitants of an adobe ranch house. Thenceforward, the play becomes amazingly interesting.

The satire emerges from the contrast of the lawless Lopez, who believes in "direct action" in the righting of wrongs, with the law-abiding Americans, who either will do anything so long as it is legal or else are too hidebound by convention to be exactly human.

There is a mortgage-foreclosing loan shark who is trying to grab the ranch because he thinks it has oil on



it—or under it. Its owner is about to lose his property because he went to war for his country. And then there is the aforesaid brutal husband, whom the law maintains as an everlasting barrier between his maltreated wife and the young soldier-ranchman she loves.

Lopez has his own way of straightening out these things. He outwits the loan-shark, takes his money from him, marries off his daughter to the lad she ought to marry, and restores the ranch to its rightful owner. Then he has the brutal husband shot. It is all very simple, and no trouble to Lopez at all. Indeed, when the husband comes to life, he is shot all over again, this time by Lopez himself, who is resolved to make a good job of it.

Holbrook Blinn, as this twentieth century Robin Hood, at last fulfills the great promise of his acting in "Salvation Nell." He is supported by an excellent cast, including Fred L. Tiden, a most masterly villain; James A. Devine, as a comically blabbing old gentleman in a wheelchair; Frances Carson, as the pathetic wife, and Frank Conroy, as the rather inert rancher.

The production has been staged by Lester Lonergan with the same degree of perfection which he lent to "Abraham Lincoln."

**GREENWICH VILLAGE.** later SHUBERT. "GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES OF 1920." Dialogue by Thomas J. Gray. Lyrics by John Murray Anderson and Arthur Swanstrom. Music by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced August 30 with these principals:

Frank Crumit, Howard Marsh, James Clemons, Sylvia Clark, Harriet Gimbel, Mona Celeste, Mary Lewis, Margaret Davies, Janet Stone, Ivan Bankoff, Mlle. Phebe, Hanford and Myers, Margaret Severn.

**THE** Greenwich Village Follies," as an institution, has barely a year's experience, but 'tis a lusty youngster, and older uptown rivals may well look to their laurels unless they're willing to suffer complete eclipse. Nothing more beautiful than the "Greenwich Village Follies of 1920" from the standpoints of scenic investiture, sartorial magnificence and loveliness of the human face and form has been seen for many a day in this town.

Bakst and Reinhardt were the first to raise the scenic art of the theatre from the commonplace to regions of almost unbelievable pictorial beauty.

After the barbaric splendor of "Sumurun" and the Russian ballet, with their brilliant stage pictures and wonderful color schemes, our discerning public was satisfied with nothing else. The old style settings, their conventional stereotyped designs, crude coloring, garish lights went into the discard for ever.

In the Follies, the new decorative art forms a striking background for the revue. John Murray Anderson, who devised and staged this production, presents a succession of stage pictures exquisite in taste and remarkable for their coloring and the beauty and symmetry of the individual figures and groups. The decorative effect is heightened by towering marble columns, oriental minarets and a wonderful silver curtain in front of which are given the less important numbers.

A charming episode of the first act is "Just Sweet Sixteen," sung by Howard Marsh and Mona Celeste, assisted by a number of modestly attired young girls—vestal virgins whose apparent innocence and unsophistication stand out in refreshing contrast with the tall, stately sirens who, gorgeously gowned, make their voluptuous fleshy appeal in the scenes of barbaric oriental splendor that follow.

Another pleasing feature is "The Birthday Cake," in which girls representing all ages dance in beautiful and appropriate costumes around a table elaborately set with frosted cake and candles. The episode of "The Valentine," another tableau that won applause, gives the cue for the entrance of Ivan Bankoff and Mlle. Phebe, two extraordinary Russian dancers who execute some exquisite steps in *directoire* costume. But it was at the end of the act, in the Cabaret Scene—with its animated background of *bizarre* Russian costumes and gorgeous coloring, that these two terpsichorian artists scored most with their wild Russian folk dance which brought down the house. In Act II, Margaret Severn, lithe and graceful, was seen in several of her dances, winning particular applause in her "Mask Dance," when she appears as different characters, from old men to children, wearing the remarkable masks made by W. T. Benda.

There is, of course, no plot to the entertainment—the more elaborate numbers being lightly strung together by vaudeville acts of more or less merit. This mingling of vaudeville with a *nouveau art* spectacle of this kind is not very happy, but no

doubt, it is unavoidable. It would be difficult to maintain throughout a whole evening the high artistic standard of the main features, and it is common belief that the public—even the Greenwich Village public—wants something to laugh at some of the time. The result has been the engagement of a number of vaudevillians, including Bert Savoy, Sylvia Clark, Collins and Hart and others, all good entertainers in their way but somewhat out of place in a show of this kind.

**BOOTH. "HAPPY GO LUCKY."**  
Comedy in three acts by Ian Hay.  
Produced Aug. 24 with this cast:

Abel Mainwaring	George Giddens
Lady Marian	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Richard Mainwaring	Barry Baxter
Sylvia Mainwaring	Maxine Macdonald
Lucius Welwyn	Oswald Yorke
Mrs. Welwyn	Nellie Hodson
Tilly Welwyn	Muriel Martin Harvey
Amelia Welwyn	Blythe Daly
Percy Welwyn	Frank Hector
Grandma Banks	Alice Esden
Constance Damer	Gypsy O'Brien
Rev. Adrian Rylands	J. H. Brewer
Mr. Milroy	Lawrence White
Mr. Mehta Ram	Cecil Cameron
Pumpherson	Charles Bartholomew
Samuel Stillbottle	O. P. Heggie

**THE** author of "The First Hundred Thousand," one of the best books of the war, has given to New York a generally entertaining and well-acted comedy which had a long London run as "Tillie of Bloomsbury." It's distinguished author, in a neat curtain speech the opening night, refused to take any of the credit for the success of his play, declaring that it was all due to the fine co-operation of the cast. He was right, in a measure. Most assuredly a more talented company of actors, with a keener understanding of comedy work could not be assembled. It was almost entirely an all-English cast.

There is in mankind a certain quality—that same streak which made us all respond to Cinderella in our fairy tale days—which likes a story of contrasts. Mr. Hay's comedy has to do with an aristocratic British family, rich in titles, which has thrust upon it as a prospective daughter-in-law a poor, little girl from Bloomsbury, the daughter of a plebeian lodging-house keeper. Her romance with their only son, who made her acquaintance on the top of a bus, is the pivot around which the action revolves.

The second act of the comedy is the important one. It affords both Muriel Martin Harvey and O. P.



Heggie, the principal comedian, an opportunity to demonstrate their best work. A tea is given at the tawdry lodging house, the home of Tillie, and the titled and snobbish members of her fiancé are guests. Here it is that the storm breaks. Mother Welwyn, who understands full well how to manage boarders, but does not know how to entertain titled guests, drops her "h's" fast and furiously in her embarrassment; Tillie's brother, the epitome of vulgarity performs at top-notch; the vulgarian grandmother of the household boasts that her dead husband was a fine plumber; quarrelsome boarders burst into the setting, and to add to the general mess, the bailiff who has an attachment on the furniture, and who has been persuaded to pose as a butler in order to impress the aristocratic Mainwarings, makes a frightful botch of the job.

O. P. Heggie lends all the drollery of which he is capable to the rôle of the bibulous bailiff, which, by the way, just falls short of being a stellar one. J. H. Brewer runs closer than a close second to him in carrying off chief comedy laurels as the pastor to whom poise is an unknown quantity. Oswald Yorke gives just the proper touch of pathos to the impersonation of the scholar fallen from high estate through an over-indulgence in liquor and a matrimonial mésalliance. Frank Hector, as Tillie's brother, knows almost too well how to ruffle fine sensibilities by a generous use of crudity and coarseness. George Giddens makes a gracious and loveable henpecked husband of Mrs. Edmund Gurney, in the rôle of the termagant purse and title-proud Lady-wife. Muriel Martin Harvey, in the leading woman rôle, is an extraordinary combination of youth, beauty and talent. Barry Baxter, of "One Night in Rome" history, has an appealingly boyish personality, a most necessary requisite for his particular rôle in this play. Nellie Hodson introduced in excellent fashion a woman of the English lower classes. Blythe Daly was a winning and impulsive little sister, and the remaining members of the cast, in by no means unimportant rôles, won their applause through sheer and unadulterated merit.

BIJOU. "A MAN OF THE PEOPLE." Play in three acts, by Thomas Dixon. Produced September 7 with this cast:

Abraham Lincoln	Howard Hall
Mrs. Lincoln	Ellen Mortimer
Colonel Nicolay	Claude H. Cooper
Edwin M. Stanton	W. J. Brady
Gen. Geo. B. McClellan	Charles Webster
Captain Vaughan	Charles Coghlan
Betty Winter	Patricia Morris
Thaddeus Stevens	John C. Hickey
Henry Raymond	Redfield Clarke

IT is a remarkable fact, not without its pathetic side, that the actor who strove hardest to interest the theatre-going public in the possibilities of Abraham Lincoln as a stage figure of extraordinary dramatic interest, passed out without gaining recognition. Today, only a few years after Benjamin Chapin's death, two fellow-actors are playing the Great Emancipator in two different American theatres.

That comparison should be made between the two plays—Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" and Dixon's "A Man of the People"—is inevitable. Let it be said at once that the Englishman's play has far greater literary distinction, far more *finesse*. Entirely free from banality, its characters are more human—more real. The title rôle, acted by Frank McGlynn, is presented with greater simplicity, greater sweetness and less conscious posing.

Yet, this said, much credit must be accorded Howard Hall for his excellent characterization of America's martyr President. It is a fine performance he gives, not quite so fine as McGlynn's—if we must split hairs—but forceful and competent and fully satisfying, even to those who have sat through and enjoyed both performances. In the Epilogue, when Lincoln makes his second Inaugural Address on the steps of the Capitol—one of the most impressive stage pictures I have ever seen—Mr. Hall was superb.

Such plays as these are seen all too seldom. With big, vital themes, throbbing with human and historic interest, they represent the theatre at its best. What a wonderful privilege this, for any player—to be given the opportunity to impersonate such a world figure! They say the part is fool-proof, yet it takes an actor of more than ordinary intelligence and mental stature to convey its moods—to give it the note of authority and verisimilitude. Not so long ago, Howard Hall was an actor in the cheaper East Side houses. If this is what crude melodrama did for him, some of our tailor-made stars should take a course in the ten—twenty—thirty. It might make actors of them.

The play is competently acted

throughout the lengthy cast. W. J. Brady presents a life-like study of the historic Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. Mrs. Lincoln is intelligently impersonated by Ellen Mortimer. Charles Coghlan is forceful, but strikes too modern a note as Capt. Vaughn, who comes to assassinate Lincoln, only to change his mind on meeting him, while Patricia Morris, a personable and intelligent young actress, is sweet and sympathetic as Betty Winter—his sweetheart. John C. Hickey deserves credit for a sufficiently obnoxious presentment of Thaddeus Stevens, and Redfield Clarke gave a forceful characterization of Henry Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*.

GEORGE M. COHAN. "GENIUS AND THE CROWD." Comedy in three acts by John T. McIntyre and Francis Hill. Produced Sept. 6 with this cast:

Philippe Trava	George Renavent
Robert G. Burr	Frank Otto
Harrison Lloyd	H. Cooper Cliffe
Gasparo Tagiani	Fuller Mellish
Edouard Barna	Wright Kramer
Mira Van Ness	Marion Coakley
Louise Gribert	Marie Pecheur
Mrs. Lanham	Leonora Ottinger
Rosamond Lanham	Vera Fuller Mellish

AN interesting play with two good acts and a tame, conventional ending.

Philippe Trava, a young violinist, is the idol of the day. Adoring women make violent love to him and besiege his apartment, so that he is at their mercy. This public adoration, instead of flattering the artist, only disgusts and sickens him—a novel idea in itself. He tells his manager he can't go on. He will cancel his contracts and end his career. His manager, in consternation, pleads with him, but in vain. Act I ends by Trava swearing he will never play again.

In Act II we are in the sub-basement shop of Gasparo Tagliani, the old cello maker—a delightful, mellow scene, full of atmosphere. You see the old musicians—derelicts of more prosperous days, still fingering their instruments lovingly. Enters the old tenor, only a shadow of his former self, now reduced to singing in restaurants, recalling, with a sob in his voice, the thunderous applause that greeted his every aria at the Academy of Music and Convent Garden. Behind a door you hear the old time melodies played *con amore* as no mere paid artist could play them.

(Continued on page 328)



HARRY K. MORTON AS  
PETER POTTER & ZELLA  
RUSSELL AS DAPHNE IN  
ACT II OF "THE SWEET-  
HEART SHOP" AT THE  
KNICKERBOCKER

*A sailor, a wife who  
adores art, and a Greek  
girl who becomes a  
model—this is the tri-  
angle of "The Sweet-  
heart Shop," a musical  
comedy with a delight-  
ful score, which came to  
Broadway from Chicago*



Photo White



Photo Ayeda

John Dunsmure Theresa Maxwell Conover Hal Forde Ethelind Terry John Park Dorothy Follis Sam Ash

*Henry Honeydew discovers that he has the same mother-in-law, no matter whom he marries*

SCENE FROM ACT II OF "HONEYDEW" AT THE CASINO

MUSICAL COMEDIES OF QUALITY



# PUBLICITY AND THE TRUTH

*That most Ingenious and Veracious Person, the Theatrical Press Agent and Some of his Little Wiles*

By BERNARD SOBEL



**A** NEW law passed by the last Legislature makes it a misdemeanor to furnish an untrue statement to a newspaper for the purpose of having it published. Under this law any person who attempts to get a newspaper to publish such a false statement is guilty of fraudulent deception, whether he transmits it by telephone, in writing, orally or in any other manner. This legislation was intended to protect the public from fraud, fakes and criminal machinations, and automatically would seem to put a serious crimp in the activities of that most cheerful of optimists—the theatrical press agent.

What is a press agent? A publicity promoter. The recent war, as is well known, was waged and won, with the effective aid of publicity; and often with the very same kind of personal publicity which is now devoted to motion-picture and stage stars. The authenticity of war publicity, however, was never questioned because everyone knew that it was indisputably truthful in spirit.

But if absolute truth had been desired could it have been obtained? Perhaps not, for it is impossible to give an infallible interpretation of a personality. Thackeray wrote an essay on this subject, an essay in which he showed that the most careful historians, inspired wholly by the spirit of truth and supported by historical data, can never succeed in portraying the real man as a man—the real Caesar, the real Pericles, the real Napoleon.

From the standpoint of truth, the personality of Napoleon, as revealed in Shaw's "Aims and the Man," is probably as relatively true as the Napoleon of the historian Guizot.

And if the complete truth could be obtained would the public want it? The answer is emphatically "No." The art of the stage is expressed directly through human beings, and much of its power comes through the mystery which surrounds their personalities. As soon as these personalities become too well known, they begin to lose some of their charm. In such cases, the public thinks of the actor instead of the part which he is creating. Instead of observing the character of the play, the audience thinks of John Jones, the man; how he eats and drinks; whom he married and unmarried; and when he pays his bills.

A great poet, Lord Byron, has demonstrated, either con-

sciously or unconsciously, the great value of imaginative and suggestive publicity, for Lord Byron was a brilliant exponent of this picturesque form of journalism. He deliberately surrounded his own personality with so many myths, anomalies and inuendos that he soon became a heroic figure, well known throughout the civilized world. As a result, his works came to the attention of thousands, and his influence, as a romanticist, spread quickly to France, Germany and the United States.

As a matter of fact, legitimate press agents have always looked upon their calling as highly honorable, often the direct avenue by which they have reached serious and sometimes lofty accomplishments. Press agents of the past include many authors, dramatic critics, producers and playwrights of the present. Channing Pollock, the now popular playwright, was formerly a press agent; so was James Forbes, author of "The Famous Mrs. Fair," etc. Of course, there are and have been press agents who have violated ethical codes, but what profession is without such? Their defections ought not to contaminate all publicity with the suggestion of untruth and fraud.



**I**NCREDIBLE as it may seem, press agents are, of necessity, truthful. They have a responsibility which is peculiar, for, though they make their stories read well, they must be ready at any time to justify their statements to the

star himself, who is always a careful and critical reader of publicity.

Let's look at it from another angle. The press agent is a salesman. He has certain goods—the talents of his stars—for sale. Why shouldn't he say that his star is "the best on the stage"? The advertisers of perfumes, candies and of scores of other commodities say that their particular product is "the best in the world" or "the best on the market." No one laughs at such exaggeration; it is considered a reasonable trade statement.

Are not the newspaper advertisements of some department stores illustrative of trade untruths? Articles are advertised for sale at "one-third the original price," "below cost," and at other reductions which are not consistent with necessary financial returns. It is a somewhat common practice to give articles a false geographical value; to call American silks "Parisian" and to mark china "Limoges." Why, then, should the press agent be denied the same privileges?

Of course, there are press agents who have at times done violence to the credulity of the public, but it has always been done in the spirit of fun, not with a wish to deceive. For instance, Frank Tinney's press representative had remarkable success in making the public believe that the comedian owned a thoroughbred bulldog which had been born with a golden tooth in its mouth.

This dog did actually have a large golden tooth protruding from its lower jaw, but it is scarcely necessary to add it was not gold all

the way through, but merely a thin cap which a dentist had set over the natural tooth at the request of the aforesaid press agent. Everywhere the dog went, people were told that his gold tooth was one of the amazing miracles of Nature, and there were those who believed it.

While playing in Indiana, Ralph Herz gave out a long interview. Being a comedian, he felt that each of his remarks must be followed with a joke. Unfortunately, all the jokes he could improvise were stale ones. But the ingenious press agent had a happy idea. Before giving out the interview he weeded out all the old jokes and substituted new ones from the current magazines, and the resulting story added considerable

(Continued on page 312)

## PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

*You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month*

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN": A play of the highest order, absorbingly impressive. Magnificently acted.  
"BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.  
"BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.  
"CALL THE DOCTOR": Highly diverting comedy, superbly interpreted.  
"CHARM SCHOOL, THE": Amusing light comedy.  
"COME SEVEN": Amusing novelty. White players appearing as colored folks.  
"CROOKED GAMBLERS": Interesting to those who follow Wall Street.  
"ENTER, MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varesi.  
"FAMOUS MRS. FAIR, THE": Delightful comedy. Superlatively well acted.  
"FOOT-LOOSE": The old thriller "Forget-Me-Not" under a new name. Interesting performance by Emily Stevens.  
"GOOD TIMES": Equestrian, acrobatic and aquatic entertainment. Vast and unique spectacle.  
"GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.  
"HAPPY GO LUCKY": Excellent comedy. Splendidly acted.  
"HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.

"IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.  
"LADY OF THE LAMP, THE": Americo-Chinese dream play, beautifully staged.  
"LIGHTNIN'": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.  
"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.  
"NIGHT BOAT, THE": Comedy with catchy music and amusing complications.  
"NOT SO LONG AGO": Charming play of sentiment.  
"OPPORTUNITY": Exciting Wall Street drama.  
"POOR LITTLE RITZ GIRL": Musical comedy. Unusually good entertainment.  
"SWEETHEART SHOP, THE": Musical comedy of more than ordinary quality, and with delightful score.  
"TICKLE ME": Musical comedy, with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.  
"WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.  
"WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.  
"GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.  
"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1920": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.





*Mona Thomas as the attractive 16 year old orphan, and Ernest Truex as the cowboy who never drew a gun*

(Left)  
SCENE IN "THE BLUE BONNET" A HIT AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE



Photo White

*The famous violinist (George Renavent) revolts against the adoration of his female admirers*

SCENE IN "THE GENIUS AND THE CROWD" RECENTLY AT THE GEORGE M. COHAN THEATRE



Photo White

*Isadore Solomon, the Hebrew merchant (George Sidney, Right Centre) manages to stick in Valley Falls in spite of the efforts of the Jew hating inhabitants to make it too hot for him*

(Left)

SCENE IN "WELCOME STRANGER" A SUCCESS AT THE COHAN AND HARRIS

## HUMOR AND SENTIMENT IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS





**VERNA BURKE**

*Only sixteen years old—this little "Tip-Top" dancing girl, who last season had a specialty number in the "Passing Show of 1919"*

*Photo Ira L. Hill*

(Centre)

**LUCILLE CHALFANT**

*A California beauty, who, after making her reputation in vaudeville, has now deserted the two-a-day for grand opera*



**NAN PHILLIPS**

*A newcomer to Broadway who sings and dances in "The Poor Little Ritz Girl"*



**EDYTHER BAKER**

*Talented eighteen-year-old pianist and singer, whose specialty number is a welcome contribution to the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic*



**LILLIAN YOUNG**

*Graceful little dancer who tip-toed her way to Broadway's favor this season in "The Girl in the Spotlight"*

## ARTISTS IN OPERA, DANCE AND MUSIC



# MOTION PICTURE SECTION



Alfred Cheney Johnston

VIVIAN MARTIN

*This sympathetic young actress, remembered from the legitimate stage in "Officer 666" and "Stop Thief," has just completed her first picture for Kendall Productions—"The Song of the Soul," adapted from William J. Locke's story, in which she takes the part of a girl who has become blind*



# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH



THE past month has brought forth curious contrasts in the moving picture mart. The most striking of these is the contrast between those men whose direction can make or mar a film. It so happened that three of the most conspicuous directors in the field each produced a representative film within the same week on Broadway. Grouped together, they are the "Way Down East" of David Mark Griffith, the "White Circle" of Maurice Tourneur, and the "Right to Love" of George Fitzmaurice.

By comparing the first two pictures you will realize more forcibly than through any comparison by memory the point in which these two great film directors differ in their methods of producing effects. It is that Griffith works with personalities, while Tourneur works with moods. This emphasis on the human equation has been characteristic of Griffith's work since his first intensely human drama of "The Birth of a Nation."

WAY DOWN EAST," which is his most elaborate production since "Hearts of the World," plays true to type, although its "big scene" is combined with the elements of nature. Nothing more amazing or spectacular than the race with the ice-cakes on the brink of a cataract has ever been seen. Before it, the sentimental action of the story and the placid background of the New England farm were almost forgotten in the shout of delight which greeted the sensational rescue.

It is Lillian Gish as the persecuted Anna Moore who is saved from a watery grave, and Richard Barthelmess who rescues her. Lowell Sherman is the smooth city feller who is responsible for all Anna's woes. Not even Griffith's magic with his actors can make these stilted old characters wholly alive, but he succeeds in making them more picturesque and interesting than they have been since Phoebe Davies, Burr McIntosh and John Bunny first started the career of this weather-beaten old melodrama.

TOURNEUR, on the contrary, works principally with atmosphere. Never has he used his feeling for backgrounds with more eerie effect than in "The White Circle," a screen version of "The Pavilion on the Links," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Through some mysterious method, he manages to photograph wind and fog and rain, so that its very moods are sent out through the audience. With one flash of a Tourneur scene, you are in the atmosphere which his story represents. And he can get more thrills from the shadow of a lantern on a lonely road than many other directors can from five reels of hectic melodrama.

The picture tells the story of the cringing old malefactor who has misappropriated funds given him by the Camorra, a secret society which still prevails in Italy and more generally feared than any other. Instead of the Black Hand, the White Circle is used as its mark of approval or vengeance.

Tourneur makes his abrupt transition from the warm color of Italy to the grey mists of Scotland with almost startling effect. It so happens that the story has great dramatic power and holds your interest through well-directed suspense.

WHILE "The Right to Love" does not represent George Fitzmaurice at his best, it still has points in its favor that are characteristic of this third skillful director. Fitzmaurice has the gracious gift of making the most absurd and impossible characters seem naïve and at least interesting under the guidance of his (imaginary) megaphone. If he cannot make a figure convincing he throws over it a glamour of make-believe—directs, as it were, with his tongue in his cheek, and the result is that while his characters may be fantastic or grotesque, they are never dull and never without this unmistakable Fitzmaurice color.

In the romance of "The Right to Love" he lifts a mossy old plot out of the commonplace. It was adapted from a

French play called "The Right to Kill," but the change of title is justified, as the action is divided between loving and killing. It deals with an American woman, her English husband and a young officer in the United States Army, all isolated in a Turkish town on the Bosphorus and working out their destiny in the hectic atmosphere of a foreign clime. The main object of the husband seems to be the showing of how disagreeable an English spouse can be if he puts his mind to it; he persecutes his wife, abuses his little son and makes himself generally disagreeable to the servants. Finally, he is shot for his pains by the young American, who attempts to give himself up for the crime. He is dissuaded, however, by one of the attachés about the embassy, who points out that he had "the right to kill."

Mae Murray as the abused heroine of this tale looks very charming and pathetic in a halo of soft focus photography. For the most part, however, very little assistance was given Fitzmaurice from the actors in his cast. His task, therefore, to make an interesting film from a moth-eaten story was all the more difficult. He deserves the greatest credit for reaching what effects he did produce. It raises, however, the old question of why talent like this should be forced to push its way through almost impassable obstacles.

BY far the best comedy of the month, indeed of many months, is Mary Roberts Rinehardt's film about boys, called "It's a Great Life." Like the classic of Booth Tarkington, it is a study of Seventeen—boyhood's seventeen—with all its perplexing moods and problems. But the feature that makes it a truly remarkable film is in its local color. For once a boy's school has been presented on the screen as it really is and not as the third act of a rather rowdy musical comedy.

As a rule, students in prep-school are represented by theatrical "juveniles" of the kittenish age of forty-five. And any member of the faculty is usually made up like the trick "professor" in a circus bicycle act. This film, however, has been directed by a man who knows boys and who understands perfectly the turbulent life that goes on within the gates of our American equivalent for Rugby.

If you have read the story (under the title of "Empire Builders") you will remember its young hero, "Stoddard III," and his love affairs and his difficulties with the headmaster, and especially his horrible trunk filled with the doubtful treasures that only boys could collect. There is also "the Wop," his younger shadow, whose disgust at Stoddard's flirtations is the most amusing feature of the film. The two boys have stumbled on a copy of "The Man Who Would Be King," and all their difficulties result from an attempt to emulate the adventurous hero of Kipling's blood-curdling tale.

Cullin Landis as Stoddard and Molly Malone as the Eve in this boy's Eden have the spontaneous charm and gaucherie that can come from youth alone.

WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS" is a perfect example of real, old-fashioned, stirring melodrama, based on the perils and pleasures of the great, wicked city. It had a remarkably successful run at a Broadway theatre, and it will probably be equally successful "on the road," although for different reasons. The out-of-town people like to see it because it represents to them the traditional pit-falls of the metropolis, and the New Yorkers flocked to it because it represented New York as it ought to be—crammed with thrills and adventures—instead of as the placid and prosaically safe city it really is.

No amount of space would permit a detailed outline of the plot. Each reel is jammed with action of the ten-twenty-and-thirty variety, directed, nevertheless, with an uncommon amount of skill and real technique. All the wild events are supposed to take place while New York sleeps—if ever. It is an elaborate and adequate answer to the plea of the popular song, "Oh, to see the sights that the milkman sees!"

ALISON SMITH.





*The lure of the seducer.  
Lennox Sanderson  
(Lowell Sherman) per-  
suading Anna (Lillian  
Gish) into a mock  
marriage*



*Squire Bartlett (Burr McIntosh) orders Anna to leave his house*

STRIKING SCENES IN D. W. GRIFFITH'S NEW PICTURE "WAY DOWN EAST"



**HELENE CHADWICK**

*Goldwyn star, who played the leading rôle in Rupert Hughes' "Scratch My Back" and "The Cup of Fury," also leading woman to Will Rogers in "Cupid, the Cow Puncher"*



Goldberg

**BETTY COMPSON**

*Elevated to stardom through her remarkable work in George Loane Tucker's "Miracle Man" is now personally producing her own pictures for distribution by Goldwyn*



**FREDERICK ROLAND**

*This actor, who has recently become associated with the "movies," attracted attention for his varied work with the Washington Square Players. He was notably successful in serious rôles*



**CONWAY TEARLE**

*For many years a favorite in the legitimate, Conway Tearle is now lending his magnetic personality to the screen. At present with Mayflower, he plans shortly to appear in what will be known as Conway Tearle productions*



© Nelson Evans





Photo Goldberg

#### ALEX OUMANSKY

Alex Oumansky, ballet master at the Capitol Theatre, not only directs the ballet performances—a feature between the pictures, but also appears in some of them



Photo by White

#### MLLE. GAMBARELLI

Though but sixteen years of age, Mlle. Gambarelli, a lustrous-eyed daughter of Italy, is première danseuse in the ballet at the Capitol Theatre



Photo by Victor Georg

#### MRS. MORGAN BELMONT

First American society woman to enter pictures! Mrs. Morgan Belmont, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. Andrews, and daughter-in-law of August Belmont. Mrs. Belmont appears in "Way Down East"



#### VIOLA DANA AND LIEUT. ORMER LOCKLEAR

Viola Dana, Metro star, climbing out of an aeroplane in which she has just taken a spin with Lieut. Ormer Locklear, the aviator, recently killed in California



Alfred Cheney Johnston

#### PEARL WHITE

Pearl White, Fox star, in quaint costume, poses as winsome Nellie O'Brien in Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of the famous English beauty



# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By M. B. KEHOE



*Portia's room, a scene in "The Merchant of Venice" as presented at Smith College. Beautiful in its simplicity and the elimination of detail, this stage set was suggested by one of the designs of Robert Edmond Jones*

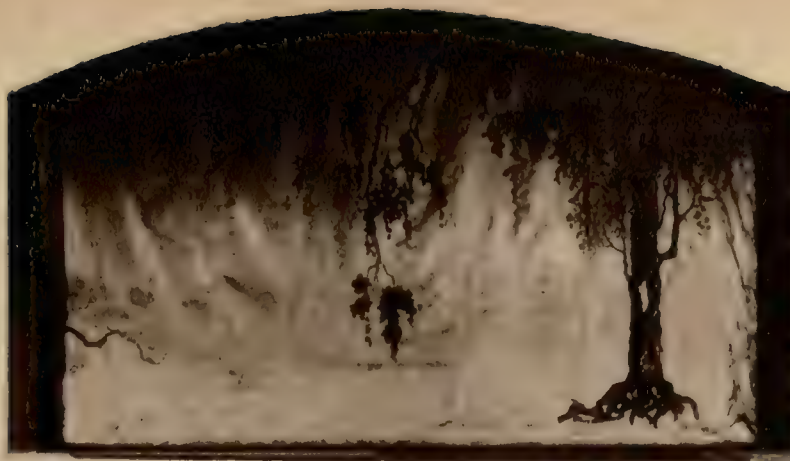


*(Above) A picturesque group from "Behind A Watteau Picture," recently presented by the Smith College Dramatic Association*



*(Left) "Jonquil," a Chinese pantomime by Harrison Willie—a student production, written, staged and acted by the Players Club of the institution, who have pledged themselves to the encouragement of original work among the students*





*The Post Office Theatre is fortunate in the possession of a curtain that is notable for the simplicity of its design and the artistry of its execution*

## AMATEUR ACTIVITIES AT WASHINGTON

By JESSIE HENDERSON

INSIDE the Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., the post office employees have built a little theatre of their own. A one-act play is given every other Saturday night by the Post Office Dramatic Club under the auspices of the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster General. A prelude to the play usually comprises a few vaudeville "specialties," song and dance features, piano, guitar or violin solos and glee club numbers. Mrs. Burleson, wife of the postmaster general who, by the way, has written and produced a number of plays, herself, is as keenly interested in the success of this dramatic club as every employee is.

A play writing contest in which prizes were offered for the best play by an amateur resulted in the club's securing an astonishingly large number of original dramas. Out of the number submitted three were chosen and presented recently. Those "first nights" with cries for "author" were gala occasions. Nor was the good fun the chief advantage. The discovery of new stars in the dramatic firmament, the revelation of long hidden talents right among "their own home folks" were likewise developments of the play contest.

THE Post Office Department Theatre is, of course, a very little theatre, as one might expect of a playhouse built inside a room. For once upon a time this particular section of the Department building was the mailing division of the old city post office.

The first step to organize a dramatic club was taken in 1918, when a group of between seventy and eighty post office employees, in response to a notice sent through the department by their social secretary, met a representative of War Camp Community Service, now Community Service (Incorporated) and appointed a committee to organize the employees into a dramatic club.

The club then decided to have its theatre. Somebody thought of the big unused space in the old mailing room—why not partition this off? Having secured official permission, lumber was the next item, and somebody else found a pile of boards forgotten in a corner—buried treasure of Captain Kidd! Somebody collected about \$700 from the employees, and a number of carpenters, catching the enthusiasm of the moment, volunteered their time and services after business hours. So the Post Office Department Little Theatre was built. There are just four scenery "sets"—which are four times as many as Shakespeare had.

In 1919 the Post Office Dramatic Club produced "The Grill," by Dr. George Woodruff Johnston.

Following this came a long series of one-act plays and farces which are continuing at the present time.

Other departments in Washington also have organized dramatic clubs within the past year, and are giving a series of plays. The War Risk Dramatic Club of the War Risk Insurance Bureau and the Home Club Players of the Interior Department are especially active.

The story of Washington Opera Company is a book in itself, a thrilling commentary on community development.

The Community Drama Department of Washington Community Service of which Marie Moore Forrest is director, and which is co-operating with so many of these Washington groups, has three divisions: Pageants, of which Mrs. Forrest has charge; small plays, with Maude Howell Smith in charge and Special Entertainments and Booking Division in charge of Miss E. D. Schreiner.

The Dramatic Department work of Community Service is conducted along similar lines that obtained under War Camp Community Service. "We feel that the chief value in community drama is that it gives the average individual an opportunity to express himself," said Mrs. Forrest. "These things are primarily for the people that participate. The ideal of our dramatic department both under War Camp Community Service has been, and is, to help other organizations in the city at their own request." Mrs. Forrest has personally arranged, or written and directed, fifteen pageants during the past eighteen months in Washington at the request of various organizations.

THE Small Plays Department of Washington Community Service through Mrs. Maud Howell Smith gave no less than three hundred and eighty-five little plays throughout the city and suburbs in a period of six months. Different groups of well-trained amateurs produced these plays. The idea of the small plays department started during the war all because one of the men at the camps said, "Gee! I'm tired of this darned

vaudeville." For the men had been fed up on vaudeville performances ad nauseum.

The focussing point for all of this present day community drama work in Washington city is at The Community Theatre in Carroll Institute, 918 Tenth Street, N. W. This little theatre seats about six hundred and fifty people.

AS head of the drama section of her department, Mrs. Forrest established two schools of eight weeks each on topics dealing with different phases of the drama. Thus, the people who produce amateur plays in Washington have a good knowledge of scene decoration, of play construction and acting. The International Festival of Peace Pageant on the 4th of July last year, was an idea of the Drama and Pageantry Department that bound together for its interpretation all the organizations of the Capital, a gathering of 9,000 people in a gorgeous spectacle depicting the March of Progress. This Pageant, together with the twelve others produced within the year, represent 13,000 players who have been trained in pageantry.

ANOTHER idea which blossomed under the dramatic urge is that of a dramatic club for the boys at Walter Reed hospital. This institution is now a permanent military hospital, and the club itself is permanent though the personnel changes from time to time, as the men are discharged. Amateur dramatics have proved to be a help in medical reconstruction work, aside from the fresh fund of courage it gives a fellow when he has an hour of good time instead of moping. (Continued on page 322)



*An effective backdrop is responsible for the charm of this stage set at the Post Office Theatre; Washington*



# DRAMA AT MIAMI UNIVERSITY

By MARGARET BRANDENBURG

WITH the acquisition of Percy Mackaye, who will have a fellowship in English at Miami University this year, the creating and producing of plays and pageants there will have a new impetus.

Mr. Mackaye's fellowship is unique in the history of drama in this country. It consists of a professor's salary, a residence, and a studio in Miami's beautifully wooded campus. In return for this fellowship, Mr. Mackaye will occupy his time in writing more dramatic literature.

Miami has already shown its deep and sincere interest in the drama. Dr. A. H. Upham, head of the English Department, has written masques which have been performed within the last two years by students, "Tri-Color," an anti-Bolshevist masque, having been presented in July.

Dr. Upham feels that the masque should be revived and vitalized for modern life, especially in schools and colleges, since it began as an amateur performance, and since all college departments are able to cooperate in its production. Because it combines music, the dance, and the elements of the spectacular and the comic, students are uniformly interested in it.

Dr. Upham calls his three masques the "Toy-shop Group." The characters are all nursery folk. There are no human beings. The titles are "Grandmother's Garden, a Masque of Spring;" "The Silent One," and "Tri-Color, a Masque of Patriotism."

To emphasize the smallness of the toy people, the size of human belongings is exaggerated. For instance, in "The Silent One," there is an enormous mantel, so large that the players appear tiny by contrast.

In "Grandmother's Garden," there is a row of huge crocuses, nearly as tall as trees; and in "Tri-Color," there are shocks of wheat as high as hay stacks.

"Tri-Color" has special interest just at present. It was given on the campus by moonlight. Red Cap, the principal character, is the chief of the gnomes, who wander about in the dark, stirring up trouble and unrest, and feeling that the light will destroy them.

The entire masque has a decided lyric quality. The words are exquisite. Quoting:

*Red Cap:* "A gnome has never looked upon the sun. If once it smiled upon us in splendor, its light would be reflected from a crystal drop of dew. That would be all one little drop of dew."

The gnomes, of course, represent the Bolsheviks, who cannot bear the light but must perform their dark deeds in the gloomy underworld.

The climax is reached when the comrades all fight over a doll. Claiming though they do, that everything is to be shared in common, each alone wants this one of the doll people.

In addition, the sun comes up and they find that they can bear the light after all, and that it is good. Cock Crow, who brings in the dawn; the Rabbit, who is an extreme pacifist; the Cardinal and the Blue Bird, are characters which add to the beauty and symbolism of the masque.

*Blue Bird:* "I adore the moon. Pale moonbeams are the silver soul of mystery.



(Upper) The lower campus at Miami University, where the home and studio of Percy Mackaye will be built  
(Lower) Percy Mackaye, the dramatist, on the left. President R. M. Hughes of Miami University, on the right

The lovers breathe their precious secrets out. The ghosts of old forgotten things troop from their graves. And poets dream of the eternities."

The dances were arranged by the physical training department.

One dance featured the flag in much subdued colors, portrayed by groups of slim young girls with bare feet and limbs, in Grecian robes. Costumes were made by the home economics department.

THE pageant which was given at Commencement time was written by students in a special English course in plays and pageants given by Dr. Upham. They obtained their material from the little town of Oxford where Miami was founded a hundred years ago. The essentials of a good pageant, the dramatic, the spectacular and the lyric, are found in the final production.

A course in the Public Speaking Department features the one-act play. Each member of the course writes at least one one-act play before the end of the year. Six of these plays have been staged at Miami within two years: "The Family Foot," by Robert Hauver; "The Grumpy Saint," by Margery Carson, which has since been performed in several colleges; "The Hyphen," by Dick Israel, which has also been produced in several training camps; "Ta-Choe," by Frances Newton, taken from an old Chinese legend; "Fools and Angels," by Mary Lou Phillips, and a dramatization of "I've Come to Stay," by Clarice Luger.

For the next year, the Public Speaking Department, under the direction of Arleigh B. Williamson, a student under Thomas Wood Stevens, and instructor with him, will give among other courses a laboratory course in the putting on of plays.

Joseph W. Clokey, composer and member of Miami's music department, directed very successfully, this spring, his opera, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

A number of Mr. Clokey's songs, with lyrics by Mary MacMillan have been published recently.

The stage effects in the opera were excellent. The acting was exceedingly well done. All of the parts were taken by amateur student performers except the "Dream Lady," sung by Cyrena Van Gorden of the Chicago Opera Company.

The coming of Percy Mackaye to Miami will, no doubt, stimulate dramatic activities at Miami to even greater heights. His studio in the lower campus will be the meeting place for students especially gifted in writing or in acting.



# NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSES IN A METROPOLIS



*The boys and girls of University Settlement, New York, converting their gymnasium into a theatre, for a performance the following evening, doing all the work of planning, designing and construction themselves*

**T**HE mushroom growth of the folk theatre during the past few years is one of the most hopeful indications that the public is developing more than the casual playgoer's interest in the drama. The folk theatre can no longer be considered a fad or temporary "movement." The seriousness with which its promoters look upon it is sufficient proof that it has come to stay.

Already most of the large centers in this country have folk theatres, and the idea is rapidly spreading to the smaller cities and rural districts. It is not surprising that the greatest progress has been made in New York City, where theatre going is the most popular of recreations. The foreign sections especially are honeycombed with little groups that devote many of their spare hours to amateur theatricals. The productions with which they entertain the surrounding neighborhoods are often crude and unfinished. But more and more the earnestness, ingenuity and ability for self-expression that are the natural endowment of many of these immigrants give promise of bringing the community drama up to a standard of genuine art. Invariably the play chosen for production is of high calibre. Plays which professional managers would consider too "highbrow" to risk on Broadway draw crowded houses over in the tenement districts where one finds a keen appreciation of the drama.

The success of the folk theatre in New York is largely due to the neighborhood houses. For nearly thirty years these organizations, located usually in the tenement sections of the city, have been trying to increase the advantages of the poorer people. They not only work to improve housing and sanitary conditions, raise the standard of health and Americanize the foreigner, but they also are bringing out and developing the art with which the East side abounds.

**R**ECENTLY the drama has attained an equal level of importance with music, painting and sculpture among those who frequent the neighborhood houses. Thirty of the forty-seven organizations federated into what is known as the United Neighborhood Houses of New York now conduct community theatricals. Frequently a dark hall or bare gymnasium is the only place available for the performances. But that does not dampen the enthusiasm with which these amateurs undertake masterpieces of Russian, Spanish, Bohemian and Italian drama. It is not unusual to have grand opera produced with cheesecloth costumes and cardboard scenery.

Not that these people are content with inadequate facilities. One group, in which ten nationalities are represented, is at present working toward a playhouse of its own. It is to be the most cosmopolitan of folk theatres, where the plays of all the countries from which these people come are to be presented. It will be one of the smallest playhouses in the city, seating only 299 persons, but will be complete and modern in every way.

These amateur actors choose their own plays, make their own scenery and costumes, and take entire charge of the production. Rehearsing always comes in the evening after the day's work is over. Some of the groups are assisted by such theatrical experts as Stuart Walker, Sam Hume or Burton W. James, who might be called the torchbearers in the onward progress of the community drama. It was at Christodora House, one of the United Neighborhood Houses, that Mr. Walker first set up his Portmanteau Theatre. The people who frequent this settlement—Russians, Italians, Scandinavians—with a broad vision and open-mindedness toward that which is new, paved the way for the later success which this fanciful little theatre met with throughout the country.

During the winter, Mr. Walker gives hours of his time toward coaching the young people of Christodora House who are interested in acting. Another representative of the professional stage who has interested himself in the development of the folk theatre is Elmer Rice, author of "For the Defense" and "On Trial." For a year, Mr. Rice took complete charge of the dramatics at University Settlement.

**A** PLAY that reached a level of professional merit, according to dramatic critics who attended its presentation, was Eugene O'Neill's

"Ile," given by Hudson Guild at the Fulton Theatre in celebration of its twenty-fifth anniversary last spring. This neighborhood house boasts of one of the most talented amateur groups in the city and has twice won the silver cup presented by the United Neighborhood Houses each year for the best performance of a one-act play. "Ile" is a play of a most somber nature and calls for skillful acting to prevent it from slipping over the border into melodrama. But it was handled throughout by these amateurs with a delicacy and sureness of touch that caused one Broadway authority to exclaim at the close, "I forgot for a time that I wasn't listening to professionals."

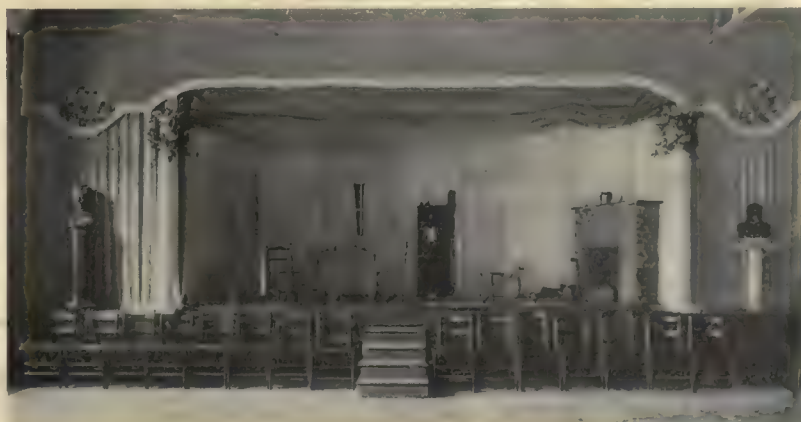
One of the most artistic performances during the past year was given by some of the children of Christodora House. The play was a fantasy called, "The Mountains of the Moon," and was written by Miss Agnes Porter, a member of the dramatic writing class at Columbia University. Miss Porter took complete charge of the production, working out some new scenic ideas, enhancing the fancifulness of the play which tells how a little boy made a trip to the moon, found it a beautiful place of gold, but so lonely that he gladly returns to his simple home on earth. Trees of conventional design cut from figured tapestry gave a bizarre but strikingly effective tone to the background.

The scattered efforts of the numerous individual groups might be less fruitful were it not for the attempt at consolidation and interchange of methods that is being made by the United Neighborhood Houses. Last spring, the organization instituted what is to be an annual review of dramatic activities in the various communities. Each house having a dramatic club is entitled to compete for the silver cup which is to be awarded every year to the group giving the best performance of a one-act play. In the review this year, the first of its kind, twenty nationalities participated.

**T**HE folk theatre is too new to have made any important contribution to the drama, but it has encouraged new movements and new playwrights. Its most important function has been to develop self-expression among the common people, and to awaken in them an appreciation of what is best in the theatre.

The big handicap in this work is lack of funds. For the most part the people finance the theatricals themselves, showing a remarkable ingenuity in making the most of their small resources. But such a movement cannot grow on starvation rations. Funds are needed, and it is to be hoped that they will be forthcoming.

*Built overnight, by members of University Settlement, this little theatre was a tribute to the genius and enthusiasm of a group of amateurs who write and produce their own plays*





# HOLIDAY DRAMAS

## FOR

### CLUB, CHURCH AND COMMUNITY

By CLARENCE STRATTON

**A**N amateur acting organization is usually too sophisticated to enjoy an entire evening devoted to intentionally Christmas material unless it embody something more interesting than its mere seasonableness. A bill of one-acts, all dealing with the Christmas spirit would strike most theatregoers as a deadly bore. Producers must realize this and arrange bills accordingly. So, too, they must understand that while the religious significance of the season may dispose some persons to seriousness or sympathy or altruism, it usually induces outward manifestations of joyousness, freedom from care, jollity, even extravagant hilarity. A keen director or committee will have sensed the attitude and mood of the auditors better than any outsider can diagnose them for him. Elements of holiday entertainment for young people of all ages must be considered and catered to. This season is a good time to inject some startling novelty into the season's bills, for a little strong flavor will be more relished than at any other time.

No series of citations can pretend to completeness. The number of holiday plays is countless. But the following scattered and diversified suggestions may help directors who are not yet quite sure of their material and who want more forms to examine. Somewhat strong is Percival Wilde's *The Beautiful Story*, which depicts the natural distrust of a child who has just discovered that Santa Claus is a mere myth. This is decidedly for only mature sophisticated audiences.

**I**N the same category of mature material, although entirely different in substance, are *The Christmas Present* in *Anatole* by A. Schnitzler and *Aren't They Wonders?* by F. Nirdlinger. A decided novelty is K. S. Goodman's *Dust of the Road* with one female, three male rôles, wherein a tramp in a country kitchen arouses a dormant conscience. While this is symbolic it is not too difficult for experienced amateurs.

If the acting group can do pantomime and has an art director of colorful ingenuity and technical expertness, nothing could be better for both grown-ups and children than "Pierrot's Christmas," by Beissier and Monti, a charming French mime drama in three acts. Of course, pantomime is difficult for most performers; miming to synchronize with music is trebly difficult, but from several performances which I have seen I know that this can be made most effective and beautiful.

Among dramas which may be chosen because of the Christmas feeling might be cited "Jack and Jill," by S. D. Smith, a forty-five-minute play, with seven male and six female rôles, based on a Louisa Alcott story; "The Shadowed Star," in one act, by Mary MacMillan, with six female and one boy rôle; "A Christmas Chime," by Margaret Cameron, with two male and two female parts. Many of the old "favorites" are still good. In certain circumstances Charles Dickens still remains unequalled in providing holiday material. "The Holly Tree" was performed at one Christmas time by the Cincinnati Art Theatre. There are good versions of both "A Cricket on the Hearth" and "A Christmas Carol." This latter still goes the rounds of vaudeville without being hissed.

Moving further away from the direct influence of Christmas, one finds great groups of possible dramas. In this section novelty of subject, unusualness of treatment, picturesqueness of effects, certainty of impression, have determined their inclusion. These titles are sign-posts; read and study these and you will become acquainted with scores of similar plays. "The Hour-Glass," by W. B. Yeats, is poetic symbolism.

**T**HE MIRACLE OF ST. ANTHONY," by M. Maeterlinck, although it appears to be audacious criticism, is in essence seriously stimulating. "Hannele," by G. Hauptmann, is difficult but impressive, if acted well and produced convincingly. "Happiness," by J. Hartley Manners, in the one-act version, is good; in the long play it is impossible. If we judge by reviews from Ireland, we may consider the latest play by Lady Gregory, "The Dragon," in three acts, suitable. I hesitate to recommend from second report, for I was once told how good was her wonder-play, "The Golden Apple." Actual performance punctured its reputation. For an audience of children, nothing could be better than "The Little Princess," a three-act dramatization of Sarah Crews," by F. H. Burnett. For sophisticated grown-ups a director might try "Narcissus," by Katherine Searle, a "Twelfth Night" entertainment in rollicking burlesque of court plays of Elizabeth and King James. And, of course, there is always Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

There may seem to the outsider a peculiar contradiction in the union of church and stage, but if he will keep his eyes and ears open he will soon discover that in nearly all denominations the gap between the two is being gradually lessened. One interested worker asserts that there are some 10,000 acting organizations connected with churches in the United States.

**T**HE religious significance of Christmas has always been enhanced in celebrating churches by elements of spectacle, ceremony, and music. It is not a long stride to the frankly dramatic, whether presented in parish house, church hall, Sunday-school room, or in the church itself. The Eastertide story may be the more dramatic and thrilling, but the Christmastide story is the more human and jubilant. Choice of material will depend upon whether the production is offered in one environment or another; whether it emphasizes religious teaching, grateful celebration, or human joy; whether its audience is youthful or mature.

Without direct dependence upon seasonableness emotions may be stirred by the spectacular fantasy of "Swanwhite," by Strindberg, or the lesson in "Eageheart," by Buckton, or the biting moral of "The Miracle of St. Anthony," by M. Maeterlinck, or the slightly saccharine optimism of "Happiness," by J. Hartley Manners, or the graceful beauty of "Pierrot's Christmas," or the daintiness of "A Maker of Dreams," or the homely humor of "The Birds' Christmas Carol." This last named is admirably suited to use in a Sunday-school celebration. It covers a full evening and includes enough characters to be satisfying. I have seen it delight an audience of 2,000 persons in the late teens.

Still significant of the mixed religious and human spirit of the season are "A Mystery Play," by R. H. Benson; "The Greatest Gift" and "The Yuletide Rose," by K. Lord; "Holy Night," a church nativity play by Florence Converse; "Bethlehem," by L. Housman, showing the exterior and interior of a stable. This play acts for an hour and a half, and includes thirteen male and one female characters, besides shepherds and angels. Different in length and treatment, though not very different in intention and effect are the following: B. Wendell, "A Christmas Masque"; C. D. Mackay, "A Masque of Christmas"; Gayley, "Star of Bethlehem"; E. H. Carter, "Christmas Candles." This last is a play for boys and girls, and includes music. Dozens of plays dealing strictly with the nativity may be found. A note of novelty in this kind of material may be secured by taking one of the genuine old English Mystery Cycle plays, and reproducing or adopting it.

**M**ANY little theatre groups have done this during the past ten years, some offering excerpts in no way related to Christmas. In St. Paul "The Sacrifice of Isaac" was staged. "The Pageant of the Shearmen and Tailors" is included in the second volume of Little Theatre classics.

In searching for a religious play, the most difficult thing to secure is one which may be produced effectively and simply in the church building itself. Usually, plays with proper religious feeling are weak dramatically; and those effective from the acting point of view are not satisfactory in reverent mood. A writer of religious drama is likely to be the counterpart of the religious poet, who usually has drunk deeper of Jordan than of Helicon. There is at least one which may be effectively produced upon the ordinary stage, but which gains a hundredfold by presentation within the church itself. This is "Why the Chimes Rang," a dramatization by Elizabeth McFadden of a story by Raymond Alden. It includes many persons, and may be furnished with impressive processions, changing lighting effects, music, and many voices. The second half is pantomime, depending for effect upon the voices of unseen singers. Organ music and real church bells add greatly to the significance of this play.

Further choices for Christmas material are included in *The Lost Prince*, by J. J. Chapman; *The Nativity*, by Douglas Hyde, which fuses Irish folktale and Biblical story; *Adam's Dream*, by A. Corbin; *The Little Town of Bethlehem*, by K. Trask.

**W**HEN we come to discuss performances by communities we are met at the very outset by the difficulty of deciding just what a community production is. Because of the attractive connotation of the word which is successfully used to exploit all kinds of privately initiated and developed parades of personal advertisement, I for one must admit that I do not know exactly what a community production is. Nearly every large enterprise has been described by the word. Yet, when many of these so-called "community" enterprises are analyzed (Continued on page 320)



# The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



*Miss Teddy Gerard*

*Miss Teddy Gerard, from a sketch by Travis Banton*

## PANNIERS OF

*Ostrich and Paradise feathers are lavishly used in millinery and the headdress; many of the French women twist a band of feathers or fur into a turban or toque*

## GAY PLUMAGE

*In direct contrast to the simple tailored suits and frocks for daytime wear, the evening gowns are brilliant in color and rich in material, with barbaric accessories*

**F**LOATING sashes and panels of lace and chiffon have proved such a flattering and graceful fashion that designers have shown great ingenuity in retaining the lovely silhouette. Arranged over a slim little skirt of satin or metal cloth, paradise and ostrich are deftly wired together to simulate distended panels in the laciest effect imaginable. Miss Teddy Gerard has created a sensation in her appearance in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, which is evidenced in the sketch above. Plum-colored and gold metal cloth drapes and wraps about the figure to the front, where it is fastened in mysterious manner to allow for the necessary body movement in dancing. The vogue for feathers is again apparent in the astounding headdress, which is mounted on a wide jeweled band. Oriental bracelets of antique design, thickly jeweled, cover the lower part of the arm, and bizarre necklaces and chains prophesy a still greater vogue for the wearing of jewels this season.



ANITA STEWART IN  
HER NEW FURS

**B**ROADTAIL is decidedly "comme il faut," and the fashionable woman cannot be without such an addition to her closet of furs. In this girlish model, much a favorite with Miss Stewart, the modeling of the wrap is unusual. One of the smartest hats of the season is an adorable glycerined feather model, in cloudy shades of russet brown

Models from Hickson

**T**AILLESS ermine with the skins formed in unique placing not evident in the photograph! In diamond-cut panels the fur is modeled into an evening wrap of exquisite line, with a deep collar that hugs the shoulders closely. It is lined with pearly shades of tea rose chiffon, and needs no sign of ornament or color to enhance its rare beauty. The picturesque headdress worn by Miss Stewart is of white peacock feathers and paradise in a jeweled band!

DISPLAYS A LOVELY  
SILHOUETTE

(In Oval)

**F**OR the very wintry day, Miss Stewart wears an ankle-length Mink wrap that gathers closely about the figure. Full-length sleeves finish with huge cuffs in Directoire style and form a muff that cannot be lost or ever become a nuisance. A cunning afternoon hat is of brown meline and jet, with two wisps of gaura standing pertly in front

**A** CHINCHILLA fur wrap of skins that blend into subtle mauves and grays, folds and gathers about the figure in sumptuous manner. The arm openings are designed in such magic fashion as to appear to be sleeves, but in truth this is the real conception of a mantle. The very deep collar is as supple as satin, and blends to match the panel edging of the wrap, which is about twelve inches from the floor



Ira L. Hill



**A**NITA STEWART, the First National screen star, whose personality is equally fascinating off the stage, will be seen shortly in a screen version of Elizabeth Robbin's new novel, "Harriet and the Piper"





Geisler & Andrews



**F**LORENCE REED whose splendid talent and unique personality dominates Edgar Selwyn's new play, "The Mirage," has enjoyed two recent distinctions—that of opening the Times Square Theatre to the public, and introducing startling Russian frocks to her friends in private life. The house of Frances has been the first to launch this smart silhouette

Models from Frances



**P**ANELS find their way into the Russian styles. When they are of dark blue tricotine, bound with bright silver braid, and attached to a distinctly Russian bodice, the effect is smart and original. The narrow short foundation skirt is of black satin, which is repeated in the loose panels over the shoulder and in the bell undersleeve. An eye veil of black Chantilly lace and heavy jet pins distinguish the charming line of a black velvet hat

(Square panel)

**A**GAIN the sleeve is the point of interest, and a blue cloth frock becomes dynamic in style. The gorgeous beaded and brocaded banding on the sleeve is really a deep cuff, which swings back to the elbow and is topped with gray fox. The brilliant colors of the cuff are embroidered on changeable blue and green taffeta. This bright color scheme is carried out in a sash suggestion at the side. A further accent of Russian peasantry is found in the quaint underbodice of French blue cotton crepe



**H**EAVY black wool-back satin swings in circular tunic over a black satin Zouave undershirt. The tunic, as well as the kimono-cut bodice, is finished with a narrow braid of white silk serge. A color note is adroitly featured in a panel sash of scarlet wool, striped in scarlet, black and white. To prove that an artist has designed the entire toilette, the hat is of scarlet glazed kid, with Chantilly veil of the same color

**T**HE long-waisted bodice is of gold, geranium and mauve metal brocade, with deep, wide cuffs of sable to match the sable-hemmed narrow foundation skirt. A long tunic of black satin, with a finishing satin girdle, provides a stunning Russian note that promises to be a much desired silhouette. Without the regal hat of satin and Paradise, the frock would still be queenly, but to register the nth degree of fashion, Miss Reed has solved the question

**FLORENCE REED  
CREATES A SENSATION**

**IN RUSSIAN FROCKS  
AND HEADGEAR**



# SATIN SIMULATES A BUSTLE FOR THE AFTERNOON

## AND GRECIAN LINES FOR EVENING



*A VARIATION of the silhouette is attractively presented by Margaret Irving of the "Follies." The study of contour and personality has brought about great individuality in dress, and the delightful condition exists today when through this progress woman is learning to express much latent charm. No type of gown dominates the Paris or American styles—the Mayenage with long or short sleeve; the paneled frock with long or short sleeve, and the quaint tight bodice with full skirt usually minus the long sleeve*

Old Masters Studio



*TO be quite independent of the straight-lined frock, a narrow black pussy-willow satin skirt invites a panniered tunic back lined with French blue satin. This quaint fashion suggests the Polonaise—can it be a harbinger of that romantic period? The youthful little bodice of jetted paillettes carries out the old fashioned idea with sash panels swinging from bust to ankle. The sleeve arrangement is very new*

*APPARENTLY the pump is a thing of the past, for slippers and the French sandal are now worn by a majority of the best-dressed women—frequently they appear in shades of turquoise and emerald green and are worn with flesh-colored stockings*



*WHEN the evening gown is not a jeweled robe, it is of satin-brocade mayhap, like that worn by Miss Irving in the above photograph. It is without any trimming. Simply a fan—drapery—a sash train! Silver and blue brocaded pussy-willow satin shows a slight bouffancy at the hip, slightly irregular in draping, the better to feature exquisite fabric, which is the particular point of interest this season. Lovely silver lace makes the modest corsage, and faces the entire length of the narrow train. An unexpected arrangement of the back of the evening gown is interesting and flattering to the figure. It contrives a charming excuse for the sash train*



# NEGLIGEEES BECOME AS GORGEOUS AND

**T**HE short lace coat is extremely youthful and is an idea in construction that must not be overlooked by the lover of negligees. In this case, it is of old cream lace, with an inner sash facing of gold tissue embroidered daintily in tiny French ribbons. The gown itself is of lace and gold tissue, with a slashed train and long cord and tassel ornaments. Negligees cannot be too elaborate—some of the newest designs show an artistic use of light furs, such as chinchilla, mole and ermine. Frequently the coat is of irregular lines, descending into a very long train



# MORE SUBTLE THAN AN EVENING GOWN

**E**RIE and feminine is the butterfly drapery of chiffons, and the grace of this arrangement in moving about is entrancing. They are of opalescent blue to frame the chemise gown of silver and blue metal cloth. A yoke of woven pearls shapes the bust line becomingly. When headdresses are worn with these wondrous house-gowns, one feels more formal and the picture is more complete. Miss Kane wears a gem of the designer's art—a harness of pearls with long drop earrings. In such gowns, entertaining and being entertained becomes the joy and relaxation it should be

Models from Bonwit Teller & Co.



Ira L. Hill

**G**AIL KANE, who has become a unique success in her characterization of Vistar Goin, the young mulatto beauty of Octavus Roy Cohen's blackface comedy, "Come Seven." She indulges in her hobby of negligees, and poses in three originations from Bonwit Teller's

**F**LAME and nasturtian and crushed coffee brown chiffons melt into a maze of luscious color. The graceful pastel of swinging chiffons prepares the eye for the rich batik designs in the Joan of Arc bodice and exaggerated angel sleeves. An attractive feature of the negligee is the sweeping mist of chiffon scarves held in Gypsy effect at the side





THE EVENING  
GOWN CHARMS IN  
SPANISH FASHION

WITH FLOUNCINGS  
AND FANS AND RO-  
MANTIC MANTILLAS



Ira L. Hill

*Marion Davies, the charming film star, forecasts a delightful fashion in "Buried Treasure," a thrilling old-time romance taken from one of F. Brittan Austin's stories. What could be more lovely for the opera than a Spanish headdress? Picturesque and intensely flattering!*

#### ACCESSORIES TO ACCOMPANY THE EVENING GOWN MAY BE QUAIN T AND OLD-FASHIONED AS YOU PLEASE

N O less an authority than Paul Poiret sponsors the full skirt and close-fitting bodice for evening gowns. Some of the skirts are fully four yards wide, set on in gathers, cartridge pleats, or possibly gored with the fullness arranged in godets. The general effect is quite different from any other silhouette presented at the numerous openings, and suggests the Velasque court lady silhouette. It is the ideal type of gown for dancing, especially if it is flounced with deep lace or fringes. Lace is used in abundance on many of the evening gowns, and tones in with the fabric of the dress. The pendulum of the fashion clock is certainly swinging backward towards romantic periods and on the rebound introduces anew many quaint and picturesque suggestions that may be revived with telling effect. While Spanish lace is more often used in the draping of the mantilla, it is not necessary. If the draping qualities are there and a Spanish comb, one may arrange the combination demurely as worn by Miss Davies, or in the more dramatic Carmen-esque fashion. Society folk, however, have been quick to note the tendency of fashion on the stage, and the recent successes of the old-time drama seems to prophecy a return of these adorable feminine accessories.

T HE ostrich feather fan will maintain its supremacy as an accompaniment to the more formal gown, but with the Spanish silhouette, the demure and suggestive painted fan is resurrected from the old family wardrobe with added charm and possibilities. The fragile lace scarf, and the old-fashioned comb in plain shell—coral knobs, jet or jewels—go hand in hand to perfect the becoming Spanish headdress. The comb may be set at a side angle or it may mount high at the back—the mantilla usually swings in a short cascade, fastened over the comb first. And bracelets—let there be many clasped about the arm, and as a substitute, flower bracelets or ribbon bows may be used. The fashionable new coiffure, with the prevailing low décolletage and short sleeve, make jewelry accessories more than ever a necessity. The *pièce de resistance* is without doubt the bracelet—not one, but many, circling the arm to the elbow. A few days ago in the popular Voisin restaurant, Miss Davies created a sensation by wearing twelve diamond bracelets on one arm, topped with a novel diamond bracelet watch. On the other arm tinkled a green gold cigarette case outlined with sapphire. Neck chains are very long, sometimes knotted at the bust, or perhaps caught with a jeweled ornament.







**MIGEL SILKS**  
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**"MOON-GLO"**  
**SATIN CREPE DRESSES**

**U**NLESS you have handled and "fondled" Migel's "Moon-Glo" Satin Crepe, you have no concept of how beautifully a fabric can be made—so fascinating is its clinging softness—so rich its lustre.

—All of which is admirably demonstrated in the charming models shown by the best ready-to-wear departments and shops.

*A label in the garment—the name on the selvage—will assure you.*



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"Pierrette" for Sheerwear  
"Moon-glo" for Everywear*

*Sole Maker*  
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422 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK



# THE TALE OF A GLOVE

By

ANGELINA

THE tale of a glove..... Is it? Or shall I call it the tale of a perfume? Read and take your choice.

I received a luncheon invitation from the nicest man recently. Happening to be Father.

"Hello, stranger!" he called, as I ran into him on the stairs one night, on my way out for the tenth time that fortnight. "Where do you keep yourself? Graciously condescend to lunch with me some day next week, and let me get acquainted with you."

So I consented to arrange a rendezvous for Monday at one-thirty at the Fifth Avenue restaurant, where I arrived quite punctually on the dot. Father said my promptness was most flattering, and that it encouraged him to believe I might even come to care for him in time.

HE does you awf'ly well, Father, when we go on jaunts together. As I think I've mentioned, and is most entertaining. I wish I saw more of him. Luncheon was rather interrupted. Several men Father knew came in and over to the table to speak to him, and one of them Father invited to sit down. He was the head of the perfumery department in that wonderful establishment of Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., down on Irving Place, and just back from France. Father is in the import business, you know, and they had things to say to each other. "This will interest you, Angelina," said Father. And it did, immensely. We ended by all getting into a taxi and going down to Borgfeldt's to look it over.

You've never seen such a place! It occupies three-quarters of a block, and contains specimens of every known imported commodity you can lay tongue to, assembled from the four corners of the globe. It would be sim-



ALICE  
SIMON



pler to say what they didn't have than what they did. Well, then..... they don't have lawn mowers. No. Nor men's clothing. No again. And they don't "stock" coal. Outside of that..... *tout ce que vous voulez.*

MY real interest, however, lay in the perfume department. First I had to greet my old friends, the perfumes Rigaud,—“Mary Garden” and “Un Air Embaumé.” Then an introduction followed to the famous d’Orsay perfume, “Chevalier,” in his enchantingly quaint crystal bottle. Also to his d’Orsay brother and sister perfumes. And then I was further introduced to several other very wonderful imported odors, those of Jaspy, of Fioret, of which I had been strangely ignorant. Thrilling, exotic perfumes! I had a beautiful, informal chance to sniff long and luxuriously at each, such as one doesn't get around the average busy shop counter. I indulged in an orgy of perfumes.....

One of the essences was so intoxicating that I drenched the middle finger of my white silk glove with it. Whereby hangs the tale.....

At the end of a perfect hour we said farewell to the Borgfeldt caravansera and the First Lord of the Perfumes, and Father and I went our respective ways. Mine eventually led home, where I tossed my (no-longer) white gloves in the basket for the maid to wash.

A FEW days passed. The gloves came back from Rosa's ministrations washed and fresh, ready to be worn in their proper rotation, and I bore them off for a dinner engagement.

"You have a marvelous new perfume, Angelina," said my escort, after he had kissed my hand in the taxi.

"No," I said, surprised. "Just the one, you know. And I haven't even that on tonight." He uttered the usual banal fol-de-rol about "my own natural sweetness"..... which I didn't bother attending. For I was discovering that I *did* have a new perfume. Where could it come from? Suddenly I remembered Borgfeldt's, and the intoxicating perfume, and my glove. But the perfume couldn't have lasted through the washing. I sniffed my glove finger. Yes. How extraordinary! It had. Fainter, but still unmistakable. What a perfume! And the end was not yet.....

We dined. We danced. As we came away very late a gay party was breaking up at the entrance, among whom I was properly thrilled to recognize a certain visiting Crown Prince and his suite. In the crowd someone is shoved against me. I turn to hear a beautifully enunciated "Beg your pardon," and to look straight up into the eyes of a tall, extremely good-looking person. No, not the Prince. You anticipate. One of his suite..... and far more intriguing, even if it is *lèse majesté* to say so..... with smooth olive skin and the high cheek bones of the Slav. Also the merriest dark eyes, small, but dazzlingly brilliant, like the sun shining on little pieces of mica..... Foreign men alone seem to have such shiny eyes..... I am afraid I am becoming weak and susceptible in my old age. Only he really was adorable!.....

ANYWAY, I happened to drop one of my silk gloves. Was it an accident also that it happened to be the right-hand one with the perfumed finger? The psycho-analysts say that nothing happens by chance. Walking with "level-fronted" eyes down the steps and into the taxi, I yet saw through the back of my head—women can do these things, you know—my Slavic gentleman pick up the glove, hold it a moment hesitatingly, and then dash down the steps after us.

QUICK, quick, driver!" I cried, excitedly, and the taxi leaped forward almost before my escort had time to close the door. I looked back. My Unknown was standing on the curb, gazing after our disappearing car and holding the glove. I saw him examine it under the light, and hold it up to his face for a long minute. Then he turned and went into the hotel.

(Continued on page 308)





# "Onyx" Hosiery

of Silk, with "Pointex" Heel  
PATENTED

"Onyx"—denotes  
*Quality* in hosiery.



## A GOOD SUGGESTION

MOTHER: "Heavens! Ethel, just look at that stocking—and the horrid man at the store said they were such good hose!"

ETHEL (bored): "Better run upstairs and put on a pair of mine, Mother. Mine are 'ONYX'."

"Onyx" Hosiery in all materials  
At the Better Shops Everywhere

**Emery & Beers Company, Inc.**  
Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors, NEW YORK



"Pointex" Heel

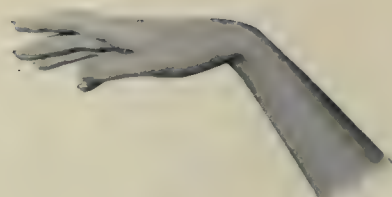




# THE VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY FRANCIS BRUGUIÈRE



FOREIGNERS while granting to American women the par excellence for small and beautifully shaped feet, sometimes criticise them on the score of their hands. If this criticism should happen to be true—which we think is strongly open to debate—it is an easy enough matter to remedy. For we contend that hands are only what you choose to make of them. Beauty in hands, as in so many other things, is as beauty does.

In support of which contention—since among the first branches of her art an actress must learn how to use and dress her hands beautifully—we offer the hands of eight different actresses, picked at random and without previous knowledge of their qualities, from current successes

(Continued on page 308)



Anna Mae Clift, red-haired beauty of the Greenwich Village Follies, shows the way you should hold your new ostrich feather bag, if you are to make the most of both it and your lovely white hands



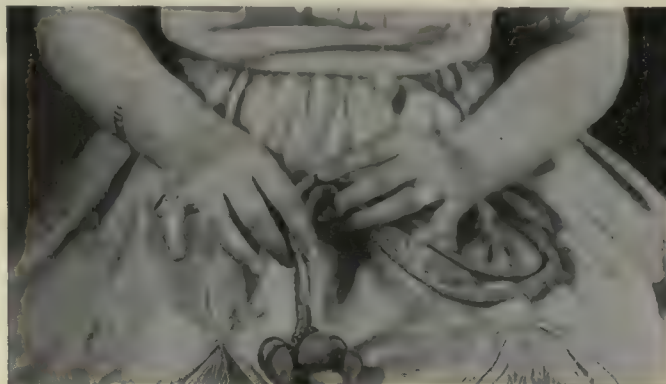
Rosalind Fuller, of the recent "What's in a Name," has a preference for wearing her rose-tipped fingers plain and without other adornment than themselves



The favorite adornment of Evelyn Gosnell, of "Ladies Night," for her small fair hands is one rather large ring on the third finger of each hand, here a square-cut turquoise and a marvelous cat's-eye both set in small diamonds



Margaret Severn, whose dancing is such a feature of the Greenwich Village Follies, for her hands prefers antiques to modern jewelry, of which the old Italian bracelet on her arm, set with pearls and garnets, is a lovely specimen



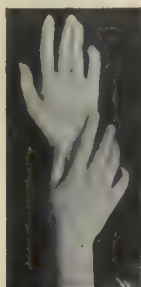
Hope Hampton, the latest film prodigy, likes her hands best with one large solitaire diamond ring on the left hand, a square-cut emerald set in diamonds, on the right, and a bracelet that is a shimmering ribbon of diamonds



The favorite ring-stone of Virginia Hammond, with "The Famous Mrs. Fair," is a diamond. She possesses among others two very wonderful modern rings set with these stones, one a flawless square-cut solitaire, and the other thick set with small diamonds



Madame Namara, prima donna of the Manhattan Opera Company, fancies strings and strings of pearls wrapped round her wrist: and her pet ring is a huge topaz, her birthstone, with the Namara crest



One ring alone for Olive Tell! Which must always go on the third finger of the right hand. The one she wears here holds a single diamond, set with smaller diamonds in platinum





## Vanity Fair SILK UNDERWEAR



Posed by VIRGINIA LEE

### The Sports Bloomer

## There's Really Something New in Undersilks

THOSE of us who have always favored the ankle bloomer, with its trimness and freedom, have been having quite a time of it! Skirts have become shorter and shorter, until a bloomer within speaking distance of our ankles would give us the appearance of little Miss Muffet and her pantalettes!

Though we drew up and up, there was always that dreaded possibility that they would crawl down again, and then, of course, they were so bunched when we did draw them up that we might just as well have worn a petticoat!

But Vanity Fair has come to the rescue with the Sports Bloomer! Did we so desire, we might even follow Paris in the abbreviation of our skirts, and never a bit of this bloomer would show! It

comes down a decorous two inches below the knee, and is finished with the same attractive tailored cuff as the ankle bloomer. It is roomy enough to prevent its slipping up over the knee, even when we are seated.

The Sports Bloomer is really worthy to take its place with the other Vanity Fair creations—the Vest of extra length, the sure-lap Union, the Step-In Envelope Chemise, the double-back Knicker, the Vanties and even the Pettibocker itself!

The Sports Bloomer comes in the smartest street shades and pink and white as well.

Be sure that the Vanity Fair label is in every article of glove-silk underwear you purchase. The better shops all have it.



Detail Illustration of  
Sports Bloomer No. 2463

Vanity Fair Silk Mills, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves



(Continued from page 295)



A headdress of diamonds and silver, with osprey and paradise. The evening robe is of white taffeta over gold embroidered white satin, with a scarf of turquoise tulle

It is in the evening gowns that vivid colors and details appear; they are impressive notes in the French styles and are rampant in velvets and brocades. From Renee is a canary-colored velvet draped in straight lines, with embroidered flower effects done in bright orange color. The latter shade, a rich capucine, is seen in an allover beaded robe from Worth, which falls slim and straight, with a low waistline sashed in tulle, which makes a splashy bow at the back. A garniture of beads falls in strands of jewels at the front, caught with two rhinestone ornaments. In striking contrast to this silhouette, Lanvin shows a flame-rose velvet with fitted bodice and voluminous skirt. The fact that Mary Pickford has contracted with Lanvin to create all her costumes emphasizes the growing popularity of the couturier who makes frocks of such youthful character and charm.

AFTERNOON frocks express a most attractive sort of novelty; straight chemise frocks, with deep borders of fur and very flaring youthful capes of the same fabric are worn in complement and bordered with fur. This idea of the three-piece effect with a cape instead of a jacket is very popular, but when the jacket is worn it frequently appears full and loose, with wide sleeves, allover embroidered and edged with fur. The gypsy sash, adjusted at the normal or low waistline and touching the floor, is a simple and effective fashion that has found much favor with women of fashion; it accompanies a plain satin frock with contrasted facings of gray or fawn. The waistline, as a matter of fact, is usually placed low in satin and cloth frocks, with heavy jeweled girdles in Renaissance style placed at the hips. Wide girdles of brilliantly colored wooden beads are hung on colored cords tied with cord at the front or back of the gown. Sometimes, too, the belts are narrow moire ribbon or cire, and always marking an irregular waistline. There is an infinite variety of sleeves, but the prevailing style is Moyenage, which is very tight at the top and is cut with great fullness and flare at the lower edge.



Black monkey fur distinguishes this smart Molyneux "tailleur" of rich brown duvetyn. The long sleeve, plain long-waisted bodice and gathered tunic are notable features. Monkey fur is wrapped artistically about the coiffure in toque fashion

A simple frock from Cheruit of black velvet and skunk. The long sleeve is cut on kimono lines, flaring at the wrist and cuffed with the fur. A narrow string belt is placed at the normal waist line. The skirt is in one piece, opening at the front

Howard Greer

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Fascinating in its subtle allurements  
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suggests over 100 exquisite things to knit and crochet—with instructions any one can follow.

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**JAMES LEES & SONS CO.**  
220 Fifth Ave., Dept. T, N.Y.C.



(Continued from page 304)

YOU see from the foregoing page of The Vanity Box how much study can be put into hands. It doesn't matter really whether they begin by being large or small, or fat or thin, they can be made in the end to express whatever you wish them to. They can be white and smooth, and beautifully kept as to finger nails. They can be taught to move, and pick up objects, and relax and repose beautifully. They can be beautifully adorned. They can hold beautiful objects, accessories of the costume, a bag, a fan, a mouchoir, a cigarette holder.

Let me give you an added detail or two which I learned while posing these different actresses.

Miss Clift, who holds the ostrich feather bag, brought that as her latest proud possession. It is of bright henna-colored feathers to match her wonderful orange-red hair, and is to be carried in the evening.

Miss Gosnell explained the reason for her ring preferences by saying that contrary to general opinion, certain small hands can wear rather big rings as well as larger ones. In fact, certain small hands "need them for 'pep,'" or if only to make a small hand look smaller.

Madame Namara confesses that of the two strings of pearls she wears on her wrist one is real and the other a copy, and defies you to distinguish which is which. Anyway, one of them has a clasp of a grey pearl set in a circle of diamonds.

From Miss Hammond I learned of the latest thing in gloves—a special heavy silk glove for winter. It is known as a "muff glove," because it was originally designed to be worn when carrying a muff, and is one of the smart novelties of the season. The style is a slip-on with an elastic in shirring at the wrist, and is of a very heavy silk reinforced by a cotton backing.

(If you should care to learn any other details of the hand page, the name of the silk glove and where it can be purchased; the ostrich feather bag, which comes in every shade; or the various diamond rings, write The Vanity Box, Care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York).



Miss Virginia Hammond has discovered the newest glove on the market, a heavy silk glove, reinforced with a cotton backing, and specially designed for fall and winter wear.

## THE TALE OF A GLOVE

(Continued from page 302)

HOW romantic to be trailed by a perfume, I thought. There is besides a white peacock surrounding my initial, embroidered in the margin of the glove. And if He should chance to speak to Teodoro, *maitre d'hôtel*, He might..... Teodoro knows that the white peacock is mine. He has found and returned to me on several occasions handkerchiefs that I have dropped marked with this, my emblem. If the Unknown keeps the glove.....

My escort rudely interrupts my miraging.

"Angelina, you rascal, I believe you did that on purpose."

"Don't say *purposely*," I murmur, "say *subconsciously*."

"Never mind," he adds, cruelly, "they are sailing tomorrow."

But I am not disturbed. "Never mind" also on my own account. If he keeps the glove—and something tells me that he will—the perfume will remind him for a few short, sweet days, anyway..... I fling a kiss to Borgfeldt!



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A discriminating taste in dress insists upon the EMPIRE name woven in the selvage of a piece of silk, or the label in the finished garment. Send for New Book of Silks.

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## TIGHTS AND GRINS

By JAMES L. FORD

(Concluded from page 264)

Many a time, while gazing at a revue that was merely a hotch-potch of cheap gags, I have exclaimed, but not loud enough for the ushers to hear: "Oh, for one hour of Harrigan!"

The Hoyt farces were always a delight to me because the wit that illuminated them was always aimed at a target and not at the wine agents in the boxes. The plumber, the temperance crank, the grass-widow, the station agent, and the lunch-counter girl were all fish for Charlie's net, and every one of them had been made known to the public by means of the comic press before he caught them.

We realize now that Weber and Fields gave an entertainment of really classic humor and melodious song. Edgar Smith was a librettist of true wit, and Stromberg a composer of rare merit in his lightsome vein. As for the company—but they

have passed into history, and so great was the array of talent that it is difficult to single out one without giving offense to another. Nevertheless, I recall Peter F. Daily as one of the very best stage entertainers I have ever seen, with Fay Templeton as a close second. And, above all, I remember those uproariously enjoyable first nights, when the jokes made their initial bow and Pete Dailey gave out the flowers with appropriate remarks after the fall of the curtain.

As for the variety stage, my mind is literally overflowing with memories of the Kernells, John W. Kelly, Ward and Vokes, Vesta Tilley, the Russell Brothers, and scores of other natural-born funmakers.

I thank heaven there is something in my mind beside tights and grins, something still ringing in my ears that has not the jangle of the tin pan.



## THE MARIONETTE REVIVAL

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

(Concluded from page 268)

Joseph was there puppeteering, building and costuming puppets that she wrote her interesting volume.

Aside from entertainment, marionettes here, as in the Old World, are coming into their own as a serious medium for imparting dramatic expression and acquiring poetic style.

Yvette Guilbert, impressed by the simplicity and practicality of the Dondo marionettes, contemplates trying them out in her School of Theatre, in New York, as a medium for putting over dramatic expression.

Meanwhile, the Marionette Theatre Society, organized three years ago under the direction of Remo Bufano, for the purpose of giving puppet plays, is reported in hot pursuit of endowment. In the beautiful little theatre of Greenwich House, within a stone's throw of Sheridan

Square, the puppets and their skillful manipulators presented last season "The Three Men of Gotham," a one-act play by Tom Fool (the name that Gordon Craig prefers to assume when he enters the puppet world), and "The Doctor in Spite of Himself," a satiric farce in three acts, by Molière.

This season Signor Bufano, offspring of the pioneer Elizabeth Street Pulcinello, true to heritage, tours the countryside, fashioning be times in his Vandam Street, Greenwich Village, studio what he calls "Punch and Judy" shows with a distinguished company of players headed by the world's most popular matinee idol, Mr. Punch, himself, made in America for American children by American enterprise."





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## "LIGHTNIN'" BREAKS THE RECORD

By ADA PATTERSON

(Concluded from page 272)

"All that I might get out of a London engagement would be that my grandchildren could say their ancestor had played in London."

A warm humanity exudes from "Lightnin'," from its players and the house in which it lives. The center of this humanity is the star. His dressing-room door is closed only in the brief time of his changes of costume. The square room at the end of the hall stands invitingly open, as the living room of a home. At every performance the players look in for a nod, a smile or a chat. Two of the actors were the star's friends in his barnstorming period on the West Coast. But the newest member, who plays one of the group of divorcees, and is Mr. Bacon's secretary, too, has welcome along with these time-tested friends.

He discourages fault-finding and tattling. "No one has ever stood in that door and complained," he says.

He praises when praise is deserved. He points to errors with utmost gentleness. In two years but one member of the company has been

discharged, and that for good cause. The *corps d'esprit* is admirable.

"There is danger of letting down in performances when a play has run so long. One hears complaints of 'drying up in their lines in a long run,'" said Mr. Bacon, "but not here. They hold up a situation as tensely as they did the first week."

Practice makes perfection. On the opening night, August 25, 1918, the performance was uneven. Bumps and knots and poignant nervousness were apparent. But on the first night of the third year the play was smooth as velvet. Blessed is the playgoer who may see a play in its maturity or old age!

The secret of "Lightnin's" long run in New York? I believe it is its humanness, that warm humanity so evident behind the scenes. It flows over the footlights to the audience. It enfolds the audience. It would reach the heart of a pebble. The greatest agent of this projection of humanity across the footlights is Frank Bacon, himself one hundred and one per cent human.



## PUBLICITY AND THE TRUTH

By BERNARD SOBEL

(Concluded from page 282)

glory to the comedian's local reputation.

When Mrs. Fiske was playing "Salvation Nell," word came through her press representative, that she would speak to the head of the English department of Purdue University and a few invited guests, on the subject of the drama. Invitations were sent out immediately and the news spread in educational circles that Mrs. Fiske was going to give an interesting talk. But Mrs. Fiske gave no talk. Instead, on the date appointed, her representative announced to the assembled company that her train was leaving much earlier than anticipated and that she could do no more than hastily greet those present. Whether or not Mrs.

Fiske had ever intended giving the promised talk, she alone knows.

While a well-known musical comedy star was playing a New York engagement, some one knocked at her dressing-room door one night and handed her a small volume of poetry which she found, on examination, had been dedicated to her. Several days later, the author of the volume sent her a sentimental letter with more verses dedicated to her. About a week later he sent still another letter, but this time he requested the pleasure of meeting the actress personally.

Fearing, however, that the man might be a crank, she naturally refused the request. Less than two

(Concluded on page 330)





# Columbia Grafonola

## IN PERIOD DESIGNS

The original of this charming Grafonola design probably saw the riotous merrymaking that marked the restoration of Charles II in England. Dull care has no more chance with the music of the Grafonola than Puritan Blue Laws had when the Merry Monarch came back to his own. An instrument as beautiful as its music. A worthy ornament for the most exquisite home.

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a round cigarette,  
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ROUNDS (plain  
ends) in the new 50c  
foil package . . . 50c

"THEY ARE GOOD TASTE"

PALL MALL (regular), plain or cork  
in boxes of 10, 50, 100 as usual.

## AN AMERICAN PASSION PLAY

By HOWARD C. KEGLEY

(Concluded from page 274)

appearance. Finally he is led in to the baptisms scene by a small child. Only the perfect silence of the audience betrays its deep interest in the drama. There is no applause during the play. This is one case wherein the audience pays its perfect tribute to the players and the play by marked silence.

THROUGH all the scenes an unbelievable atmosphere of reality prevails. The chirping night songs of thousands of summer insects in the shrubbery upon the hillsides seem to transport the listener back two thousand years to the hillsides of Palestine. The far-off calls of night birds improve the atmosphere of the play. The stars in the welkin dome, and an occasional rustle in the bushes which fringe the sides of the canyon heighten the effect.

The drama has been constructed to illustrate the words of St. John the Divine. It has been necessary in several instances, especially in the Prologue, which depicts only those incidents prior to the birth of Christ, to sacrifice accuracy of time and place to bring the play within the limitations of dramatic form. By no other method could the Gospels have been dramatized into a performance which can be presented in a single evening.

MRS. W. Yorke Stevenson, one of the founders of the Theatre Arts Alliance, and Harry Ellis Reed, also a founder member, are the persons to whom the world owes most for the success of this far-reaching enterprise.

Mrs. Stevenson and Mr. Reed visited the canyon site of the "Pilgrimage Play" early in April this year. They looked over the rugged hillsides and discussed the possibilities of the Scriptural drama. As they argued the various "impossibilities" new vistas opened to them. They discovered a great diamond in the rough.

A few days later they took several architects out to look over the ground and submit estimates for the

construction of the theatre and stadium. The lowest estimate was \$50,000, and the architects did not think the job could be done in less than six months.

AT that point Mr. Reed and Mrs. Stevenson encountered their first impossibility. It appeared that the play could not be produced in 1920. The next day found them again on the hillside. Their second impossibility appeared to be the lack of money with which to establish the play.

The interview ended when Mrs. Stevenson declared she was going East to raise money with which to produce the play.

"I will telegraph to you when I have enough money to justify a beginning," said she. "Then you can start work."

In three weeks she sent word for Mr. Reed to begin work, and there began a romance of modern achievement which stands perhaps without a parallel. As if by the aid of an almost superhuman agency Reed, the actor, became Reed the engineer. He built eleven stages in the hills, secured and arranged innumerable batteries of stage lights, chose his actors, obtained the costumes, and looked after a multitude of minor details.

Five weeks from the day of the beginning, the first performance was given. Only two months' time and \$15,000 were spent in making the dream come true.

MANY queer things happened in that time, of course. Henry Herbert, who took the rôle of Christ, worked with pick and shovel on the hillsides, along with Judas and most of the twelve apostles. Pay day came and went with no paymaster, but wages did not matter. The true Christ spirit possessed the workers. For the time being the actors and stage hands ceased to be individuals of their particular professions, and became true comrades of the cross. Thus did the "Pilgrimage Play" come into being.



### COLUMBIA RECORDS

Florence Macbeth, after a long period of operatic and concert work, sings for Columbia Records, "Waltz Song," from Romeo and Juliette. Both this song and her "Villanello," with its bird-like coloratura cadenza, show why her work has brought her country-wide fame.

Barrientos, Gordon, Hackett and Stracciari in the "Quartette from Rigoletto," represent the greatest combination of voices ever gathered together. Love, laughter, grief and vengeance are all united in this magnificent ensemble. Nowhere can such a group of voices be heard today.



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## Remove the Grill

### *Examine the Oval Tone Amplifier*

**W**HEN you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick, as pictured above.

Look at the rear of the Amplifier—is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier.

These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids old-time deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultona, for instance, not only plays each type of record

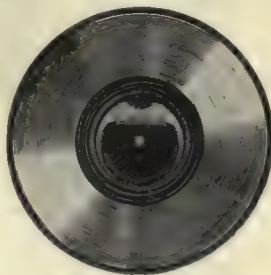
better, but is the *only* one that is counter-balanced.

This cushions the contact between needle and record—doing away with the usual “surface” noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick superiorities, and you will realize that great strides have been made in phonographic reproduction. And in addition, Brunswicks offer exceptional cabinet-work.

Go to a Brunswick dealer. Hear this super-phonograph. Judge for yourself. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, playable on all phonographs with steel or fibre needles.



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**Brunswick**  
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



BY GEORGE M. COHAN

(Continued from page 264)

"Jane Clegg" proves it, and the distinction which O'Neill has received for his remarkable play, "Beyond the Horizon," is another proof. The scene between the brothers in that play is one of the finest bits of writing in the American theatre. It reads as well as it acts, which is the fair test of dramatic literature.

I AM not so enthusiastic over some of the trick melodramas that we have seen recently, but they have marked a new fact the managers may add to their stage tradition, and that is that audiences like to make up their own lines, to find the words that might be spoken, for themselves. Take "The Acquittal," for instance. It is a play of silences, intervals where the actors say nothing, and the audience finds itself saying the words which the actors repress. This is a very interesting twist in the progress of melodrama.

We have had a deluge of crook plays, which convinces me that for some reason or other the crook character is dear to the American playgoer. He is the sort of chap you can believe because no mere theatricalism can pull him through. He's got to be artistically faithful to type or an audience will laugh him off the stage. Then, again, one of the absolute requirements of an American play, or a play for Americans, is that the serious moments shall not be too solemn. The American character always hides the weeps and tearful events in real life are challenged with a smile. If a thing is tragic, it is, that's all, but there is no use in making it a pose of tragedy. It is something to be overcome with the least elaboration. Everyone can believe a tragic situation in a play without having it labeled for them with mock heroics. Americans laugh with contempt at the man who is a poor loser, and they love him when he blunts the sharp edge of disaster with a sense of humor.

THE American play is never gloomy; we haven't reached that decadent age when we can believe in tragedy. Personally, I don't care for gloom of any sort, though some of my managerial colleagues have put it over with great skill. There are some wonderful showmen among us who don't care a rap for the American play. They have no traditions that interfere with the ethics of showmanship. Spend a million, if necessary, but put it over is their system. That's one kind of success in the theatre.

In the sixteen years that I have been producing plays everyone of them has been re-written, made over in our office. And that includes all of them. What does that mean? It means that the plays, at least those that come into our office, violate in

some degree the traditions of our idea of an American play. What these plays chiefly lack is coherence of story.

IN my judgment, a play should start at the beginning and go straight through to the end of the story without deviation. Most of the plays we get seem to be weak in the legs when we first put them on their feet at rehearsal. They stagger under a burden of theme, or they skip about from place to place, aimlessly. I have trained a good many weak-kneed plays of this sort to walk straight and firmly. If I can't believe in a line or a theme, I don't expect anyone else will. A play has got to ring true to life for me, and there is no limit to that order. I know that no stage trick will save a situation if it isn't there. And nothing will spoil a situation in a play so completely as trying to force it in acting.

I think that one of the most inspiring qualities of the American play is its American point of view. But the playwright, to do this, must be sure that he has got it, and that can't be learned by technique or stage trick. That is something as natural and distinctive as his own voice. Probably no man of any other nationality will meet a crisis in his life just as the American will. And the way the author of an American play makes him meet that crisis, the words he puts in his mouth or the things he makes him do, is in the author's blood, not in his dictionary.

We may get into the bad habit in the theatre of leaning on our words as if they were crutches to help us over a situation that we think is theatrically effective. Unless the lines themselves have in them an intellectual quality, which is rare enough in the American play, the words should be spoken as if they were merely a conveyance for the feeling behind them. That, of course, is the actor's job and has nothing to do with the author. But, how often it happens in a play that an author overwhelms the actor with words, as if he feared the actor wouldn't portray the feeling without them. That is why many plays that come to us have to be stripped to the bone before they can move freely.

OF course, if our plays have something of the literature that we find in the English plays, if we had in America an Oscar Wilde, then the American play could emerge in the brilliant imagery of words. But we haven't, to my knowledge. Roi Cooper Megrue can do that sort of thing well, and there may be others, but the smart epigram in America is unknown to the stage, though we have a substitute in farce comedy.

(Continued on page 324)



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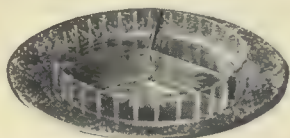
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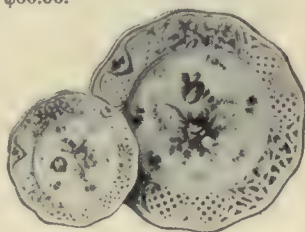
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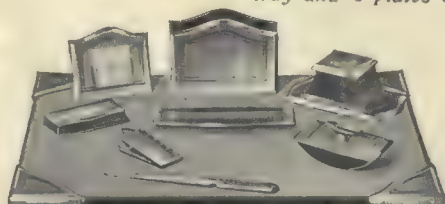
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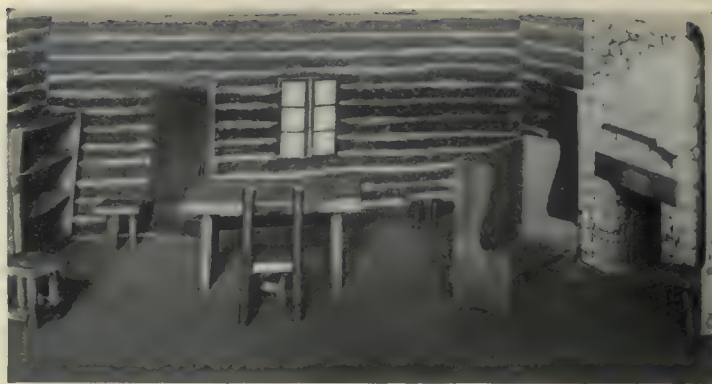


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## THE GLORY OF THE PILGRIMS AND PAGEANTS AND PARADOXES

By ROLAND HOLT



**P**RESIDENT WILSON has proclaimed December 21st "Pilgrim's Day," and the Pilgrim Tercentenary Celebrations are likely to extend well into 1921.

When the paper on "The Pilgrim Tercentenary," in the July-August THEATRE MAGAZINE, taken from a longer talk by me, appeared, I was distressed to find that, owing to lack of space, all reasons for commemorating the Pilgrims had been left out, though their sins against the theatre were duly noted.

It is fitting that we recall the bravery of these forefathers of ours. On a chill October day in 1620 those hundred intrepid souls (women and children were among them) set sail from Plymouth, England. Their boat, the Mayflower, was smaller and far less strong than the Presidential yacht, her namesake of today, and of course they had no steam. For sixty-three days on the open sea, they made a voyage far more perilous than the eight-day crossings of our recent war-time heroes. Two days before Christmas, short of food and medicines and with none awaiting them, they "landed" (most of them staying aboard the ship because they had no other shelter) upon bleak Plymouth Rock. By spring half of them had given their lives to found our happy, prosperous nation of today.

**F**ROM that brave sacrifice it is pleasant to turn aside briefly to some engaging paradoxes of our Pilgrim celebrations. In the earlier article was noted how we are to honor them through plays and pageants, joys which they hated and condemned. To them we are to add bands and orchestras, which they'd have none of, playing mostly music that they never heard, and that it is a bit difficult to get to fit them, as when one of our best directors prescribed for a procession of Americans of all periods, the march from "Aida," a familiar piece indissolubly connected with Egypt in the minds of all. Music with a strong feeling

of exaltation is appropriate to the Pilgrims, and if not too familiar will not seem so out of place. The Kips Bay Pageant used Grieg's "Sigurd Jorsalfar" march effectively, and clever musical directors could tellingly use the broad triumph melodies of Liszt's "Preludes" and of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstances."

For once it should be easier to get men to appear in pageants and plays than to get women, for the Pilgrim, lion that he was, in his shining armor, was much showier than his mate. Clayton Hamilton has written that "The Puritans (of whom the Pilgrims were a branch) warned their devotees against the lure of beauty, and branded it as an ensnarement of the Devil." Certainly, with all their hair hidden under close-fitting caps, and sleeves to their wrists, the poor Pilgrim women were made to sufficiently hide whatever beauty they may have had.

**T**HE Sulgrave Institute of England, to whose energy we owe this Pilgrim celebration, takes its name from the English home of the Virginia Cavalier, George Washington. Though the Pilgrims landed in the year after the Cavaliers, the Pilgrims have gotten ahead in celebrating their tercentenary, while the Cavaliers let theirs pass unnoted, and are now commemorating the Pilgrims, with such Cavalier spectacles as Professor Koch's "Raleigh Shephard of the Ocean," recently given in North Carolina.

New York City, named by the Cavaliers in 1664, has the excuse for celebrating the Pilgrims that it was founded in 1614 as New Amsterdam by the Dutch, who gave the Pilgrims shelter for twelve years at Leyden.

But despite all paradoxes, our Pilgrim heritage deserves honor and our gratitude. To it we owe the facts that our great army abroad was the most decent in history, that in this land the Bolsheviks are outcasts, that our people are the happiest, most patient and law-abiding of any on earth.





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(Continued from page 294)



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they turn out to be the public exhibition of some small charitable or uplift movement, into which for the single purpose and occasion of the "show" or "spectacle" large numbers of participants have been drawn or coaxed. In one case, a widely-advertised "municipal" season of opera was really an aggregation of singers, performers, and players, most of whom came from distant places, who discovered that the municipality was in no sense the responsible guarantor of the undertaking. The city merely allowed the company to perform in its park.

That out of the desire for some communal mode of expression there will develop some form of democratic drama is most fervently to be desired. When aims are more clearly perceived than they now are, when methods have been tried, compared and selected, and perhaps most important of all, when the proper kind of material for community production shall have been produced, we shall know a little more clearly what is included in the term "community" as applied to dramatic enterprise.

In the meantime, we can take advantage of what there is. Much of it is acceptable, some little is excellent. Any indications of material under this caption are hesitatingly set forth, because I feel sure that every work here cited is open to criticism from some particular understanding of the word "community." Perhaps I had better take refuge behind the plea that at any rate nearly all of what I set down has been offered successfully and accepted appreciatively by large audiences as satisfying their demands of what a community should do.

SOME of the plays already considered for church attention may be repeated here: *Eagerheart*, with carols; *Swanwhite*, *The Mystery of the Shearmen and Tailors*, *Pierrot's Christmas*, *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, *The Dragon*, *Twelfth Night*. Nearly every so-called "community" performance suggests a large stage, many performers, and as vast an audience as can be gathered together. If these conditions always obtain, the method of producing any of these plays will have to be changed materially. Lines will have to be delivered differently, cuts will have to be made, entrances and exits arranged skilfully, gestures and stage business made simple and broad and significant, appeals to the eye devised. The spectacular will gradually gain the ascendancy over the delicate. There will have to be more and more dependence on what professionals term "sight acts." The open-air production by Miss Anglin of *As You Like It*, before an audi-

ence of some 8,000 was, perhaps, still Shakespeare, but with a difference.

The most successful community material has been prepared with this large audience—not always attentive—in the writers' minds. In *A Christmas Masque*, by B. Wendell, lasting forty-five minutes, the scene shows the interior of a Crusader's hall in the Middle Ages, thronged by large groups of warriors, pilgrims, musicians. *The Masque of the Nativity*, by S. C. Ott, was written especially for production by the city of Los Angeles. Percy Mackaye in *The Evergreen Tree*, made the most signal attempt to fill the need of Christmas material by using a story acceptable to all kinds of people. I never feel sure that this author knows the best way of presenting his own creations so I cannot support unqualifiedly his insistence in this for a pair of stages at opposite ends of a hall. A presentation of this—described to me by some spectators as quite effective, by others as extremely uneven and incongruous—skilfully adapted the writer's explicit directions to the conditions of the hall and the comfort of the spectators. One city staged Stewart Walker's pantomime, *The Seven Gifts*, in an armory before 3,000 spectators. Many old English masques, decorated with singing, dancing, and spectacle, would be suitable for similar production.

If spectacle only, with no absolute holiday significance is desired, I would recommend some show which is more or less frankly pageant or procession, such as *A Pageant of the Italian Renaissance*, by Thomas W. Stevens. When the directors know the audience, the stage, the ability of the participants, they will, more likely than outsiders, be able to concoct their own performances from homely themes. One city has come very close to one signification of community effort by engaging the services of everyone connected with its parks and playgrounds' departments. Around the old stories of Hansel and Gretel, Red Riding Hood, and the Mother Goose Rhymes, a score of workers built entertainments for thousands. I remember that in Hansel and Gretel the hit of the production was made by dancers from the colored section of the city, in the Gingerbread Dance. So decided was the appreciation of this group, that it was used again in a Christmas entertainment. Through the browned cover of a huge pie these figures darted, sat for an instant on the edge of the gigantic dish swinging their brown and black legs, then dashed off into the energetic and graceful gyrations of the Dance of the Blackbirds.

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## AMATEUR ACTIVITIES AT WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 291)

The men from Walter Reed hospital were not the least enthusiastic spectators of some of those magnificent pageants which electrified Washington and formed the dignified and superb welcome of this country to her hero-guests. It was good to see the meaning of the war put into living pictures, and set moving in stately processional down the wide avenues.

Perhaps to this official Washington's seal of approval, the art of

pageantry owes its revival and increasing strength. Here and there over the country there had been dramatic and vivid pageants for the past ten years. But to gather 9,000 people into one long ribbon of light and color; to have the highest officials of the country as onlookers or participants, and the most illustrious guests of the land as the subjects and inspiration of the events—these features certainly help towards the ideal of establishing pageantry as a national institution.

## PUBLICITY AND THE TRUTH

(Continued from page 316)

weeks later she learned to her horror that the man has committed suicide for love of her. His hat and coat had been found in a cabin on the night boat to Albany. With these were found also a picture of the actress, a volume of the poems, and the following note:—

"I love Miss —, but she has scorned me. I am drowning myself because I cannot live without her."

Elaborate accounts of this tragic affair were published around the world, but no one ever knew the real facts. This is the true story, and it is very brief: The man who had committed suicide had never existed. He had been invented by the two press agents. One had written the poetry, while paid confederates on shipboard had placed the note, picture, book and clothes in the cabin.

Press agents also devised the sensational appearance of "Le Domino Rouge." This mysterious lady was first heard of in London, where she appeared in hotels and cafés, beautifully dressed, but wearing always and everywhere a red mask. Every possible effort was made to force her to reveal her identity, but without success. The only words that she would ever say were: "I am soon going to America." This statement was cabled across to the United States, and people began immediately to take an interest in Le Domino Rouge. Some said she was an adventuress, others that she was a titled woman planning a stage career,

while still others insisted that she was Cleo de Merode, who had broken a contract and intended coming to this country incognito. Finally, the mysterious lady landed in America. After her arrival had been advertised extensively, she appeared at the old Weber and Field Music Hall, where she unmasked publicly. She proved to be an American girl, Mlle. Daisie, who had been sent to London by the press agents, with instructions that she wear a mask constantly and never say more than the single sentence: "I am soon going to America." Mlle. Daisie has since changed her name to Mlle. Daizie, and she is now one of the most famous ballet dancers on the American stage.

It was a press agent—the dean of his guild—who invented the Anna Held milk-baths story, making the public believe that the actress actually took the baths as an aid to beauty.

Another knight of the pen had the street in front of the theatre where Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing, covered with tan bark, to make the public believe that the actress was so temperamental she could not endure the slightest distracting noise.

Publicity stunts of this sort have at times thrilled the nation. Yet, despite his overwhelming fondness for the romantic, the unusual and the surprising, the real press agent is not a bad sort.

He seeks to interest, not to harm.

## VICTOR RECORDS

"Truly marvelous" is the unanimous verdict of those who have heard Titta Ruffo's great baritone roll forth in "Adamastor, re dell'onde profonde," the half savage invocation from Meyerbeer's opera, "Africana," that is an important item in this month's list of new Victor Records. The song begins lustily, the tremendous voice of the great artist lending itself to the music and dramatic action with splendid and powerful certainty. At no time has

Ruffo made a greater record. Never was waltz more deservedly popular than Victor Herbert's "When You're Away" which was one of the big hits of "The Only Girl." Never were song and singer so well suited to one another as in this delightful effort and Mabel Garrison. Her voice lingers on each note, magically prolonging a tone here and there without retarding the time. It is, in fact, a very waltz of dreams.—Adv.





The Car That Made Good in a Day



By CAROL BIRD

(Concluded from page 258)

## That First Impression

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a comforting philosophy. It carried me smoothly over the rough places. When I had an opportunity to play the old maid in 'The Charm School' I grasped it gladly. And now—now I'm at peace with the world. I've become readjusted to the new order of things."

A beautiful, white, fan-tailed pigeon, just spotted here and there with tan feathers, flew swiftly across the room, and lighted on Miss Dupree's shoulder. There was something almost symbolical about the incident.

Then a maid entered with tea and little cakes, and purple and red plums from the trees on "Kentucky Junior," Miss Dupree's estate. You gaze about a bit inquisitively, wondering where the other members of the family are keeping themselves. And again Miss Dupree reads your thoughts, or appears to read them.

"I live alone, with my books and my dogs and my flowers," she tells you. "I used to have my mother with me, but she died. I believe you know I never married."

Again you hear the note of pathos sounded. What a coincidence that the first play of this talented actress' career in which she does not play the part of a young girl she depicts an unmarried woman—alone—and past the Age of Adoration, which belongs only to youth. It isn't that Miss Dupree invites sympathy. She doesn't. There isn't any occasion

for it. She has behind her years of success as an ingenue; ahead of her, years of success in character rôles; she has scored one of her biggest hits in her present rôle; she has a beautiful and artistic home, and the faculty of converting it into a charmingly restful sanctuary; and she has an optimistic and an unquenchable spirit.

Surely, one so rich in worth-while possessions need not clutch your heartstrings. And yet she does. Perhaps it is because you happen to be gazing at a small, framed picture on the wall—a photograph of her taken years ago, when she played a young girl rôle in "The Music Master" with David Warfield, or was it in "In Missouri" or "Held by the Enemy"? And because you saw her just the night before as a lonely, love-hungry, little, old maid, in a plain brown dress, and queer, nervous, appealing mannerisms?

You watched her respond to encores, and your eyes darted from her to the ingenue of the cast, as she, too, with red, parted lips, bowed her thanks and thrilled to the pleasurable excitement of the moment. For fear you may speak your thoughts aloud, you hide your embarrassment by asking Miss Dupree why she doesn't keep a clipping book of all those favorable criticisms of her work. She shrugs her shoulders, and you imagine that a sad smile flows its way across her face.



## THE AMERICAN PLAY

By GEORGE M. COHAN

(Concluded from page 316)

It may seem obviously indiscreet for a man who has not written the American play he would like to, to express himself so positively, but I have produced and written plays industriously. In my own play I have assumed that audiences wouldn't mind if the play I wrote made them laugh a bit, and cry a bit, and go out whistling. There has been nothing original in them except what some of the artists themselves have contributed. "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway," for instance, was written to bring out the superb talents of Fay Templeton. When she rehearsed it at first, there was some sentimentalism in it that she didn't feel right about, and so we kept changing it till we were all kidding it a little. These changes were omitted when it was played later, without her. No one, in my experience, ever put over a song as she

could. Her singing of "Mary" was a work of art.

To my mind, the American stage has brought singing and dancing to an art that is one of its best traditions, although my own style of dancing was not a discovery—it was an accident. I had been doing some buck and wing dancing in vaudeville, and the leader of the orchestra induced me to try it with a new bit of music which he played for me for the first time at a matinee. To my surprise I found that the music didn't fit my steps at all, so in the emergency I just jumped, skipped from side to side of the stage, and in my tension I kept throwing my head back. The dance was so eccentric that it made a success, and I have been doing it ever since.

This may not have much to do with the American play, and yet it has, because it relates to a bit of American life on the stage.





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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## FALL AND WINTER DESIGNS

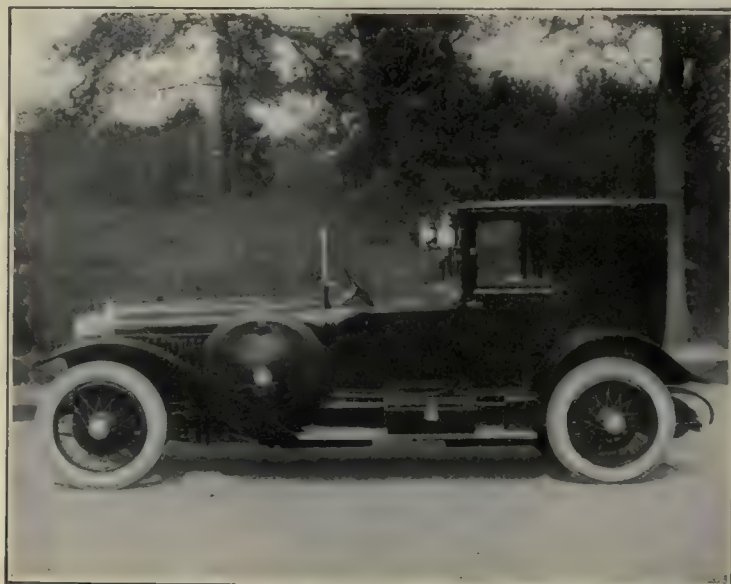
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Custom built round cornered Locomobile Coupé-Limousine with permanent extension over the driver. Finished in self laced silver gray whipcord with enamelled fittings to match. An unusual feature of the interior is the panelled ceiling, special lamps and nickelled radiator



The new Packard Single-Six Coupé. In gray whipcord, except the driver's seat, which is in black leather. This car has all the quality of the Twin Six in finish and appointments, but is a lighter car, on a 116 inch wheel base



Coupé de ville by Driquet & Cie, Paris on Delage Chassis. The Delage car is fast achieving in this country the same recognition that it acquired at the Paris salon last year—where it became over night the sensation of Europe





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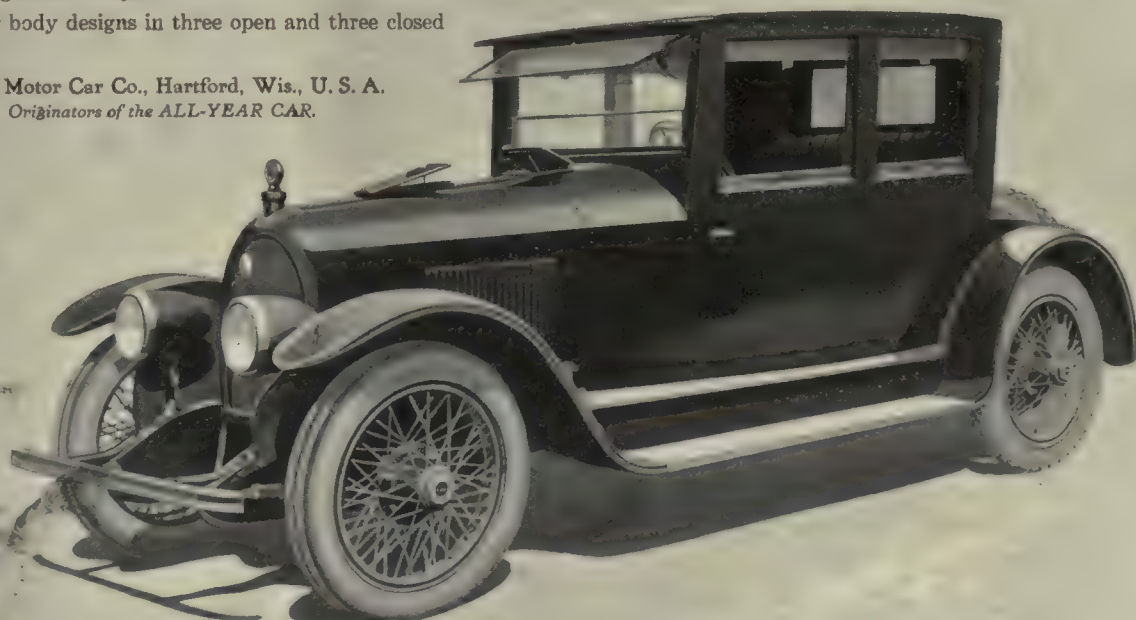
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(Continued from page 280)

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10c to 50c  
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In this basement is conceived the plot which compels Trava to play against his will—a trick so trite that one is surprised that the fertile Mr. Cohan could not have invented something more original. Trava has a secretary whom, unknown to himself, he is deeply in love with. The trick is to arouse his jealousy, which is done by telling Trava the girl is about to marry some one else. Again enraged, the genius rushes off to a concert at Carnegie Hall, where he is told she has gone, and where he plays as he never played before.

This bald outline of the plot hardly does justice to the play which is competently acted, well staged and holds the interest throughout. The effect that the vulgar, thoughtless crowd has on the sensitive musician is well brought out, although I doubt if many fiddlers have any serious objection to this sort of hero worship.

George Renavant gave an excellent performance as Trava. To be sure, he did not quite look the genius—that is the commonly accepted idea of a genius. His hair was not long enough, his features not sufficiently ascetic, his manner not eccentric. What genius looks anything but a normal human being these commercialized days? But in the first act the actor gave a capital characterization of the nervous, highly strung musician. He has distinction and the necessary foreign manner. Incidentally, he played a violin solo very well.

Fuller Mellish, an old and tried Broadway favorite, contributed an admirable character bit as the old 'cello maker and Wright Kramer was delightful as the tenor. H. Cooper Cliffe, the Nobody of "Every Woman," gave authority to the rôle of the manager and Frank Otto was excellent as the live wire automobile salesman who succeeds in making the violinist change his mind. Marion Coakley was charming as the secretary.

EMPIRE. "CALL THE DOCTOR." Comedy in three acts by Jean Archibald. Produced Aug. 31 with this cast:

Dudley Townsend	Philip Merivale
Howard Mowbray	William Morris
Judge Thomas	John Amory
Joan Deering	Janet Beecher
Catherine Mowbray	Charlotte Walker
Balog-Mari	Fania Marinoff
Alice Spencer	Jane Houston
Isabel Thomas	Mrs. Tom Wise
Harriet Lane	Barbara Milton
Nellie	Rea Martin

DUPLICATION of the success of "The Boomerang" was obviously in Mr. Belasco's mind when he decided to produce Jean Archibald's comedy, "Call the Doctor." It is a simple and often naive little play, wherein again love is won through feigned indifference, by the advice of an expert.

This time the adviser is a professional "doctor of domestic diffi-

culties." She comes into the home of a rich man who is weary of his wife and is being "vamped" by a dashing widow. "Seem to want to get rid of him," is the burden of the doctor's advice to the wife. Of course—as always on the stage—the instant result is that hubby once more falls madly in love with Friend Wife. It seems to be largely a matter of silken hose, décolletée gowns, dancing the shimmy with flirtatious princes, and high kicking—this winning back of a spouse's waning affections. I mean, of course, in the theatre; it has been tried in real life with different results.

Played by an incompetent cast, "Call the Doctor" would be intolerable. But superbly interpreted as it is by a group of distinguished artists and directed with all his old *finesse* by Mr. Belasco, the comedy proves highly diverting, for the most part, and particularly strong in its appeal to feminine playgoers.

Janet Beecher is the "doctor" who faints at the sight of blood. She is, as ever, charming and personable to a degree. Playing opposite her, as a rather dull-witted but extraordinarily human lawyer, is Philip Merivale, who approaches very near to flawlessness. Charlotte Walker, who hasn't so much naturalness as these others, nevertheless manages to make the broken-hearted wife both credible and amusing. William Morris adds his time-tried and rock-ribbed impersonation of a more or less tired business man.

Most satisfying, too, are the bits contributed by Fania Marinoff, who, as a temperamental artist, seems a second Varesi; and by Rea Martin, as an eavesdropping housemaid who tries out the doctor's theories on her "gentleman friend" with but indifferent success. John Amory and Mrs. Tom Wise are also delightful as a couple suffering from an excess of conjugal fidelity.

PRINCESS. "BLUE BONNET." Comedy in three acts by George Scarborough. Produced Aug. 28 with this cast:

Billy Burleson	Ernest Truex
Hope Hillyer	Mona Thomas
Jep Clayton	Edgar Nelson
Cuca	Maria Ziccardi
Sallie Jenkins	Helen Lowell
Judge Stegall	Robert Harrison
Terry Mack	Richard Taber
Mrs. Gilstrap	Mattie Keene
Jim Cooksey	Neil Burton

AN entertaining little play this—with a cowboy hero and incidentally a capital rôle for Ernest Truex, long a favorite on Broadway. It is difficult to arouse much interest in the Wild West nowadays when the cowboy and his ever-ready gun have been done to death in the movies, but this is a different kind of cowboy. Firstly, he never owned a gun. Secondly, he doesn't drink or gamble. George Scarborough has succeeded in giving a new twist to

(Continued on page 332)

Dorothy Dickson values the beauty and distinction ribbons add to dress. Her hat is of "J. C." Moire Ribbon and her neck ruff and girdle of "J. C." Metal Brocade Ribbon.

Ask to see "CLOUDS of GLORY" the newest "J. C." Ribbon creation.

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This is natural, for the new 1921 Haynes Touring Car is one of the finest automobiles ever made, through and through. Its high hood, superb lines, splendid finish, deep upholstery, refined fittings, general air of luxury and refinement leave nothing to be desired.

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Send for a sample box. BEN. LEVY CO. French Perfumers Dept. 53 25 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



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OF "The Night Boat" fame created a sensation even for New York when she left the Hotel Plaza and sped down Fifth Avenue on her "Scooter." The "Scooter" has taken American summer resorts by storm this season

"SCOOTER"

ENTHUSIASTS



MISS ANN PENNINGTON

OF "The Scandals of 1920" is one of the early American "Scooter" enthusiasts. It is a cross between a bicycle and a motorcycle with the engine in the rear wheel. "Scooters" first became popular in England, where women adopted them

Advertisement for AZUREA face powder, featuring a woman's face and product packaging. Text includes 'The FACE POWDER de Luxe', 'Made by L.T. PIVET, Paris France', 'Perfumed Powdered Perfection From The Fragrant Fields of France', and '15 cents brings a dainty BEAUTY BOX with generous samples of AZUREA Face Powder, Sachet Powder and Perfume'.

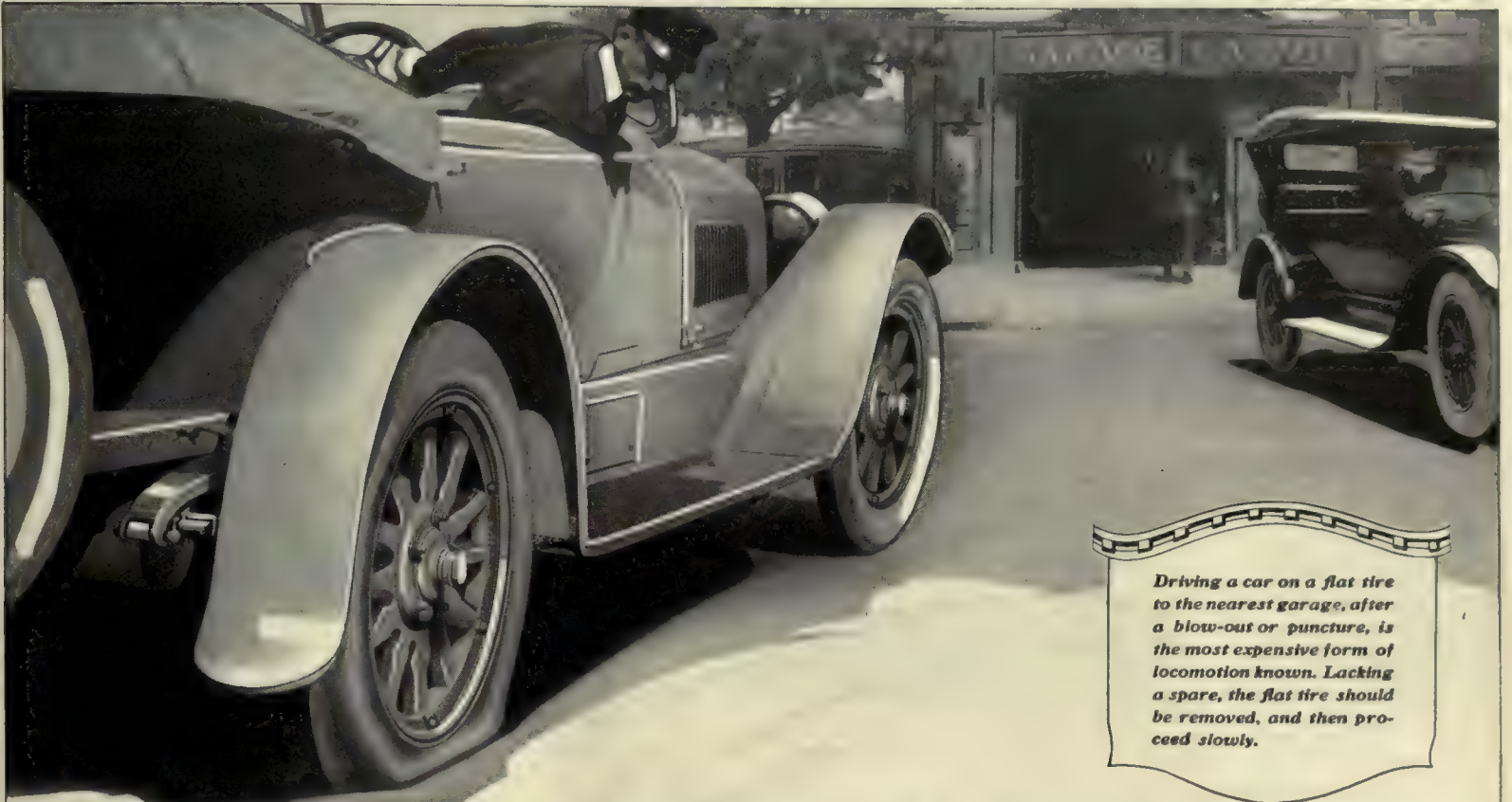
Advertisement for Fashionable Slenderness, featuring a woman in a corset. Text includes 'You can acquire a slender, fashionable figure easily, comfortably and safely by wearing Bailey Rubber Reducing Garments a few hours daily', 'Brassiere for reducing bust', 'Hip Belt of fine red rubber', 'Abdominal Belts', and 'C. J. BAILEY CO., Dept. C-11'.

Advertisement for Cultivate Your Beauty, featuring a woman's face. Text includes 'Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet', 'GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE', and 'Dept. 51, 215 No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.'.

Advertisement for NAIAD Dress Shields, featuring a woman in a dress. Text includes 'The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness', 'How Graceful she looks in her stunning new suit. And like the gentlewoman she is, she takes the precaution of wearing Naiad Dress Shields with it', 'THE C. E. CONOVER CO., Manufacturers 101 Franklin Street, New York'.



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*Driving a car on a flat tire to the nearest garage, after a blow-out or puncture, is the most expensive form of locomotion known. Lacking a spare, the flat tire should be removed, and then proceed slowly.*

**T**HERE are signs that intelligent motorists are beginning to give more thought and care to the selection of their tires.

The trouble has been that the average car owner accepted his tire losses too *meekly*—as though nothing could be done about it.

As one new make of tire after another came on the market and old tires worked up new selling features and talking points, car owners no sooner got through buying *one make of tire* than they began to look around for a *different make*.

Ready to take advantage of all this shifting of trade was the irresponsible dealer, with

his makeshifts, his compromises, his plausible tire experiments.

His whole attitude was one of *secrecy* and *evasion*. He believed in feeling out each individual motorist's weakness and playing to that, rather than in *helping every motorist to know more about tires*.

\* \* \*

The motorists of this country have stood for a lot. They are beginning *to do something about it*.

Going to the good dealer—the man who is winning a greater measure of public confidence all the time—the man who believes in this principle—

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Quality is the basis on which his business is founded. And all his efforts are directed towards encouraging a wider *appreciation of quality*.

He is the man whom the United States Rubber Company is backing with all of its resources.

With all of its great and wide and long and varied experience. Longer and more varied than that of any other rubber manufacturer.

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For *you*, at least, tire waste will then end.

## United States Tires

## United States Rubber Company



*Fifty-three  
Factories*

*The oldest and largest  
Rubber Organization in the World*

*Two hundred and  
thirty-five Branches*



(Continued from page 328)

The ideal corset for  
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**"La Camille"**

FRONT LACE CORSET

It gives a beautiful back  
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port. Easy to adjust. Worn  
with exceptional comfort by  
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**Ventilo Back**

Ventilates and eliminates pressure  
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Ventilates. Prevents scoring of lacerations.  
Increases range of adjustment.

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a threadbare theme and the result is a most amusing comedy.

The scene is laid in Texas, near the Mexican border, where regiments of the National Guard are on duty. Terry Mack, of the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth," and Billy Burleson, an eighteen year old cowboy, are desperately in love with sixteen year old Hope Hillyer. Hope's father dies and Billy at once constitutes himself the girl's protector, defies the sharks who seek to deprive the orphan of her home, and wards off the too persistent attentions of his amorous rival, Terry Mack.

Ernest Truex acts the part of the little cowboy in breezy style, ringing true on the sentimental passages and delightful at all times in the comedy scenes. Mona Thomas made an attractive heroine and Helen Lowell was capital as the sour, vindictive spinster, Sallie Jenkins.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "WELCOME STRANGER." Comedy in four acts by Aaron Hoffman. Produced Sept. 13 with this cast:

David Frankel	David Adler
Bije Warner	John Adair, Jr.
Clem Beemis	David Higgins
Gideon Tyler	Ben Johnson
Seth Trimble	Edward L. Snader
Eb Hoo'er	Charles I. Schofield
Ichabod Whitson	Edmund Breese
Isidor Solomon	George Sidney
Grace Whitson	Valerie Hickerson
Ned Tyler	Frank Herbert
Mrs. Trimble	Isadora Martin
Mary	Margaret Mower
Essie	Mary Brandon
Donegan	Percival Lennon
Sam	Jules J. Bennett

THIS play, which belongs to the "Potash and Perlmutter" school of racial comedy, came to Broadway with the enviable record of a thirty weeks' run in Chicago. No doubt, it will repeat the feat here, for it is amusing and contains elements that make an especial appeal to a large part of our population—all enthusiastic theatre fans who were present in unprecedented numbers on the opening night and showed their approval in no uncertain fashion.

If all four acts were as good as the first act, I should be inclined to give Mr. Hoffman credit for having written a play that would last not one season, but several. It opens promisingly with Isidor Solomon, a small Hebrew merchant, seeking to establish himself in a narrow New England community where the natives are bitterly opposed to anybody of the Jewish race. Aggressively hostile, they refuse him a night's lodging at the only hotel and obstruct his plans in every possible way. But Isidor is not easily rebuffed. He sticks, and in the end, overcomes all opposition, introducing improvements that transform the sleepy village into a bustling town, with the result that he is hailed as public benefactor.

Unfortunately, the interest aroused at the beginning is not sustained, the action of the piece quickly degenerat-

ing into crude melodrama, with the stereotyped wrongly accused heroine, the burning of the barn to ruin a rival, the fire insurance paid in the nick of time to thwart the villain, etc., etc. The insistence on the racial difference between Jew and Gentile, although affording opportunity for comedy, also becomes monotonous at times through sheer repetition. Isidor, harried and persecuted by his Gentile enemies, turns at bay and apostrophizes them as Shylock did his tormentors. Some of his retorts are clever; all are amusing. Many plays have been written in protest against the common and absurd prejudice against the Jew. Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," is perhaps the most widely known. But whether this particular piece contributes anything worth while to the solving of a question as old as history itself, I very much doubt.

George Sidney, a former burlesque comedian who endeared himself to audiences in "Busy Izzy" and "The Show Shop," was delightfully unctuous as Isidor. There was not a dull moment while he was on the stage. Margaret Mower was sympathetic as the tearful heroine. Ben Johnson, a veteran of many Broadway hits, and Charles I. Schofield as uncompromising Gentiles, and David Higgins, as an old inventor, were all true to type. Edmund Breese was forceful, as usual, as a renegade Hebrew masquerading as a Jew baiting Mayor.

CASINO. "HONEYDEW." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and Lyrics by Joseph Herbert. Music by Efrem Zimbalist. Produced Sept. 13 with this cast:

Henry Honeydew	Hal Forde
Sylvester Adams	John Park
Howard Taylor	Sam Ash
Captain Dick	John Dunsmure
Jack	Kuy Kendall
Pedro	Frank Gill
Chausier	Fred Manatt
Timothy Hay	Walter Morrison
Mrs. Vanoni	Theresa Maxwell Conover
Lenore	Dorothy Follis
Miriell	Ethelind Terry
Penelope	Marie Hall
Conchita	Mlle. Marguerite
Daisy	Evelyn Earle
Sing Loo	Helen Long

THIS is announced in the program as a play with music. Should it not rather be music with a play?

The music looms large, very large, whereas the play is very small and insignificant. The lyrics, most of them at least, serve merely as frames wheron Mr. Zimbalist has hung many charming and attractive melodies of much better class than the ordinary musical comedy tune. One cannot imagine that he found much inspiration for his melodies in the words, nevertheless such lines as, "O, how I wish that you were not my husband's dearest friend," are provided with most appealing music. This inspiration must have

(Continued on page 334)





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with PACKER'S TAR SOAP  
protects the health of  
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like snow beneath a summer sun, leaving no wrinkles. GOODFORM obesity cream is a wonderful new treatment for fat people. 16 oz. jar mailed anywhere on receipt of \$7.28. Address M. P. RYAN, 211 Keith & Perry Building, Kansas City, Mo.

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"Planked Steak"

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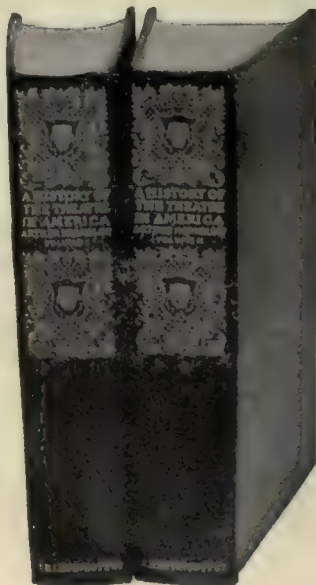
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## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Concluded from page 332)

come from within himself, and it is all the more credit to him that he has furnished such a beautiful score.

Having such a score, it was necessary for the producer to find some people for the principal parts who could sing as well as act, and this he has fortunately done.

Hal Forde, Sam Ash, John Duns-mure, Dorothy Follis and Ethelind Terry, all sing their parts well, and are likewise acceptable when they are called upon to do any acting. Perhaps the best bit of acting in the whole play is done by Theresa Maxwell Conover, who as Mrs. Vanoni, makes an artistic—and extremely cautious—exit up a flight of stairs after drinking three dry Martinis.

Two pairs of dancers, Marie Hall and Kuy Kendall, and the Spaniards, Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill, contributed frequently to the interest of the scene, especially the latter in their whirlwind dances; and they sometimes had the assistance of the chorus of girls.

Hassard Short has staged "Honey-dew" beautifully. The settings of the two acts are lavishly handsome, the costumes throughout are lovely and in good taste; everything aids the music to carry the production to a substantial success—except the book. Is there not someone, somewhere, who can become to Efrem Zimbalist what W. S. Gilbert was to Arthur Sullivan?

KNICKERBOCKER. "THE SWEETHEART SHOP." Musical comedy. Book and Lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Music by Hugo Felix. Produced Aug. 31 with this cast:

Gideon Blount	Roy Gordon
Freddie	Daniel Healy
Peggy	Una Fleming
Julian Lorimer	Joseph Lertora
Mildred Blount	Mary Harper
Peter Potter	Harry K. Morton
Minerva Butts	Esther Howard
Natalie Blythe	Helen Ford
Daphne	Zella Russell
Mr. Hyle	Clay Hill

ANOTHER modern musical comedy of the conventional type, but of much better than ordinary quality, is "The Sweetheart Shop," which came to New York after a successful run in Chicago.

The slender plot is woven about the affairs of Peter Potter, a returned sailor from the navy, and Minerva Butts, a country girl who having fallen heiress to a fortune, comes to New York and becomes a vamp. These two meet in the "Sweetheart Shop," a sort of high-class matrimonial agency "where nice people can meet other nice people and have a nice time"—all guaranteed; and the play deals with the results of this meeting.

First honors for this piece must be given to the composer, Hugo Felix, who has created a most delightful score, quite as good in quality as was the music of "Lassie," which he also wrote, and of perhaps more obvious melodic appeal.

At least two of the numbers, "Didn't You?" and "My Caravan," are certain to win their way to popular favor.

Almost all the comedy of the piece is furnished by Harry K. Morton (who is Peter Potter), ably seconded by Esther Howard in the vamp rôle. Morton is, I understand, a recruit from vaudeville by way of the "Greenwich Village Follies," and when he has succeeded in ridding himself of certain vaudeville ways, he will be better.

Miss Howard is decidedly clever, and plays her rôle consistently and well from first to last.

Of the others, Zella Russell makes an attractive Daphne; Una Fleming does some picturesque dancing, and Joseph Lertora as a sculptor, looks romantic and displays the only really good voice that is heard.

The large and attractive looking chorus works hard, as every song number merges into a dance; and the whole production is well staged, and given an almost lavish mounting. In spite of the fact that Anne Caldwell has furnished a book in which the comedy is of the most meager sort, the show is breezy, entertaining and amusing, and should duplicate its Chicago success here.

NEW AMSTERDAM ROOF. "ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC." Produced Sept. 2 with the following principals:

Billy Mason; Kathlene Martyn; Herbert Hoey; Annette Bade; Arline Chase; Teddy Gerard; Ruth Budd; John Steele; Fdythe Baker; Helen Shea; Fairbanks Twins; Jack Hanley; George and Dick Rath; William and Gordon Dooley

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Feminine pulchritude is its keynote. The "Summertime" number, in which more than a dozen sports are represented, is one of ingenuity and effectiveness. For ease, grace and strength the Rath's athletic demonstrations are as wonderful as is exceedingly funny the Dooley's burlesque of their prodigious feats. John Steele's songs, Jack Hanley's skill as a juggler and Teddy Gerard, an American exotic who won his principal reputation abroad, are, with Ben Ali Haggin's richly regal tableau, "The Trousseau," some of the salient features of a lengthy programme of diversified and well-balanced interest. Urban's back-grounds provide the usual artistic satisfaction.



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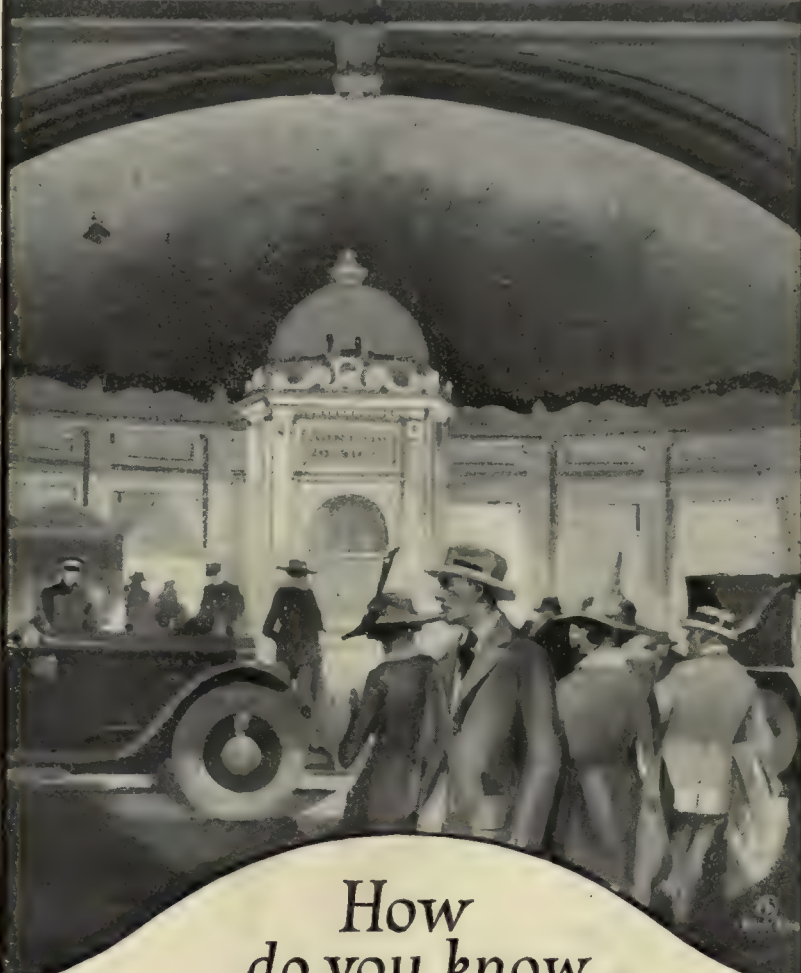
George Fitzmaurice's  
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## QUERIES ANSWERED

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Prices of back numbers will be quoted by mail, on request. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

**DID** Kyrle Bellew act in "The Mollusc"?

Mr. Bellew acted in "The Mollusc" a short time before his death. He originated the following rôles, among others: Belvawney, in "Engaged"; Leander in "Hero and Leander"; Humphrey Goddard in "Breaking a Butterfly", and Gilbert Vaughan in "Called Back."

**WHO** was the original "Adonis"?  
—M. B., Boston, Mass.

Henry E. Dixey originated the rôle in Chicago, July 6, 1884, and on September 4, of the same year, played it at the Bijou Opera House, New York. It ran there for six hundred nights. Later he appeared at the Gaiety Theatre, London, in the same play, but, except for his caricature of Henry Irving, the piece was not a success. A long tour of this country, however, followed.

**IN** what play did Richard Bennett appear last season? Can you give me a brief sketch of his career?—V. D., Augusta, Me.

Last season he played in "Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. He made his first appearance on the stage, at the Standard Theatre, Chicago, May 10, 1891, as Tombstone Jake in "The Limited Mail"; his first appearance in New York was at Niblo's Garden, Nov. 16, 1891, in the same part. Subsequently, he toured in "The Waifs of New York," "The Railroad Ticket," "Charley's Aunt," and many other plays. In recent years he appeared in "Strongheart," "The Hypocrites," "Diana of Dobson's," "Going Some," "What Every Woman Knows," "Passersby," "The Stronger Claim," "Stop Thief," and "The Unknown Purple." He attracted much attention for his work in Brioux's "Damaged Goods."

**WHAT** was the best work of Reginald De Koven, who died recently?—K. P., Cincinnati, O.

"Robin Hood." His other works include "Rob Roy," "The Highwayman," "The Three Dragons," "From Broadway to Tokio," "The Man in the Moon," "The Knickerbockers," "The Fencing Master," "Happyland" and "The Girls of Holland." It was during the production of his grand opera, "Rip Van Winkle," at the Auditorium, Chicago, last winter, that he died.

**WHEN** was Rose Coghlan born?—N. L., New Orleans, La.

She was born in 1852. Her American début was made at Wallack's Theatre, New York, September 2, 1872.

**DID** Gilda Varesi play in "The Jest"?—K. B. G., Chicago, Ill.

Miss Varesi had a minor part in "The Jest." Later she took John Barrymore's part for ten performances while Mr. Barrymore was ill. She attracted attention also for her work in "A Night's Lodging," by Gorki.

**WILL** you kindly advise where I might obtain a copy of Zoë Akins' "Déclassée," and has the THEATRE MAGAZINE ever published a synopsis of the play?

Write to Charles Frohman's office, Broadway and Fortieth Street, regarding "Déclassée." There was a review of this play in the December, 1919, issue.

**HAS** Masefield written any one-act plays?—G. de F., Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes. Several of them, including "Mrs. Harrison" have been acted by amateur players in college communities.

**IS** O'Neil the real name of Nance O'Neil?—F. S. P., Springfield, Mass.

No. Her real name is Gertrude Lamson. Her name, "O'Neil," is said to have been devised by McKee Rankin, who combined the names of Nance Oldfield and Eliza O'Neil, famous actresses of the eighteenth century.

**WHAT** is James K. Hackett doing now? Has he retired from the stage?—L. H., Los Angeles, Cal.

He has not retired from the stage, but is to appear this season in London, in "Macbeth." Later he will return to America to act in Sacha Guitry's play, "Pasteur."

**CAN** you give me any information about the plays of Richard Harding Davis?—J. McG., Columbus, O.

Among the plays he wrote for the stage were: "The Taming of Helen," "Ranson's Folly," "The Dictator," "The Galloper," "A Yankee Tourist," and with Augustus Thomas, "Soldiers of Fortune."

**DID** Louis Mann once play in a dramatization of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Did he take the same rôle that John Barrymore played in the movies?—A. H., Evansville, Ind.

Mr. Mann made his first pronounced success in the Stevenson play, in the support of Daniel Bandmann. He did not, however, take the title rôle, but that of Mr. Utterson.





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*Enid Bennett in "Silk Hosiery"	*Douglas MacLean in "The Rookie's Return"
Billie Burke in "The Education of Elizabeth"	Thomas Meighan in "The Frontier of the Stars" a Chas. Maigne Production
Billie Burke in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson"	Thomas Meighan in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" a Chas. Maigne Production
Ethel Clayton in "Sins of Rosanne"	George Melford's Production "Behold My Wife!"
Dorothy Dalton in "In Men's Eyes"	George Melford's Production "The Jucklins"
Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress"	Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious"
William DeMille's Production "Midsummer Madness"	Wallace Reid in "The Charm School"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "Money Mad"	Bryant Washburn in "An Amateur Devil"
George Fitzmaurice's Production "Idols of Clay"	Bryant Washburn in "Burglar Proof"
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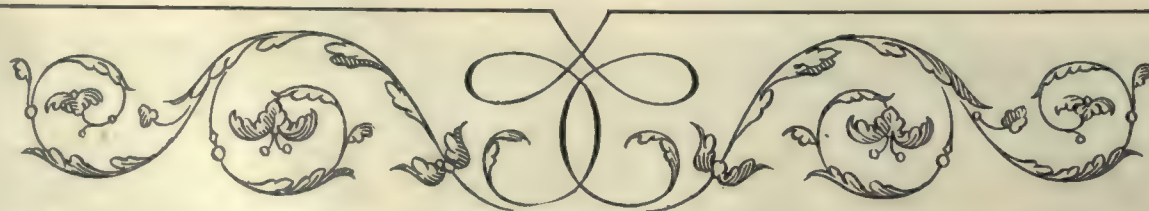
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DECEMBER, 1920



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Do you know why this fine artiste—the most famous of living actresses—left the boards when still in her prime and at the zenith of her fame?

It is a remarkable story in which a distinguished poet—since turned general—figures prominently.

You will be interested in reading this article in the January THEATRE MAGAZINE, for it will give you a more intimate view of Italy's celebrated tragedienne than you have ever had.

It is the ambition of every embryo dramatist to have a play produced on Broadway, but none, in their wildest pipe dreams, ever saw themselves with four plays running at the same time.

Yet that's what Avery Hopwood has succeeded in doing this season. Most of this author's pieces skate along on thin ice. He specializes in the scantily draped and his lines are of the Palais Royal order—that is to say, highly seasoned.

In the January THEATRE MAGAZINE, Mr. Hopwood makes a spirited answer to the charge that he wilfully deals in salaciousness. He claims that he only reflects the times we live in. What he has to say is to the point and certainly is entertaining.

What do show girls talk about as they stand in the wings waiting for their cue?

Take the Greenwich Follies, for instance. Watch those stately beauties as they pace languidly to and fro in their gorgeous raiment. Are they chewers of gum or students of Ibsen?

There is only one way you can find out, and that is to read the article "Behind the Silver Curtain," in the January issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. You will get a peep at a region of stage-land you have always longed to see, but where very few outsiders ever succeed in penetrating.

You saw Helen Hayes in "Dear Brutus," but have you seen her in "Bab"? If you haven't, you've missed one of the real treats of the season.

Helen is a child of the stage. As small as Mary Pickford, she has the fragility of Frances Starr, added to the charm of Maude Adams. Lew Fields "discovered" her. Then the Castles took her up. Today, she is one of the most popular of our younger actresses.

Read all about her career in the January number of the THEATRE.

The stage is the place of make-believe, true. Yet, it is not all play-acting. The grin and paint-daubed face of the clown have often concealed a broken heart.

The January THEATRE will contain a complete story of theatrical life—"The Stage Career of 'Beauty' Smith," by Ada Patterson. It's fiction in form, but it's based on actual facts, although fictitious names are used for obvious reasons.

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NEW YORK



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII. No. 237.

DECEMBER, 1920.



Photocraft

MARY YOUNG

*For many years identified with the Boston stage, this capable actress scores a hit on Broadway in "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer"*



# WHY AMERICA LACKS BIG PLAYWRIGHTS

*In Europe an intellectual aristocracy holds high the standard, while with us the admired author is the rich author*

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



THE award of the Pulitzer prize last season to Eugene O'Neill for his naturalistic tragedy, "Beyond the Horizon," raises an interesting speculation—not because the play did not deserve the prize, for the public verdict was quite in accord with that of the judges—but because, rather, there was so little room for choice.

New York has more theatres than any other city on the globe, and doubtless more. Americans attend the theatre than is true of any other nation. Yet, if we are honest, we have to admit that our native drama, in spite of its prosperity, as a rule lacks the dignity, the depth, the finish, the intellectual weight or sparkle, not alone of Continental drama, but even of English drama.

This would not be so surprising in the field of literature, because the English have an unbroken tradition in literature from the stage of Chaucer, and we have been a pioneer people, intent on conquering a new continent. Yet it is in literature that we have been able more or less to hold our own, at least up to recent times. But the English theatre, in spite of the traditions of Shakespeare and the Restoration, fell into the depths, so far as drama was concerned (the acting tradition was never broken) in the 19th century, and it had to begin all over again in the late 80's and 90's, with Jones and Pinero and Shaw leading it.



AT the same time, James A. Herne, Clyde Fitch, Gillette, Bronson Howard, were giving us a native drama, too. We started the 20th century more or less on even terms with England, in the theatre, and we had competent actors and prosperous managers. Yet England can now boast (with the aid of the Irish, to be sure!) a Shaw, a Barrie, a Drinkwater, a Jones, a Galsworthy, a Bennett, a Dunsany, a Yeats, a Synge, a Masefield, an Ervine, a Stanley Houghton, as the fruit of two decades. What have we to offer in comparison?

Well, in the immediate present we have O'Neill, whose "Beyond the Horizon" can stand the comparison with Ervine's "Jane Clegg," or with Masefield's "Nan." We have Jesse Lynch Williams, whose "Why Marry," which won the Pulitzer prize two years ago, showed the brilliant wit, the style, the intellectual force, characteristic of first-class comedy. We have in the Tarkington of "Clarence" (though not in the Tarkington of the earlier hifalutin plays), a humorist of unique and racy flavor. We have in Clare Kummer a farce writer of genuine whimsy. A little earlier, we had Fitch and William Vaughn Moody. Nobody can deny that Fitch was a dramatist of some distinction, when at his best; and Moody, had he lived, would surely have taken a very high rank. As genuine a poet as Masefield, a better poet than Drinkwater, in "The Great Divide" he showed a genius for the stage superior to that of either. Among our Yiddish writers on the East Side we have two or three exceptional dramatists, such as David Pinski—but doubtless it is not fair to count them. They

do not write in our language. This is a small list to match against Great Britain's, to be sure, but it shows that we are not without the capacity to produce fine dramatists, and the success of their plays in our theatre shows that a public and not always a small public, does exist for such work. What, then, is the trouble?



NO doubt one man's answer is as good as another's, but it seems to me the chief trouble is that the American theatre, as at present organized, produces almost exclusively for the greatest common denominator, and gives no honors to the man who hitches his wagon to a star and hangs on. No one is willing to make a living, but must make a fortune. In other branches of art, the artist who aims high is encouraged, and the more highly thought of, the higher he aims. But in our theatre the artist who aims high is distinctly discouraged, as a boy is discouraged who studies hard in a prep school. I don't believe, from the quality of the average plays therein, that the English theatre harbors any more receptive a mob than the American theatre. Indeed, it might easily be shown that Shaw was really first hailed in America, and "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg" had to come to New York for recognition. But the high literary tradition of English letters, the tradition which forces a man to write his best, to be honest with himself, his vision, to make no compromises with mob or manager, goes over into the theatre there, and is not allowed to go over into the theatre here. The theatre being essentially a social institution, perhaps the English temper toward individual freedom of thought and expression, toward originality and creative eccentricity, has much to do with it. The trouble may be less with us as theatre-goers and theatre-managers, than as just people.

If we weren't the kind of people we are, we wouldn't be the kind of theatre-goers we are. When we do produce a first rate dramatist, he is very often an insurgent, who has to break through our conventions and prejudices, almost to defy them; for, when all is said, we are the least individualistic, the most intolerant, the most regimented and intellectually timid people on earth.



THE English are far more tolerant of free speech than we are. They don't keep their conscientious objectors tortured in jail after the war is over, and, by the same token, they will listen to a difference of opinion in art form, they will tolerate individuality. Nonetheless, Masefield can hardly be said ever to have been a popular success in the English theatre; Galsworthy, until his latest play, "The Skin Game," was never a popular success; Shaw, for years, had to get his plays produced by stage societies and has probably had ten times the popular success in America; Dunsany and Synge and Yeats never wrote for the English theatre at

all, but for the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Ervine's dramatic success with the public came not in England but on West 35th Street, New York. It yet remains to be seen if Drinkwater can ever write a second "Abraham Lincoln," which is less a play than an inspired historical character set on the stage with equally inspired simplicity. Of them all, only J. M. Barrie, the canny Scot, walked directly into the popular playhouse and triumphed like a veritable G. M. Cohan. Barrie, of course, is a fine artist and a born dramatist as well, and his themes are all universal and close to the common heart. For the rest, they have attained their reputations either because they wrote for specialized audiences or because they had the tradition behind them of hitching their wagon to a star and then hanging on, no matter what happened or what anybody said. The point is, they found encouragement and honor in so doing.



IN America, William Vaughn Moody was a poet and a college professor. He never wrote a play for the practical theatre until one day he stood on the Continental Divide and got an idea. Presently a shy little man sent the manuscript of "The Great Divide" to Margaret Anglin. He didn't try to please anybody in that play, but himself. Nor would he have tried in later plays, had he lived. Eugene O'Neill, though the son of an actor, spent his youth on the sea. His first plays were in one act, and all about the seamen of tramp steamers. They were rough, brutal, terribly alive, and had to be acted by the Provincetown Players, a small group of artists who were far more interested in a man who didn't conform to convention than in one who did. Without the Provincetown Players to give him encouragement and training, it is more than doubtful if "Beyond the Horizon" would ever have seen the light. It was because that small group mounted his early work and showed its theatrical effectiveness, that he contrived to get a hearing for his later play. Jesse Williams is a novelist (as was Barrie and Galsworthy, and Bennett and Ervine). He wrote "Why Marry?" years before its production, and it never would have seen the stage if the Sargent dramatic school had not produced it and a lot of newspaper critics (horrid creatures) who were present raised such a howl of delight that the managers sat up and took notice. Again, you see, a special company and audience.

David Pinski writes in Yiddish, for Yiddish audiences; there is behind his work exactly the same intense parochialism which lies behind the work of Synge and Yeats in Dublin, or Stanley Houghton in Manchester. Take, indeed, even the case of Booth Tarkington. Certain of Tarkington's stories have been admittedly masterpieces of their kind—I refer, of course, to "Penrod," "Seventeen," "The Flirt," and similar studies of adolescence in a mid-western town. But when Tarkington wrote for the stage, he took his eye quite off the object, and fixed it upon his supposed audience. The result (Continued on page 406)





Photo Bruguière

*If only to display their virtuosity, these popular players, fresh from the cockney environment of "Jane Clegg," delineated strongly defined Jewish types in Pinski's comedy, "The Treasure," and came soundly, if not brilliantly, through the ordeal*

DUDLEY DIGGES AS CHONE AND HELEN WESTLEY AS THE HARASSED WIFE IN "THE TREASURE" AT THE GARRICK

*As the gin-drinking beneficiary of the supposed dead Tommy, Beryl Mercer gives one of those ripe and juicy bits of character that seems to have veritably dropped from the pages of Dickens*

BERYL MERCER IN "THREE LIVE GHOSTS" AT THE NORA BAYES THEATRE



STRIKING JEWISH AND COCKNEY TYPES IN NEW COMEDIES



# BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA

*Close up view of the famous singers  
and the world of operatic make-believe*

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

Illustrations by S. T. Balcom



"Saw a singer  
spraying her throat"

AS I stood in the wings of the great Metropolitan Opera House, and peeped out of the little box where the audience is seen as on a photographic ground glass, and the orchestra played, and Caruso was singing, I said to myself, "How many of that vast audience and that vaster audience outside, would be delighted to come back here behind the scenes . . . seeing Caruso as he is . . . watching Signor Gatti-Casazza, the dignified impresario, as he moves about . . . talking with Farrar, meeting the composer of a new opera . . . beholding

the human bits of side play between conductor and singer . . . going aloft into the heights of the vast stage and underneath to the mysterious depths below?"

There are three sides to the Opera House. In the great "Horseshoe" at the Metropolitan you see the sparkling life of the gayest city in America. The leaders of society with their fashionable gowns, their lorgnettes, their distinguished parties, and their ofttime satiated boredom. You see the white bosoms of the men's formal clothes and the white bosoms of the ladies' décolletée, the shadowing contrasts of black coats and silk hats. In the dazzling brilliance of the myriad lights, your gaze travels upwards and outwards. Upwards to the undercrust!

Up to the roof of the house where the music-lovers of the ordinary walks of life, dressed in their best, lovers and sweethearts—sit listening to the message of sentiment the music speaks to every heart. Way back downstairs to the standees, for hours jammed together without an inch of space to move about, listening with hand to ear, ecstatic, uplifted, carried far into the realms of imagination and beauty. Esthetic faced youths with eyes filled with tears. Romantic girls with such dreams! Old folks with a world of memories crowding back. Ambitious men and women with their hope of musical fame which has been denied or promised them, listening to the music with a touch of self in every measure.

The whole compass of life crowded together. From the millionaire society leader in the first tier of boxes to the poor barber in the mob at the top of the top gallery standing back of the rail, you have everything. Fashion, money, intelligence, poverty, snobbery, democracy, art, politics, the searching for an ideal, and an expression or the understanding of an expression, the heartaches, the heart-solace, the style of a

thing, the love of a thing—the whole compass of a great city's throbbing life.

That is one side of the opera house.

Then there is the stage, whereon life plays its part in musical tones and artistic setting, where costumed marionettes voice the tragedy and comedy of existence in the inspired notes of the master-composers, through the throats of the divine song-birds of humanity. The stage, whereon there stalk Caruso, Farrar, Amato, Ponselle, Rothier, Rappold, Frieda Hempel, Eames, Barrientos, and where there have moved Patti, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Nillson, Melba, Nordica, Lassalle, and other names famed in musical history. The stage where there live again the messages of Beethoven in "Fidelio"; of Mozart



"The impresario walked up and down,  
a finger against his nose"

in "The Magic Flute"; of Meyerbeer in "The Jewess" and "The Prophet"; of Wagner in his immortal "Ring"; of Verdi in all his scores; of Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Rossini and the rest. The stage, where in front an orchestra plays the accompaniment to the action, where there have been in the ensembles the finest instrumentalists of all time; where there have directed the destinies of the operas such masters as Anton Seidl, Mancinelli, Toscanini, Damrosch, Bodanzky, Hertz and other great generals of the orchestra.

On the stage, the romance, the tragedy, the comedy, the reality, the make-believe. You see there rising before you the magnificence of the old-time emperors, the dungeons of the prisons, the gardens of lovers, the fairyland of imaginations. You see there the perfections of hate and love, of success and failure. On the stage, the front of the house forgets itself, and the back of the house becomes itself, taking on a lure and an atmosphere to tempt the hearts which

willingly allow themselves to be touched.

On the stage, the voices rise and soar in the full beauties of their matured powers. The greatest assemblages of art live in the play of the fancy. Marguerite in "Faust," is at her newly found jewel case, admiring herself. Rigoletto, the jester, is fawning before his lord and master. The mother is sighing over her son in "The Prophet." Here comes "Pagliacci"—Canio is unseeing before the infidelity of Nedda. Carmen, yellow-and-red-costumed cigarette girl, is dancing the gay Habanera before the weak Don Jose. Hans Sachs, cobbling over his shoes and laughing with the villagers, slapping them on the back, and singing "The Mastersingers." Pelleas, beneath the window of Melisande, her hair down reaching to his touch. Dusky-skinned Aida, meeting the prince of her hated enemies on the banks of the Nile, in the distance the pyramids, and out of the shadows the vengeful figure of her father, the prisoner king. Rosina, trilling her notes while the Barber of Seville carries on his strange undertakings. Thais, the courtesan and the monk Athanel. The Quartier Latin in Paris, where the Bohemians sing their fanciful measures. "My name is Mimi"—"Ah, your little hand is cold."

So the life of the stage rises before the front of the house and holds the listeners in suspense for the play-world which is wafted into being. This is the stage whereon the Soldiers' Chorus is ever fresh and moving; where the Meditation in "Thais" is sweet to hear; where the passionate duet of "Tristan and Isolde" sends blood rushing faster; where mad Lucia sings her frightened measures; where sweet Dinorah plays with her shadow; where Nemorino notes "one furtive tear," and Mario sings of the stars brightly shining, and the Regiment marches ta-ra-ta-ra before the beloved Daughter.

That is another side of the Opera House.

Then there is back of the stage and all that it signifies. Now let's go back to the stage door, where the company is assembling for the performance. Caruso comes sauntering in, his chic walking stick held upside down behind his back, a mannerism famous in the streets of the opera cities. Farrar, bundled in gorgeous wraps, jumps from her car, perhaps with her actor-husband, Lou Tellegen, seeing her to the door, perhaps with a reporter and a notebook, perhaps with her motion picture director discussing the new story. Comes gallant de



"Another girl  
is weeping"





**RALPH SIPPERLY,  
RUTH DONNELLY,  
GEORGE M. COHAN  
MARION COAKLEY  
IN "THE MEANEST  
MAN IN THE  
WORLD"**

*Here's a rôle dear to George M. Cohan's heart—the generous-hearted fellow who is scoffed at as a sickly, spineless sentimentalist, and who turns around and beats the skinflints at their own game*

**MALCOLM WILLIAMS,  
FLORENCE REED AND  
ALAN DINEHART IN  
"THE MIRAGE"**

*Grasping, as a drowning man at a straw, at the one chance to redeem her past life, Irene decides to break with the man she has lived with, and marry her old sweetheart*



White

**ORVILLE R. CALDWELL  
AND HANNAH  
TOBACK IN "MECCA"  
AT THE CENTURY**

*The Sultan, desperately in love, woos the beautiful daughter of Ali Shar, the itinerant strong man, amid a glittering, dazzling, bewildering kaleidoscope of oriental life*





Segurola with the monocle in one eye, and a touch of mischief in the other. Comes the new director and composer of the "Blue Bird," Albert Wolff, with a beard à la U. S. Grant. Comes Rothier, the singer of bass rôles; come the other principals, some bustling in great excitement, some wandering far off in their minds as they think of their native countries, or ambitions still to be realized. Some arrive just at the last moment, with barely time to get into their costumes and make-up. Others come way ahead of time. Nellie Melba, the Australian song-bird, was so far ahead, they used to say of her that she "put on the lights and unlocked the doors!"

Come the choristers, some of them looking like the impresario or the director, for the pomposity of their bearing; choristers with the scores of operas in their memories, and only chorus parts to offer. Come the stage hands, the musicians, the ballet-dancers, the supers. Comes the tall, thin "Billy" Guard, who controls the destinies of the press, listening to the thousand and one applicants and supplicants for seats for the newspapers. I think more newspapers have been created for the purpose of procuring courtesy seats to the opera, than for any other single reason.

**B**UT Guard, with the attitude and face of an old-time Shakespearean performer, shoos them off, offering standing room to a few, and seats to fewer. One lady couldn't accept standing room because her toes hurt her, she said. But Guard explained, delicately, that he was not in the shoe business.

The door to the sacred precincts is locked. It is opened by special permission of the managing director, or by a vote of the Board of Directors. When you see the inside of the stage, you know that you have been especially honored. Then there is a sign that no dogs are admitted on the stage, which made it difficult for the singer who played the dog in the "Blue Bird"; and then, too, no friends are permitted in the dressing rooms, and there are all sorts of rules—and necessary rules, which make the tour backstage especially unique in its dangers.

The stage tonight is set for "Faust," the beautiful opera of Gounod, ever fresh and beautiful; though the music of the "Soldiers' Chorus" sounds a bit hackneyed. "*Glory and love to the men of old*"—we remember how we sang it in

school with a heavily bespectacled teacher beating time. When it was played tonight, Richard Ordynski, the stage director, creator of novel ideas, says naively, "Have you ever heard that before?" Martinelli thinks hard, and says, "Yes, once or twice—on a hand-organ, I think it was." Ordynski is different: "This is my first time." Martinelli laughs and says: "Listen carefully, so you may remember it."



**P**REVIOUSLY he had taken us out on the stage, set for the laboratory of Dr. Faustus. An open book with large writing of Latin is on the table—"My scribbling," says Martinelli, "and here is the still, where I make—beer to beat prohibition. And here is the skull. Here—here, Maestro Agnini, where is the skull? What is life without a skull? What would Faustus be without his skull? . . . The property man must be careful. Once, I forget the opera, a letter is discovered—the whole action centered on that letter—and it wasn't there. Was the property man fined? Yes! They have a little embroidery work in one scene of "The Barber of Seville." That embroidery was started by Patti and it is still being finished, although dozens of Rosinas have been at work on it in this scene."

"Off the stage—off the stage!"—so we scamper away, and Martinelli settles down into the part of the old alchemist, bent and wrinkled; but he gives us a glimpse of the tights underneath the gown, already prepared for his later transformation. Through the camera-like opening we see the conductor go to his desk in the orchestra pit. Old Viviani, assistant director, presses the button, which signals the electric division, and almost instantaneously, the house is in darkness. The scene is illumined, the foot-lights are on. The conductor taps his baton, and the overture is in progress. In the wings Ordynski and his assistants watch the score, and as the overture is finished, the huge curtains swing back.

"It is very important about the curtain," it is explained, "sometimes we don't just get the cue—a bar too soon or too late and it is disaster. Once in a new opera, we couldn't follow the intricacies of the music, and we swung the curtain six bars before the end—and the singers ended their arias behind it."

Robert Maitland, the English baritone, once

told me of a performance at Covent Garden, London. It was during the "Magic Flute." The curtain didn't go up. The conductor, Sir Thomas Beecham, didn't know what to do, so Maitland, behind the curtain, directed his co-stars, and when the curtain went up finally, everything was all right, things were in synchronization.

Stransky, the conductor, confessed that at a certain opera première, as he gallantly lifted his baton and the orchestra started, he looked down and saw—that his librarian had put on the second act score instead of the first, and he was forced to go through the ordeal entirely by memory. And how at another performance, a new score arrived, was put on the conductor's desk, and Stransky found the pages all uncut.

To return to "Faust". The laboratory is set on the front of the stage, while behind, Geraldine Farrar is waiting in the dim light to mount the steps where through the curtain of the laboratory, she is to appear in a vision of Faust's fancy. Further back, the chorus is gathered. As Faust, the old man, prepares to kill himself, he hears the sound of the passing women.



**C**HORUS Master Setti has prepared for this cue. He has hushed the noisy men and women, brought them close to the portable organ, and while an electric metronome beats time, he gives the beat to the singers. The metronome is worked by one of the assistant conductors who looks through the "photo-box" at the conductor, and presses a button in time with the latter's baton; otherwise how would the singers back of the scenes know the beat of conductor Wolff out there with the great orchestra?

We stand in the midst of the costumed choristers, ready to appear in the second scene, in an old town of Italy. Faust puts out of his mind the sound of the women, and is again about to kill himself, when the voices of the laborers are heard. Setti leads the men. That part is over.

With nothing to do, the crowd breaks up into little groups. Sweethearts are back there, a wonderful set of secret corners they find. One lady is telling her clique about her supper, "and spaghetti was the second course—she certainly does know how to cook spaghetti." Another girl is weeping. She is the second ballet mistress. Tomorrow she is making her solo-dancing début. Last night her mother committed suicide, and now she is (Continued on page 410)

## THEATRE THOUGHTS



As "The Bad Man," Holbrook Blinn proves that he is a good actor.

The strength of Mary Pickford, like that of Samson, is in the hair.

As a leading man, Mr. Trevor illustrates the Norman conquest.

Charlie Chaplin waddles like a goose—the kind that lays the golden eggs.

In regard to "Little Old New York," we came, we saw, and Genevieve Tobin conquered.

An X-ray picture of Ed Wynn's body shows it to be composed entirely of funny-bones.

When Gilda Varesi goes to Heaven, Saint Peter will say, "Enter, Madame!"

Al Woods should commission his literary hacks to write farce comedies entitled, "The Flower Bed" and "The Oyster Bed."

Elsie Janis is not the only member of the family who can mimic. Her mother gives a pretty good imitation of a shadow.

Jane is not a monk's Cowl.

Marie Tempest must have turned Christian Scientist. She is giving us "absent treatment."

Julia Sanderson is so sweet that even when she raises cane, it is sugar-cane.

Emma Dunn has got on through a pull—at one's heartstrings.

Frank Bacon could be called, "The Marathon Actor," because in "Lightnin'," he has broken all records for a run on Broadway.

Laurette Taylor's most exciting première was "One Night in London." HAROLD SETON.





*Genevieve Tobin, with the aid of an old Irish harp and lilting voice, transforms her blind guardian into a lover*

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"



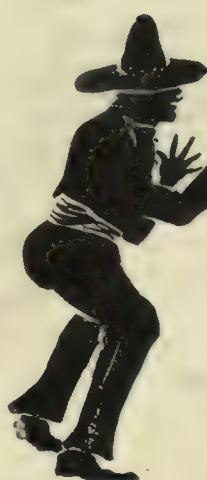
*After refusing "to carry his wife's pet poodle all over Europe," Norman Trevor at last succumbs to the fascinating wiles of Gilda Varesi*

"ENTER MADAME"



*The lady says, "I think you're the quaintest man I've ever seen," and Arnold Daly proceeds to live up to his reputation*

THE TAVERN"



*Holbrook Blinn, as the mirth-compelling bandit, doesn't balk at facing an automatic to prove Frank Conroy a man*

"THE BAD MAN"



*George Sidney, the unwelcomed stranger, finds combining heroism with comfort an impossible feat*

"WELCOME STRANGER"

## SNAPSHOTS OF THE PASSING SHOW

*Silhouettes by Ethel C. Taylor*



# IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Goldberg

GAVIN MUIR

A Chicagoan, by way of London, made his first appearance on the American stage the night that Gilda Varesi came into her own. This was Gavin Muir, the juvenile who plays the gravely conservative son in "Enter Madame." Educated in England, Mr. Muir obtained, three years ago, a small part with Seymour Hicks in a piece touring the provinces called, "Cash on Delivery." Then he toured in "Kick In," "Raffles," "The Blindness of Virtue," etc.



WILLIAM H. POWELL

In "Spanish Love," another unknown actor came into his own—Mr. Powell's remarkable characterization of the revengeful lover. This actor first became interested in amateur theatricals while studying law. Finally, he landed a small part in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Next he tried vaudeville and then joined a road company playing "Within the Law." Then came three years in stock and later a small part in "The King."



Apeda

SPENCER CHARTERS

One of the hits of "The Tavern," was Willum, the hired man, played by Spencer Charters. Behind this actor's present success stretches the portrayal of more than six hundred characters. Eighteen years ago he joined forces with Thomas E. Shea, with whom he was associated in classical repertoire. When Cohan & Harris took over the management of Mr. Shea's company, Charters, too, came under their direction.



CELIA ADLER

Making her début on the English speaking stage as Tillie, the grave-digger's daughter in, "The Treasure," Celia Adler made a most favorable impression. The daughter of the great Jewish tragedian, Jacob Adler, Celia has played important rôles on the Yiddish stage since childhood. She acted with Bertha Kalich and later toured the country with Rudolf Shildkraut.



FLORA SHEFFIELD

The sister of Reggie Sheffield, the well-known child actor, Flora has stepped boldly into the spotlight by her charming portrayal of Rose Gordon in "Three Live Ghosts." Her début was in an English war play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home." She is soon to be featured in the dramatization of Daisy Ashford's book, "The Young Visitors."





Photo Abbe

## U N A F L E M I N G

*This graceful Californian is the Première Danseuse of "The Sweetheart Shop," in which she also plays a speaking character. After coming East a few years ago, she entered vaudeville and was later seen in "The Velvet Lady"*



Photo Campbell Studios

### FRANCES WHITE

*Broadway's darling! Her singing, dancing and clever impersonations, added to a pert, adorable personality, made her that when first she surprised the town in the "Follies of '16." Now a star in her own right, she is appearing in the name part of "Jimmie," a comic opera which affords opportunity for her versatility*



Photo Ira L. Hill



### ANN ANDREWS

*California society was robbed of one of its most popular members when Miss Andrews, now Grant Mitchell's leading lady in "The Champion," decided to enter the dramatic field. Last season she supported William Collier in "The Hottentot"*

### EILEEN WILSON

*As the Oriental princess in "The Lady of the Lamp," this young actress is both ornamental and sympathetic. She made her New York debut a few seasons ago in "The King From Nowhere," with Lou Tellegen*



Photo Goldberg

A STAR AND TWO LEADING WOMEN





© James Wallace Pondelick

THE SPANISH FLIRT

*from Rubinstein's "La Andalus," danced by Bozena Pondelick*



# HOW MAUDE ADAMS' MOOD FITS BARRIE'S

*Remarkable sympathy and understanding between  
the American actress and the British playwright*

By WILLIAM DE WAGSTAFFE



**W**E write of Maude Adams, the evasive and Barrie, the dreamer.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since "The Little Minister" opened the windows of the theatre and let in the fresh, sweet air that soothed and purified stage atmosphere. Even recollections of "L'Aiglon," the imaginative, and "Chanticleer," the symbolic, are not so definitely moulded of Maude Adams as "Quality Street," "What Every Woman Knows," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and most elusive of all, "Peter Pan." Maude Adams fits Barrie's mood, the man half human, half spirit.

As a playwright, Barrie violates many of the rules and regulations, and as an actress, Maude Adams has infinite daring. The fanciful qualities are in each of them, that mischievous instinct to pretend that is in children.

It used to be fascinating when we were young to look through the wrong end of the opera glass, because it made us laugh to see the actors look smaller than they were. It seems as though Barrie is still doing so; he never wants to get too close to life, he creates a fantastic distance and so, doubtless, spares himself much needless emotion. He sees his actors in a miniature portrayal of human adventure, just as we did in opera glasses held upside down.

The Barrie-mood is an irresistible impulse; like laughter, or tears, it seems never premeditated. Like Maude Adams herself, Barrie absolutely refuses to pose for anybody. Still, with all his delightful obstinacy not to become like the rest of us, he is shrewd enough to write plays that succeed, just as Maude Adams, in spite of her fragile and wistful appeal, occupies the highest place on the American stage.

**T**HIS is said with a fair knowledge of other distinguished American actors and actresses, who in certain emotional qualities, in technique, in presence, are great artists of the theatre. In spite of Ethel Barrymore's exquisitely tender portrayal of "Alice Sit by the Fire"; of Marie Doro's delicious humor in "Little Mary"; of William Gillette's fine quality in "Dear Brutus," it is Maude Adams who is associated wholly with the Barrie mood. Those of us who still look to the theatre for certain stimulating sincerities, are curious about this unique collaboration of actress and author. With Maude Adams' coming return to the Empire Theatre in Barrie's new dream play, "Mary Rose," which has kept the Haymarket in London crowded for many months, our curiosity will be revived.\*

When Maude Adams was John Drew's leading lady, she was really truly young. Those who remember her in the Flouncing Mischief of "Rosemary" should be glad of the memory. In those days there were ingenues who never knew what a Nice Old Owl Man was. They were lucky in that, of course, but it doesn't seem as though Maude Adams has ever cared for

the wisdom of Eve, any more than Barrie has cared a snap for the emotional values in life. Deep as the bottomless sea is his tolerance, and he places the human heart as broad as the sky.

Is this the phenomena of eternal youth in Maude Adams also? For youth it is, this sparkling elasticity of temperament, this ingenuous indifference to the solemn duty of growing old. Not that one could expect it in either of these famous young people yet, still they are a trifle undignified in their maturity. Barrie won't wear a frock coat, and Maude Adams will not be interviewed. Both of them deliberately overthrow these most cherished opportunities of their kind. Still, we mustn't find fault with them yet. Give them time. They say Hall Caine was diffident—once. Until Barrie can be separated from his pipe for five minutes, of course he can never wear a frock coat. The two could never co-ordinate. As for Maudé Adams, she will never be interviewed in this sphere, so we shall never know what she thinks about *My Life On The Stage*.

**A**ND yet, what a very intimate personal regard we all have for both of them. We talk about them just as if we knew them well, and, of course, being a trifle gossippy, we wonder which one of them is the cleverest, Barrie who only writes the thing, or Maude Adams who actually does it. There is, of course, one way in which we can look into this matter. We can follow the Adams-Barrie trail from its beginning in the '80s.

Thirty years ago, Maude Adams was appearing in "Rosemary" with John Drew. Strictly speaking, she was supporting him, and it seems as though in this event we might find a slight thought of Maude Adams' technique. She probably learned a great deal of it from him. If we examine her subsequent work as an actress, the peculiar stage calm, the steadiness, the serio-comic mischief of Drew's distinguished form of impudence in any comedy situation, is also hers. And the underlying tenderness, the suave sincerity of Drew is one of the acting faculties of Maude Adams.

At any rate, her work in "Rosemary" attracted Barrie who had wandered over the States in a transitory way to have a smoke with a few personal friends he had over here. It is just here that the party of the third part in the Adams-Barrie collaboration appeared. His name was Charles Frohman. The most important factor in the celebrated triumph of these two shy people was Charles Frohman, who appears to have had that sympathetic perception so often claimed by theatrical managers and so rarely possessed, for sensitive people in the theatre.

**B**ARRIE was one of them, Maude Adams was another, and he was himself a man of extraordinary qualities for one of his profession; modesty, self-effacement, liberality, broad tolerance and contempt for egotism, were among them. One could easily and accurately add to

all the distinguished artistic gifts of Maude Adams and Barrie, the unswerving artistic perception of Charles Frohman. All three were equally committed to the success all three achieved together.

Charles Frohman's share in the artistic distinction of Barrie's influence and Maude Adams' charm, was his faith in both of them. In 1887 it was Charles Frohman who produced Barrie's first play in London called, "Auld Licht Ideal," elaborated from a play by Barrie published in the *St. James Gazette*. Up to that time, Barrie had achieved his M. A. at the University of Edinburgh, and, to the horror of his family, had decided to be an author. The first novel he wrote was accepted by a publisher with the suggestion that it would cost the author a hundred pounds. When Barrie received the letter, he was annoyed. The request that he pay for his publication was bad enough, and "however, the money was not the point (I had sixpence)," he said, recalling the instance, and, "where the publisher stabbed me was in writing he considered me a 'very clever lady.' I replied stiffly that I was a gentleman, and since then I have kept that manuscript concealed.

Later on, Charles Frohman tried to induce the author of "The Little Minister," to dramatize his novel. Barrie insisted that he couldn't see a play in it. Mr. Frohman sent him a check in advance payment to write the play, and when Barrie strolled into the Empire Theatre on his casual trip to America, he wanted to return the check. It was not excessive and that night Barrie went to see "Rosemary." The next day he came into Mr. Frohman's office, hopeful and eager.

**I** THINK I can write that play," he said, "if you will let the little lady I saw last night play the part." That was the beginning of the Adams-Barrie collaboration.

There are critics who insist that in "The Little Minister," Maude Adams reached her highest artistic expression. Barrie himself has no bad habits. Therefore, he is not a critic. His custom at rehearsals even is to let the actor work out the part in his own way. Now as to Maude Adams, she has never been known to criticise any one, unless to tell them how good they were in their work. The nearest approach to what Barrie thinks of Maude Adams as an actress was when he wrote in a letter, "Maude Adams knows my characters, and understands me. I love to write and send her my plays without any suggestions."

On the other hand, there were critics who couldn't understand Maude Adams, just as there were publishers who couldn't see Barrie's unique literary charm. His first literary work was done in Edinburgh, and he earned a pound a week for his writings, but, being of a frugal race, he paved his way and even bought a few books. Inspired with an ambition to go to London, he wrote to his editor in Edinburgh asking if the latter thought he could earn a pound a week in London. He received this reply:

\*Since this article was put in type, it has been officially announced that Miss Maude Adams will not take part in the forthcoming American production of Barrie's "Mary Rose." The title role in that piece will be taken by Ruth Chatterton. Miss Adams, however, will tour in her other Barrie plays.





*John Ward as*  
**HENRY  
BREVOORT**



*Douglas J. Wood as*  
**CORNELIUS VANDERBILT**



*Albert Andrus as*  
**JOHN JACOB ASTOR**

*John Randall as*  
**FITZ GREEN HALLECK**



*Frank Charlton as*  
**WASHINGTON IRVING**



Photocraft

*William J. McClure as* **PETER DELMONICO**

**FAMOUS NEW YORKERS IN "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"**



"A pound in London! Better stay in Edinburgh."

Like barrie, Maude Adams has been misunderstood. There are always critics who resent the unusual in any art. The production of "Peter Pan" in 1905 mystified many of them. The very headlines in the reviews betray them. For instance, after the first performance one read such announcements in big type as "A Pretty Frolic," or "Peter Pan A Children's Play," or "Peter Pan, A Fairy Play Appealing by Absurdity." The public heard the child-voice in the theatre for the first time, in this play, and understood it better than the critics. In "Peter Pan," Maude Adams emerged from stage traditions to a spiritual creation heretofore unknown to the theatre. She not only acted a rôle, she projected the genius of Barrie, the poet, in such a way that we sensed the poetry of her own genius. It was the event in the theatre that proved one important thing. It proved that action could be as supremely creative, as imaginatively unfettered as the greater arts of thinking, or writing, or sculpture. And yet, let me quote what one of our critics wrote after the first performance of "Peter Pan."

"It is a novel experience to sit in judgment on a performance like that of 'Peter Pan,' because of the paradox of the association of the 'higher drama,' with the levity of a harlequinade."

That is how some of the critics utterly failed to understand the Adams-Barrie mood, but distortions are the inevitable penalty for those who ignore the distances of the spirit in its travels toward the horizon.

One could fill a volume of these proofs of the strange similarity in spiritual perception, in humor, in fancy between Maude Adams and Barrie. One of our sound, though partisan, critics very aptly described Maude Adams a few years ago. These were his impressions:

"A sprightly presence indicative of sweetness, and mirth, and graced by an allurement of pretty ways."

This will be translated as faint praise, which it was intended to be, but it is rather a true portrait thought without the substance of flesh.

Another critic describes her:

"The nimble kitten and the ball of yarn."

OBVIOUSLY, Maude Adams had not been quite understood by some of the critics though universally by the great American public. One who knows her well, describes her as inordinately shy, a great reader, with an odd interest in subjects entirely alien to the theatre, such as the tariff question, mechanics, and engines. She has a great weakness for engines. Having read about an inventor in England who claimed to have discovered an engine power that could drive a ship across the Atlantic in three days, she entered into a long correspondence with him about his invention and eventually spent several days in his study in England. She rarely talks about the theatre, though she has made trips to Europe to talk over a play with Barrie. She has the Barrie-mood in the sense that he also is shy, and studious, and intensely objects to public notice. In London he usually rides on top of a

bus, or walks—not merely because he is Scotch. He is said to abhor the taxi habit, and altogether one knows as little about his personality in London, as one does about Maude Adams in New York.

But, we really know them both as stimulating, gentle, genuine people, who have told us and shown us so many nice things about life, and love, and the fun there is in being alive at all, that they can never be mere acquaintances, and it would be hard to separate them in our minds.

Still, we are curious to know which one is the cleverest.

It takes about as much perception to speak a clever line well as it does to write it. There is an inevitable collaboration between Maude Adams and Barrie in this respect. Then we must also take into consideration Barrie's gift for understanding the feminine type that Maude Adams represents. All nice women are of Maude Adams' type, we can agree on that, and that is why she interprets the Barrie-mood entirely. In his play, "What Every Woman Knows," he made all the Maude Adamses of the world confess that they were in sympathy with his mood. He revealed the inner minds of those nice women when he wrote those delightful lines towards the end of the play:

"Oh, John, if only you would laugh at me. We women are not dull to those that understand us. I'll tell you why. Eve wasn't made from Adam's rib, but from his funnybone."

That's why Maude Adams is as clever as Barrie. She always sees through any elusion of life.

## THE TOM THUMB THEATRE

*A new idea in diminutive playhouses*

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



WE have had the Toy Theatre, the Little Theatre, the Portmanteau Theatre, the Bandbox Theatre, the Thimble Theatre and every other sort of vest pocket theatre, but we haven't yet had a Tom Thumb Theatre. The time is now ripe for such a playhouse. At any rate, I offer the suggestion for what it is worth, and any enterprising exponent of the new art of the theatre who wants to foist upon the public the "littlest" thing in the theatrical novelty line is welcome to seize this suggestion while it is still hot from the press. Here's the idea. Stop! Look! Listen!

Engage Robert Edmond Jones, Livingston Platt or some other master of stage decoration to design a diminutive playhouse in the form of a pumpkin, painted a bright, Greenwich Village yellow. The seats of the pumpkin auditorium should be arranged like seeds, if possible, and the stage should not be larger than six by ten, with a bizarre Cubist drop curtain representing *Food Falling Downstairs*—a symbolic image conveying the thought that the H. C. L. was "going down."

THE programmes of the Tom Thumb Theatre should be folded thumb-nail size, packed neatly into gilded walnut shells, and placed in tiny receptacles like pool pockets, cunningly concealed in the arms of the seats. The scenes and cast of characters should, of course, be

printed in *vers libre*, so microscopically as to be illegible to the naked eye. But in the receptacles with the programmes should be magnifying glasses for the leisurely perusal of the cast. These magnifying glasses would be modern substitutes for the conventional opera glasses of ancient times. Why? Well, here's the big idea:

ALL the members of the cast would be midgets in the prospective Tom Thumb Theatre. They would be so tiny that the spectators would have to use magnifying glasses in order to enjoy the subtle nuances of their histrionic art. Get me? Beg pardon! I mean, do you begin to discern the drift of my remarks? You see, by using the wide, flat surface of a magnifying glass, the entire stage would be within the spectator's range of vision and the ensemble effect would be extraordinarily novel.

The author, actors, producer, scenic artist, business manager, press representative, scene shifters, ushers—in fact, everyone connected with the Tom Thumb Theatre—should be a midget. Midgets for the Masses! Do you grasp the idea now?

Why, Arthur Hopkins, Winthrop Ames, Stuart Walker and all the rest of the stage innovators would turn green with envy after the Tom Thumb was firmly on its theatrical legs—because they hadn't thought of it first. But

remember this, producers: The name Tom Thumb Theatre has not yet been filed with the United States patent office, nor has it been deposited in the strong box of the Authors' League of America. Therefore, any courageous, far-seeing producer still has the opportunity of a lifetime. It would be my contribution to the art of the theatre, however, and I should at least want credit for the original idea.

Let every producer who is free from the shackles of tradition, seize his magnifying glass firmly and look this undeveloped midget field over carefully before he begins to complain that he can't "see" it. Here is manna for the multitude right under his very nose. David Belasco would probably try to crunch the Tom Thumb Theatre between his thumb and forefinger. But, in the end, he would have such a hard time finding it that he would abandon it in disgust, like a dog trying to locate a flea.

THERE are enormous possibilities in the Tom Thumb Theatre. It would be the smallest yet—and the most unique. Nor, after all is said and done, would it be any harder to find than the Neighborhood Playhouse or Butler Davenport's elusive little theatre of home-grown talent. At least, it is something new under the sun.

Frankly, I think I've caught a wonderful idea by the tail. What do YOU think?



*Pearl, in London, sends  
across 3,000 miles of  
water, the message to  
her sister, Ruby, in New  
York, telling her of her  
coming marriage to  
Michael Jaffray*



Photos White

*Ruby, in New York, pre-  
paring for her concert,  
weakened by the with-  
drawal of Pearl's sus-  
taining influence, also  
has to contend with the  
unwelcome attentions of  
Philip Desborough*





# GILDA VARESI—STAR AND PLAYWRIGHT

*The prima donna of "Enter Madame" says  
that writing, not acting, is her avocation*

By ADA PATTERSON



"Oh, Madonna, what color!" Gilda Varesi spoke. Rather, Gilda Varesi exclaimed. She doesn't seem merely to speak. To speak is the function of ordinary mortals. Signorina Varesi, country-woman of the great and unhappy Duse, is an extraordinary mortal.

Would a person of ordinary gifts be welcomed to the metropolis of the world in two new capacities in a single evening—not only as a newly risen star but also as a recently demonstrated playwright?

Gilda Varesi, star and co-author of "Enter Madame," sat in the auditorium and looked at the red and gold and blue brocades which a dealer was displaying. The dealer, a little shy in the presence of stage folk, walked carefully about the stage as though he feared to break something; spread his rich brocades across the couch and the piano and chairs, and turned eyes of anxious inquiry upon her. And Miss Varesi, at sight of a shade as deeply blue as those Urban paints in his unique backdrops, cried:

"Oh, Madonna, what color!"

Inwardly, I repeated it. Gilda Varesi was thinking of the transformation scene in her play, when she, as the prima donna, comes home after a tour and makes her husband's rooms bloom as a garden in June. The new stuffs offered to deepen this transformation called forth her exclamation. The newest of the stars called forth mine.

GILDA VARESI glows. A slim, dark, small woman, she might, if meek spirited, seem commonplace. But she glows with the light from within. Intellect? Yes, but more. She spoke so often in our chat in the Garrick auditorium of souls, that I shall imitate her. Let us call that light that flashes from her soul glow.

She has an Italian love of color. She wore black, but none of us who gathered with her that morning knew that she did. The flower at the front of her hat challenged and held us. It was the largest flower I ever saw on a hat, a huge, red, many-petaled poppy. About her shoulders was a scarf of the same challenging, holding color.

"We wrote the play in a month," she said. "Mrs. Dolly Byrne helped me greatly with it. Then Mrs. Byrne, who is the wife of Don Byrne, the fiction writer, had twins and I had to finish and polish it myself. What is a play to a woman who has twins?"

"The play began in a perfectly natural way. I had been playing the elder prima donna who quarreled with the younger in 'Romance,' as you know, for a long time. Three years! I used to think a good deal about the problems in Mr. Sheldon's good play. It struck me that the play ended where another began.

"What kind of a life would the prima donna and her minister adorer have led together? Suppose that instead of leaving her because she had had a love affair with someone else, which was a caddish thing to do, she had married him?"

The clash of that warm, colorful nature with the pale, conventional one would have produced drama. I told Mrs. Byrne about it. She had not written anything. I had written two bad plays." Gilda Varesi pinched her nose to indicate the degree of their badness. "Dolly had had the advantage of living under the same roof with men. She had her father and her husband. I have been a solitary wanderer on the earth's face. I have never married. I used to say to her, 'Dolly, make your father talk.' She would start him going. He would walk up and down the floor and talk, not always with elegance, but manlike, always with force. Dolly contributed the soul of Gerald to our play."

YOUR mother was a prima donna?"

"Yes, Eleanor Varesi."

"Did she—pardon me—give you any of the material out of which you fashioned your diva?"

"A little, yes. For instance, when the prima donna returns from her world tour and goes to the piano and sings while the cook comes in and joins in the singing—my mother would have done that. Why not? It is the democracy of the arts. I have gathered such bits of character for many years. I have lived in the atmosphere of music all my life."

"Is it true that your grandfather, Francesco Varesi, was the singer for whom Verdi wrote 'Rigoletto'?"

"Yes, but poor old grandfather! Must he rise again? Anyway, relatives do not really help us. My earliest recollections are of wandering away from my home into the mountains of Italy. I was seven. I would be gone all day. My mother would be distracted. But I always came home. I was self-reliant then and since I have always tried to be.

"The play? Ah, yes, it had the usual story of plays. A well-known star had it and—but I had better say nothing of that. It is a sore point with her. Then I left it with a manager who waited and waited and waited. At last, Mr. Brock Pemberton, who had read the play, said, 'If he won't produce it I will.' Mr. Pemberton looked the market over carefully for a star and after deliberation decided that I should play the prima donna. I owe all the recognition I have received to the critics."

ALL?"

"Quite all." The colorful flower on her hat nodded as in a high wind.

"But the public!"

"The public is careless. It follows. A critic discovers a quality in a player. The public reads and says: 'Ah! That is so. I shall see her again.' The public cannot be blamed for not remembering a woman who plays a small part. Mr. Pemberton is a journalist. He led the way. I owe whatever I am or shall become to the press."

Gilda Varesi is a native of Milan but an

American actress. When she was ten years old she was brought to this country by her parents. She grew up in Chicago. She played her first rôle with Modjeska.

She joined the gifted Pole in Modjeska's last tour. "Mme. Modjeska taught me a great deal," says the star-playwright. "She liked to tell me things. She enjoyed my naïve worship of her. I had the great advantage of being associated with two great actresses, Modjeska and Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Fiske never taught me anything. She knows that acting cannot be taught. It can be learned only by watching what others do and taking what you need." Yet one beside the press discovered the vivid, glowing quality of the Italian girl. That was Mrs. Fiske, who said: "Gilda Varesi has a voice that holds a scene together."

Miss Varesi was with the Ben Greet Players. In that organization, too, she watched the acting of others and took what she needed. She took so much of what she wanted while she played in "The Jest," that when John Barrymore was ill she was able to play the rôle of the tortured poet. Her performance was unlike Mr. Barrymore's but it was praised. She followed Mme. Nazimova in "War Brides."

YET, so far as New York playgoers knew, she was a player of small parts. She seemed to have been doomed to be a player of bits, the Portuguese wife in "Children of Earth"; Annie in "The Little Journey"; the distracted mother in "Baby Mine." But she vitalized those bits. She colored the leanest and palest of them to the vividness of the flower on her hat, the flower that is a symbol of herself.

She laughed low, mischievously, and spoke with hesitation. "I have always wanted somebody to say to a conceited middle-aged actress on the stage: 'You are old!' I wrote the line in the play with a wicked enjoyment. But as circumstances would have it, it was said to me."

The newly risen star has humor and confidence. She displayed both in her parting speech to me.

"I shall write plays. Of a certainty. Many of them. That shall be my work." She laughed. "I want a vocation that I may follow to any age. As a playwright I am young. I am a babe. As an actress I am an old dog."

She turned back to the shy-eyed man on the stage. He had spread a magnificent crimson scarf across Gerald's commonplace sofa. Her voice fluted the enthusiasm of an ingenue.

"Oh, Madonna! What color!"

When, or if, Gilda Varesi forsakes the footlights for a desk lamp, grease paint and rabbit's paw, for quill and ink-eraser, she will have reason for a satisfied backward survey of her histrionic efforts. Ever since her Broadway debut she has played with keen definition of character. In "Children of Earth," five minutes measured the length of her scenes, but it was as though a poppy had thrust its way into a garden of pale flowers. A player of bits, she played them all with electrifying power.





The Selwyns opened the first of their two new theatres—"The Times Square"—on September 30th with Florence Reed in "The Mirage," a new play by Edgar Selwyn. The second of these new theatres is called "The Apollo." The two theatres are alike in construction, having a limestone front and being built of granite and terra cotta. The frontage to both is on Forty-second Street, next to the Selwyn Theatre. The entrance to "The Apollo" is on Forty-third Street reached through a long and beautiful lobby. The Times Square Theatre has a seating capacity of 1100, and The Apollo seats 1200.



Photo Beidler, Chicago



Photo Ronald Welster

**MR. & MRS. GRAHAM MOFFAT**

Mr. Moffat, author of the Scottish comedy "Don't Tell," was also responsible for the unforgettable "Bunt Pulls the Strings."



© Nicholas Muray

**HASSARD SHORT**

This actor's staging of the Lambs' Gambol and the Actors' Equity Benefit last year led to his abandoning acting for directing. His brilliant work in producing "Honeydew" places him as a leader in his new field.

**MARY GARDEN AT MONTE CARLO**

A little late for a summer picture, but this one is so worth while we haven't the heart to deprive our readers. For several seasons the singer has made Monte Carlo her summer residence.



**GEORGETTE COHAN**

Of course, Georgette—the only daughter of the well-known playwright-actor George M. Cohan by his first marriage—is an actress. She has already appeared in London in "Peter Pan." Before long she will be seen here in her father's new play.



**MARTHA HEDMAN**

*Not one of her best parts—the feminine lead in support of Arthur Byron in "Transplanting Jean." But this popular young Swedish-American actress is always interesting in whatever she does and Broadway will be glad to see her in a new rôle*

Photocraft



**MITZI**

*As a gardener's boy in overalls, a royal ghost in gold lace and brocade, a boy soprano in trousers and an embarrassed young countess caught in negligée—all four characters are portrayed by this adorable little comedienne in the new Savage musical romance, "Lady Billy"*



Photocraft



Photo White

**ALICE BRADY**

*Come out of the movies, Alice. As the ambitious young Syrian in "Anna Ascends," you distinctly outshone the play. The legitimate has not so many players of your calibre that it can spare them for the silent drama*





Photo Abbe

L E N O R E   U L R I C

*So successful is this popular actress as the celestial maiden, Lien Wha, in "The Sun Daughter," that she will appear in nothing else all season. She is now on tour with the Belasco production, the entire time being monopolized by three big cities—Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago*



# THE "STAR" IDEA

*Things must be done for revenue that  
are distasteful to the conscientious artist*

By MARGARET ANGLIN



**P**ERHAPS because I am among the many sincere men and women in the theatre to whom the work has been absorbing and stimulating, the "star" idea is something that I can talk about, as one talks about success in any art.

If it were a matter of glory, of fame alone, which inspires the "star," it would be easy to approve or disapprove of the whole idea. But, like the stars of eternal magnitude in the heavens, we in the theatre are held in place by deep principles of human laws also. Some of us are planets, some of us are star-dust, but in the theatre, as in other arts, are we not equal in our artistic self-respect?

What does the theatre demand of a man or a woman? Above all things, it demands a frank democracy in the work itself. We must meet our limitations with courage, for there is no person who requires it so much as the player. He may be a king tonight, interpreting the power and magnificence of a throne, and he may be a man in rags tomorrow night, revealing the greater magnificence of tragic conflict in a human soul. They may both be small parts, bits, as we call them in the play, but to the audience, they may have the potentialities of stardom.

The acting hours in the theatre should be as satisfying as the studio hours of a painter. We are creating impressive moments, not only for ourselves, but for those who honor us with their attention. We are artists in whatever direction our spirit may engage us. We are not merely giving a performance, we are under the spell of our chosen ambitions.

**I**f we believe this, and we should, all of us, believe it, it doesn't matter whether we are "stars" or not.

Those actors and actresses who support the "star," are no less important in their separate identities, than any detail of a painting. The whole thing is inspired by one artist—the playwright. The empty stage is the canvas, and all the actors are the important colors that make the play, a picture of life, complete.

Naturally, there are figures in the foreground, and there are figures in the background, but the perspective, the distances in the play, as in a picture, are like the exquisite pauses in all Nature. There are landscapes in which we see for miles; and there are silences in human experience that lift us higher than words ever can.

If there is any error in the "star" system, it is not so much the commonplace temptation to be famous but the notion that the "star" must always have the best lines in the play, the biggest speeches, the most thrilling situations. Such a conclusion is false to the basic facts upon which great moments in life stand out.

If there is any virtue in sustaining the artistic impulse of the theatre it is in being faithful to the heart and brains of others, as well as ourselves on the stage. There is no deeper significance to our lives than spiritual growth, and to each one of us, our "star" is a hidden light, rather than an electric sign.

I am told that "stars" are made in the theatre whenever the material of stardom shows up in a young actor or a young actress. From a commercial standpoint, this is obviously necessary, because the public must be the final jury of what it wants. But, to the artist, there is only one standard of virtue in art, and that is the ethical value.

Is there beauty in the picture, or is the picture merely beautiful, in other respects, in relation to unethical things, such as beauty unadorned by the spirit? Bright colors attract the eye, but do they satisfy the principles of happiness?

**I**T is difficult to make this point clear, because so many of us are merely passers-by in life, we move and live as the crowd goes, caring little so long as we are in it. Some of us shoulder our way through the crowd to get out of it as soon as possible, so that we can be alone with our purpose. As I have said, however, there are "stars" of many sizes in the theatrical firmament.

My own experience has been merely that of an artist with a certain purpose. Not that I wish to get away from the crowd, but it has never carried me away. My chief delight in my work as an actress has been when I have found a play with which I am entirely in accord, a play which had something in it that I believed was true to the ethics of life. For that matter, everyone has felt the same way. Who is there in the mature conception of artistic opportunity who fails to understand that we grow according to the thoughts we keep in our hearts?

Some modern poet has faithfully expressed the finer balance of life when he said that we must all have thinking hearts. The inner mood is the outward semblance, and every true artist at heart may therefore be as great a value to the theatre as any "star."

It has not been my intention to criticize the "star" idea. I have sometimes had to do things in the theatre for revenue, that were contradictory to the innermost silent powers within me. But, I have really had no stellar temptation in the sense that to be a "star" ever meant great success, or happiness to me.

**I**F my name has made any lasting impression on the crowded pages of artistic success, it is because I have always worked joyously and happily in the theatre. I have loved the work, the splendid expansion of spirit in it, the freedom from the commonplace which it has given me. Great parts are written that require abandon of heart and brain, but they are "star" parts because the authors have written in them the miracle of divine laws as they saw them in human nature; not because the actors were any greater than the parts. Personally, I have always believed in the classical play as the highest expression for the player. This I believe is also the ambition of "stars," but I do not think it so important for the "star" to produce classical plays, as it is for the theatregoer to have them

played with an even balance of artistic feeling. There is always a great deal of talk about "the classics," as if they were something which belonged to a past age in human experience, when, as a matter of fact, they are simply better plays than have been written since. It so happens that the authors of these classic plays happen to be dead, and no living author has done better than they have. I hope the time will come when the classic play will be written and survived by its author.

To be or not to be a "star" is a question that often confronts a man or woman who also has a soul for artistic ambition. Add to this ambition a tendency to prefer the serious side of one's heart to the lighter uses of it, in plays, of course, and we have what is called an emotional actress.

It has never interested me at all, since I discovered years ago that I did prefer the emotional values in acting, to hope that I should become a "star." Doubtless, most artists cling to their inspiration, even though they often compromise with it. That compromise sometimes leads to stardom. I have made compromises by delaying the production of something I liked, for something I didn't like so well. We all have to make concessions to our day-dreams. And then the artistic day-dream is so rarely understood, for in the theatre at least we must make ourselves clear. It is not the subtle thing in life that is most important, after all. We really live by leaps and bounds, from love to hate, from hate to passion, and so on forward to the spiritual heights where all men and women of any creed or race adjust their entanglements.

**W**HAT we refer to as primitive, still rules the human race. Primitive laws are the foundations of human justice and injustice. That is why I like the classics, they are aflame with the fires of earth-bound passions, and are therefore great drama. What difference does it make, therefore, whether the actors and actresses who play their many parts sincerely be "stars" or not?

The "star" in the theatre may climb a ladder of fame in many ways. Myself, I have perhaps pulled up year by year, without consciously trying to reach the top. I had to climb because I didn't want to come down, but I climbed with no other aim than to improve my strength of purpose in the work which I found myself doing. I made up my mind, that if I was going to succeed as an actress, it should be by the sheer force of what talent I might have, not for the vanity of seeing my name in electric lights over the doors of theatres. Of course, I thought that if the time should ever come when I should have lifted my name that high, well and good, but if it didn't lift that high, there would be no regrets. I knew this from the very beginning of my work, insisting that the enjoyment of it was enough. I was earning a good living at it, my salary was thankfully received, and I thank the road to destiny more for it than the road to fame.

Briefly, the "star" idea, to my mind, is unimportant.





Photo White

**WILLIAM LENNOX**  
as the Butler in  
"Scrambled Wives"

An Irishman who began life as a banker. Later, he became an actor and was seen in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Buntie Pulls the Strings," etc.

**HELEN LOWELL**  
as Sallie Jenkins  
in "The Blue Bonnet"

American character actress long popular with our audiences. Everyone will recall the hit she made a few seasons ago in "The Lottery Man," as the elderly spinster who goes in for physical culture



Photocraft



Photo White

**GUSTAVE ROLLAND**  
as the Syrian in "Anna Ascends"

A French actor who has several hits on Broadway to his credit—the poilu in "Getting Together" and the doctor in "Forever After"



Photo White

**RANDLE AYRTON**  
as Dr. Petch in "One"

An English actor, very popular in London. Americans remember seeing him ten years ago when he played here with the Stratford Players



# SURE-FIRE PARTS

*There have been good Hamlets and bad Hamlets  
but no player has utterly failed in the role*

By GEORGE C. JENKS



**I**T was remarked by a veteran theatrical man recently that no actor ever had absolutely failed in the rôle of Hamlet. There had been good, bad and mediocre Hamlets, powerful Hamlets, colorless Hamlets, noisy Hamlets, painfully restrained Hamlets, mouthing Hamlets, and Hamlets who recited the text through their talented noses. There had been Hamlets in blonde wigs, black wigs, brown wigs and no wigs at all, as well as Hamlets who had dressed the part in the gold-embroidered voluminous coat, long waistcoat, lace ruffles and powdered peruke of the Hanoverian Georges. But never had there been a Hamlet who, provided he knew the lines and was fairly familiar with the traditional stage business, could not hold the attention of his audience and make his "points" with some measure of success.

The simple reason is that Shakespeare here wrote a "sure-fire," actor-proof part, and that the character, as interpreted by the jeweled poetry placed in his mouth, appeals so irresistibly, that it matters little who wears the sables of the immortal Danish prince and speaks the words set down for him. While, naturally, we have derived more pleasure in hearing Hamlet's blank verse from the lips of a Forbes-Robertson, a Booth or an Irving, than from a third-rate barnstormer or an over-confident amateur, the play, as a play, has always afforded entertainment, no matter who might be in the title-rôle. Some critics have declared that it is nothing but a cheap, tawdry melodrama, after all, but no one has dared seriously to deny that it has the grip which is the real test of merit in a stage offering, and that Hamlet himself presents one of the most fascinating personalities in the whole range of histrionism. That is why no actor ever has been bad enough to fail utterly in the part.

When the veteran named Hamlet as a part in which it is virtually impossible for an actor to "fall down," he might have said it with equal truth of all other leading characters in what are known as the "acting plays" of Shakespeare. Where is the player of ordinary intelligence and acceptable stage presence who could fail to be at least interesting as Othello, Iago, Macbeth, Lear, Richard or Romeo? In the parlance of the coulisses, each is "a part that "plays itself."

The same truth applies to the "leads" in other classics than those by the Bard. The tremendous sympathy enlisted from the very beginning for Virginius, Charles Surface, d'Artagnan, Ingomar, Claude Melnotte and the half-dozen or so of other non-Shakespearian romantic figures that every actor hopes, or would like, to play at some time or other, insures their warm reception by the audience, regardless of the fame—or lack of it—of the individual impersonating the character. That is the reason many an old play of no particular merit lives vigorously from generation to generation.



**N**OR have the men of the stage a monopoly of these sure-fire old parts. Where is the actress of average good looks, flexible voice and feminine poetic instinct, who has had two years' experience in a well-conducted stock company, or who has played a diversity of parts otherwise, whom a manager would fear to cast as Juliet, Ophelia, Cordelia, Rosalind, Viola, Parthenia, Nora, Kate Harcastle, or even Lady Macbeth or Lady Teazle? As a matter of fact, there is a wider range in the predominant emotions of the few feminine characters here named than in those for men in the preceding paragraph. But no one ever heard of an actress proving a complete disappointment in any of them. They also "play themselves."

Many a modern play owes its longevity as a stage success to the fact that one or more

of the leading parts are of such exceptional universal appeal that they do not depend on the ability—or genius—of some particular actor for an adequate interpretation. The sure-fire principal character insures vitality for the production as a whole. Take "The Old Homestead." This favorite picture of rural life was originally, in the seventies of the last century, a rather coarse "variety" sketch called, "The Female Bathers," and afterward a one-act playlet of higher grade, also in vaudeville theatres, named for the title-rôle, "Josh Whitcomb." From the beginning, the somewhat simple drama has enjoyed strong popularity, due mainly to the charm of the shrewd and lovable old farmer. It has not owed its vogue and nearly half-century of continuous representation to the personality of the original representative of Joshua Whitcomb either. While it is true that Denman Thompson "created" the part, even during his lifetime there were several other men who looked, spoke and acted the character as convincingly as himself, and to-day, "The Old Homestead" is still touring the country, with an actor in the principal rôle who might easily be mistaken for Thompson if he were still in this world. So here is as well-marked a human type as can be found in any of the genre plays of the last few decades, and yet one that can be vitalized by any of a dozen moderately good actors as soundly as by the man who originally conceived the character—for, if memory serves, Denman Thompson, himself, invented Joshua Whitcomb and practically wrote the "Homestead." Any fat, good-tempered

appearing actor would be safe in essaying "Uncle Josh."

Then there is "Rip Van Winkle." The Joseph Jefferson dramatization may not be legally open to the stage world at large. But there is no copyright on the character itself, and nobody can prevent an actor procuring his own special version of Washington Irving's little story and then giving a Rip which is in every essential the same that we used to see when Jefferson was playing the Catskill vagabond. If he does that he is sure of a box office success. The traditions of the stage Rip are based on absolute certainty and both play and leading part are sure-fire. Many stock companies have "Rip Van Winkle" in their repertoire, the leading

(Continued on page 102)

## PLAYS RECOMMENDED BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

*You can't go wrong if you follow this list each month*

- "BAD MAN, THE": Satirical melodrama with comic relief. A hit.
- "BAT, THE": A real thriller. You can't afford to miss it.
- "CALL THE DOCTOR": Highly diverting comedy, superbly interpreted.
- "CHARM SCHOOL, THE": Amusing light comedy.
- "ENTER, MADAME": Conventional comedy, serving to display the unusual gifts of Gilda Varese.
- "FAMOUS MRS. FAIR, THE": Delightful comedy. Superlatively well acted.
- "GOLD DIGGERS, THE": Clever comedy of chorus girl life.
- "GOOD TIMES": Equestrian, acrobatic and aquatic entertainment. Vast and unique spectacle.
- "GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES": Production of rare beauty. Don't miss it.
- "HAPPY GO LUCKY": Excellent comedy. Splendidly acted.
- "HONEYDEW": Pleasing musical comedy with Zimbalist score and lavishly staged.
- "IRENE": Delightful musical comedy—one of the biggest hits in years.
- "LADY OF THE LAMP, THE": Americo-Chinese dream play, beautifully staged.
- "LIGHTNIN": Frank Bacon in a highly successful comedy characterization.
- "LITTLE OLD NEW YORK": Charming comedy, introducing in a new rôle that delightful young actress, Genevieve Tobin.
- "MECCA": Gorgeous spectacular oriental melodrama with wonderful scenic effects and dancing by Fukine's remarkable ballet.
- "NIGHT BOAT, THE": Comedy with catchy music and amusing complications.
- "NOT SO LONG AGO": Charming play of sentiment.
- "ONE": Impressive drama dealing with psychic phenomena, admirably acted by Frances Starr.
- "OPPORTUNITY": Exciting Wall Street drama.
- "SWEETHEART SHOP, THE": Musical comedy of more than ordinary quality, and with delightful score.
- "TAVERN, THE": Highly amusing melodramatic burlesque, with Arnold Daly and competent cast.
- "THREE LIVE GHOSTS": Amusing comedy of the war's aftermath.
- "TICKLE ME": Musical comedy with elaborate stage investiture and the inimitable Frank Tinney.
- "TIP TOP": Typical Fred Stone show with jazzy music, clever comedy and graceful dancing.
- "WELCOME, STRANGER": Amusing comedy with the Jewish-American comedian George Sidney.
- "WOMAN OF BRONZE, THE": Old-fashioned emotional drama, admirably acted by Margaret Anglin.
- "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1920": Girl show *de luxe*. Good entertainment and lavishly spectacular.





James Wallace Pondelicek

**ANNA LUDMILLA**

*Of Norse ancestry—as her name and blonde beauty indicates—this young protégée of Mary Garden, who was premiere danseuse of the Chicago Opera Company last year, adds a dainty touch to "Tip Top" by her graceful dancing*



Campbell Studios

**ULA SHARON**

*A native disciple of Terpsichore! Young American dancer who has had great success in Australia, and now one of the most attractive features of "Broadway Brevities" at the Winter Garden*



Photocraft

**MICHIO ITOW AND SONIA SEROVA**

*Itow and Sonia Serova, Russian exponents of nature dancing at the Greenwich Village Theatre*



Photo Abbie

**MARGARET DAVIES AND JANET STONE**  
*Dancing in the "Greenwich Village Follies," as The Mad Hatters*

**NEW DANCERS EXHIBIT GRACE AND SKILL**



## OLD FAVORITES



**FANNY DAVENPORT**

This well-known American star came of a noted theatrical family. Her father, E. L. Davenport, was a celebrated tragedian, and her mother, Fanny Elizabeth Vining, was an actress of ability. After being leading woman at Daly's, Miss Davenport starred successfully in English translations of Sardou's melodramas. She died in 1898.



**RICHARD MANSFIELD**

One of the foremost of American actors, Richard Mansfield was born in Berlin in 1857 and educated in Germany, France and England. His mother, Mme. Rudersdorff, was a celebrated prima donna. After some experience as a drawing room entertainer, Mansfield was engaged by D'Oyley Carte to play the rôle of Sir Joseph Porter in "H. M. S. Pinafore." In 1882 he came to America and made a tremendous hit as the senile Baron-Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance." Other successful impersonations were Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Prince Karl, Richard III, Beau Brummel, Cyrano de Bergerac. He died in 1907.

**LOTTA**

The idol of the 60's, Charlotte Crabtree first appeared on the stage in 1858, and adopted the name of "Lotta." Sprightly and vivacious, she gained fame and fortune in "The Loan of a Lover," "The Pet of the Petticoats," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Firefly," "The Little Detective," "Musette," "Zip," "La Cigale," and "Mam-selle Nitouche." David Belasco, with Clay M. Greene, wrote "Pawn Ticket 210" for Lotta and staged the piece in 1887. Miss Crabtree, who never married, is living in retirement, having left the stage in 1890, reputed to be a millionaire.



**STUART ROBSON**

Having received valuable training in the stock-company of Mrs. John Drew at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the 60's, this favorite comedian formed a partnership with William H. Crane, and the two co-starred from 1877 until 1889, in such a varied selection as "Our Boarding-House," "Our Bachelors," "Sharps and Flats," "Twelfth Night," "Forbidden Fruit" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," their greatest successes being "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Henrietta." Mr. Robson died in 1903, aged sixty-seven.



**KATE CLAXTON**

A member of Augustin Daly's stock-company at the old Fifth Avenue Theatre on Twenty-fourth Street, Miss Claxton subsequently joined A. M. Palmer's stock-company at the Union Square Theatre, in 1874, appearing in "The Two Orphans" with such success as the blind sister that she secured the rights to the play, and toured the country in it for the next twenty years, establishing a record second only to that of Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle."





# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

EXTENSION DIVISION,  
THE KANSAS STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE,  
KANSAS.



GARRICK. "THE TREASURE."  
Comedy in 4 acts by David Pinski.  
Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Chone	Dudley Digges
Jachne-Braine	Jennie Moscovitz
Tille	Celia Adler
Judke	Fred Eric
The Marriage Broker	Edgar Stehli
Soskin	Henry Travers
President	Erskine Sanford
A Lawyer	Edwin Knopf
An Hysterical Woman	Lian Stephana
An Old Woman	Rolla Lyons
A Young Woman	Mary McAndrews
Her Little Daughter	Florence Curran
A Girl	Valerie Stevens
A Woman	Adelina Thomason
Another Woman	Edith Leighton
A Young Man	Saul Michaels
Another Man	William Worthington

AFTER all the Theatre Guild has given us in the way of thoughtful, effective and unusual drama, it would be captious to criticize its first offering of the new season, yet I am free to confess that I do not think "The Treasure" was worth the labor and enthusiasm spent on its production.

David Pinski's four-act comedy, at best, seems to me a trivial composition, tenuous, and rather commonplace. It is certainly iterative, due to the fact that the theme does not warrant such undue extension. It is capital Russo-Jewish genre, suggesting in a way some of the earlier Harrigan sketches of Irish-New York life, firmly indicative of certain types and undoubtedly realistic. Its literary expression is as commonplace as the subject with which it deals demands; there are certain bursts of noisy humor, considerable burlesque and occasionally an observant touch of satiric mirth and genuine feeling. But speak of it as kindly as you will, I still insist the game was not worth the candle.

While burying his dead dog, the epileptic son of a grave digger unearths a handful of Imperial pieces which he gives to his sister. Thinking the source is unlimited, although the half wit forgets where he was digging, the young woman spreads the report that they are rich, buys new finery and resolves to secure a handsome husband. The community becomes excited over the supposed Golconda in their midst and the

harpies, adventurers and parasites swoop down on Chone and his household. He loses his job and after universal excitement in which the cupidity of the neighborhood is shown up with relentless sarcasm, the fact is established that "The treasure" is trivial and affairs return to their "normalcy."

In the delineation of these strongly defined Jewish types, the Christian members of the company had hard work competing with the genuine Israelitish histrions, but Dudley Digges as Chone and Helen Westley as his harassed wife come soundly, if not brilliantly, through the ordeal.

As the daughter, Celia Adler, if occasionally bordering on the burlesque, was vivaciously amusing, while a particular skillful bit of character was contributed by Henry Travers as the President of the Community. Emanuel Reicher staged the piece with his usual competency of intelligent and illuminative direction.

CENTURY. "MECCA." Spectacular melodrama by Oscar Asche. Music by Percy Fletcher. Dances by Michel Fokine. Produced Oct. 4 with this cast:

Abdullah	John Nicholson
Kataf	Robert Rhodes
Prince Nur Al-Din	Herbert Grimwood
The Sultan	Orville R. Caldwell
An Old Woman	Genevieve Dolaro
The Blind Man	Basil Smith
Ali Shar	Lionel Braham
Zummurud	Hannah Toback
Abu Yaksan	John Doran
Zarka	Kate Mayhew
Zaid	Edward Watson
Wazir Al Khasib	Harold Skinner
Wazir Abu Shamair	John Pierson
Sharazad	Gladys Hanson
Wei San Wei	Thomas Leary
Wei Wa Shi	Ida Mülle

ONE criticism that greeted the new scenic art of the theatre as taught by Craig, Bakst and other innovators, was that the more elaborate the background, the less effective the play, because the spectator, pre-occupied with unusual stage settings, is likely to pay less attention to the action. To a great extent, this criticism is just. "Hamlet," of course, could never suffer from

rich scenic investiture. The grandeur of Shakespeare's verse could only be enhanced by beauty of *mise-en-scène*. Yet, the classics excepted, there is much in the argument.

Theatre managers are naturally gregarious in their instincts. Originality terrorizes them, but once a thing becomes a vogue they follow each other blindly, like a flock of sheep. A dozen years ago, few managers had ever heard of Bakst, Reinhardt, Urban, Jones. They were content with the flapping back-drops that had served our stage for two hundred years. Came "Sumurun" and the Russian ballet with their mediaeval costumes, artistic designs and wonderful coloring. Mr. Ziegfeld was among the first to see the possibilities of the new art. He adopted it for his Follies and rival managers fell over themselves in imitation.

To-day, all want this new scenic art and want it so badly that now they give the scenery more prominence than the play. "Paint gorgeous settings, regardless of expense," said Mr. Gest to Messrs. Joseph and Philip Harker. "Design wonderful costumes—go the limit," he cabled to Percy Anderson. "When you have surpassed yourselves, I'll get someone to write a play." That, I suppose, is how "Mecca" came to be written, for gorgeous scenery and magnificent costumes, added to some sensational dancing by Fokine's remarkable *corps de ballet*, is about all there is to the beautiful spectacle at the Century.

In a piece with as ambitious a theme as Mecca—the holy city of the Mohammedan world—one might expect something out of the ordinary, not only as regards *mise-en-scène*, but also as regards the text. Of literary distinction, poetical or spiritual quality, lofty idealism, as apart from scenes of oriental luxury and sensuous abandon, there is nothing. Oscar Asche's piece is spectacular melodrama, and not very good melodrama at that. "Kismet," its predecessor in the same field, was far superior in dramatic interest. There are the usual conspi-acies and violent deaths incidental to attempts on the throne of the Sultan, the



more tragic happenings being relieved by feeble attempts at comedy.

But if we disregard it as a play, and consider it only as a spectacle—something on which to feast the eye—"Mecca" is a prodigious achievement of the showman's art, a glittering, dazzling, bewildering kaleidoscope of oriental life, with feverish intrigues in the palace, hectic amours in the harem, the clamor of the slave market, the roar of the mob as it presses its way from Cairo to the Holy City—a motley procession of camels, donkeys, goats, picturesquely garbed men and women who halt now and again by the wayside to admire the physical prowess of Ali Shar, the itinerant strong-man, with whose beautiful daughter the disguised Sultan is desperately in love. And so on to the wedding feast set in the gardens of the ancient palace—the crowning tableau at the end of the second act, where the Bacchanale is executed by Fokine's entire *corps de ballet*, a terpsichorean orgy danced by half a hundred naked men and women, who, aflame with wine and lust, whirl and entwine until the senses reel and the couples fall exhausted, strewn all over the sweeping staircase.

It is gorgeous, magnificent, superb. The music by Percy C. Fletcher is colorful and rich. The costumes by Percy Anderson and Leon Bakst are marvelous in design and texture. E. Lyall Swete has surpassed himself in efficient stage direction.

Lionel Braham's huge frame and deep bass voice serve him well as the wrestler. Orville R. Caldwell is a picturesque Sultan and Gladys Hanson looked radiant as Sharazad, the sister of the plotting pretender. Herbert Grimwood, an English actor new to Broadway, was effective as the villainous Prince Nur Al-Din. Hannah Toback was charming as the heroine, and Ida Mulle made a distinct hit as the abominable wife of a Chinese gambler.

As a show, "Mecca," is a triumph. For those content with scenery, it leaves nothing to be desired. But for those who insist upon having meat served with their gravy, there is something lacking.

PLAYHOUSE. "ANNA ASCENDS." Comedy in four acts by Harry Chapman Ford. Produced Sept. 22 with this cast:

Siad Coury	Gustave Rolland
Howard Fisk	John Warner
"Beauty" Tanner	Effingham Pinto
"Bunch" Berry	Rod LaRoque

Anna Ayyobb  
Nellie Van Housen  
Bessie Fisk  
Rizzo  
Henry Fisk  
Miss Bird  
William  
John Stead  
Allen Parkes

Alice Brady  
Jane Carleton  
Betty Alden  
S. K. Fred  
Frank Hatch  
Helen Cromwell  
Ward DeWolf  
Cliff Worman  
Leeward Meeker

IT isn't Anna but Alice who ascends in the "new American play," by Harry Chapman Ford. It is little short of a miracle that anyone should "ascend" as a result of this extremely weak offering. Aside from the preposterous "Katy's Kisses," launched at the Greenwich Village a year or so ago, and the late but not lamented "Blue Flame," which exhibited the great Bara to the public gaze, "Anna Ascends" is the worst play that has been put before a metropolitan audience in many moons.

I can understand "Anna Ascends" having been written; even our best dramatists commit an occasional mayhem on their art; but how it ever reached presentation, let alone rehearsal, is a riddle. Taking into consideration that this was no fly-by-night production, but the seriously heralded effort of a prominent manager and a noted player, the very recollection of "Anna" causes the mercury of our steadily bettering theatrical standard to slump heavily.

Mr. Ford takes as his theme the growth of a Syrian immigrant girl newly arrived in America, from the lower classes to the "heights." There are possibilities in this idea, but in execution the author has whipped up a ten-twenty-third pudding and a poor one at that. The play lacks interest and movement, despite a series of artificially created suspense scenes, and indulges in enough absurdities to become finally incoherent. The "first nighter" is proverbially large hearted and large handed, but on this sorry occasion he laughed out loud in the wrong places while Anna continued to ascend.

Miss Brady as the ambitious Syrian girl played notably well. Her restraint, her faithful and intelligent portrayal of the rôle, and her personal charm blended into a finished and acceptable whole. The pictures have bequeathed to her a tendency to pose, but, on the other hand, they have brought her a new ease, a new sense of the fitness of behaviour. She is a good actress, and some day no doubt, will be a very good one. There is lacking only the dynamic spark to make her a great one.

This ill play has blown somebody good. The remainder of the cast is lost hopelessly in the deep water, but Alice Ascends.

GEO. M. COHAN. "THE TAVERN." Play in two acts by Cora Dick Gantt. Produced Sept. 27 with this cast:

The Tavern Keeper's Son	Phillips Tead
The Hired Girl	Wanda Carlyle
The Tavern Keeper	Dodson Mitchell
The Hired Man	Spencer Charters
The Vagabond	Arnold Daly
The Woman	Elsie Rizer
The Governor	Morgan Wallace
Governor's Wife	Lucia Moore
Governor's Daughter	Alberta Burton
The Fiance	William Jeffrey
The Sheriff	Lee Sterrett
The Sheriff's Man	Joseph Guthrie
The Sheriff's Other Man	William Gaunt
The Attendant	Joseph M. Holicky

THE return of Arnold Daly to the local stage is always an event of interest, even if his girth has acquired abroad a certain Falstaffian flavor that fits him less well than it used to for romantic rôles. As the philosophic, romantic vagabond of the mock-melodramatic, highly diverting play, "The Tavern," the actor romps through two long, entertaining acts, the first chock-full of melodramatics, the other filled with burlesque and rich comedy; both marked by bright dialogue and superb suspense.

It is quite impossible to dissect or analyze this extraordinary burlesque melodrama or even relate its plot. But it is interesting and well written. There's lots of fun in it, and I recommend it heartily to the legion who go to the theatre to be "amused." The Cohan touch is visible to a high degree in the development; a swift, satisfying movement that reminds one of "Seven Keys." In some respects, "The Tavern" is even better. There is a higher grade of intelligent comedy in it, and a more dazzling exhibition of dramatic skill. I hope it will succeed.

The entire cast with one or two minor exceptions is excellent. Notable work, other than the star's, is done by Spencer Charters as a half witted hired man, and Elsie Rizer as a chronic "ruined woman." The production is well staged, apart from a somewhat over-worked storm.

NORA BAYES. "DON'T TELL." Comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat. Produced Sept. 27 with this cast:



Mirren Cameron	Eva MacRoberts
Violet	Grace Embert
Mrs. Devine	Jean Runciman
David Devine	Neil McNeil
Jessie Bella Cameron	Winifred Moffat
James Bogle	Clyne Campbell
Tibbie Tocher	Mrs. Graham Moffat
John Willie Cameron	George Tawde
Mrs. Cameron	Margaret Noble
Baillie John Cameron	Graham Moffat
Bunt	Wee Wully
Jossie Black	John Campbell
Dr. Proudfoot	J. Wright Aitken
Mrs. Macbeth	Marie Stuart
Betty Macbeth	Margaret Dunsmore

A SCOTTISH comedy of some charm is Graham Moffat's "Don't Tell," the first work from that writer's pen that Broadway has seen since the tremendously successful "Bunt Pulls the Strings." After the vaudeville gags and heavy theatrical flavor of some other Broadway offerings, "Don't Tell" came as a pleasant relief, with the soft burr of its dialect, its quiet, deft humor, and its excellent characterization.

I note that certain of my contemporaries complain that "Don't Tell" is not Scottish "as advertised;" that, deprived of its dialect, the story might have occurred anywhere! This startling commentary will doubtless teach Mr. Moffat to introduce an assortment of kilts, a pair of bag-pipes, and a village souse wearing a *tam* into the next "Scottish" comedy he sends us! In the meantime, local Scotsmen and others knowing the "ladies-from-hell" people will find "Don't Tell" drenched with their own Glasgow.

Mr. Moffat's story is lacking in that quality of suspense which holds interest, and therein lies the fatal quality which no measure of charm and humor can overcome. It involves the theft of some jewelry by a character that the cast very stupidly fails to suspect. William Archer has said that an audience likes to sense its omniscience and to watch a group of humans groping about in a dark which to it is light. That is true, I believe, but only to a reasonable extent. An audience becomes quickly impatient with characters that fail to respond to the normal rules of intelligence in such matters.

The play is fairly well staged and cast. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat give admirable performances.

WINTER GARDEN. "BROADWAY BREVITIES." Music by Archie Gotter. Lyrics by Blair Treynor. Produced Sept. 29 with these principals:

Ula Sharon, Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, George LeMaire, Alex Kosloff, Edith Hallor, Vera Grosset, William Sully, Genevieve Houghton, Teck Murdock

I'M afraid I shall never have my name in red electrics over the Winter Garden facade. I have gone hopefully to each succeeding opening with a neat bundle of such high voltage phrases as "Riot of Roars," "Beauty Beyond Belief," and "Panorama of Perfection," wrapped up in my pocket all ready for use the following day. But there they stay—invariably. "Broadway Brevities 1920" is as poor a show as the big Garden has ever staged.

My faith, now, is wrecked. But what, after all, does it matter? This famous ex-horse mart has become in time a gilded museum for the yokelry; a Palace of Noise or a Haunt of Sin to be indulged in self-consciously by visiting cousins; corner-stone of the sight-seers confidence that he could *never* live in New York—for more than two weeks on end! The Winter Garden has become as typical of Manhattan as its subway, its house-wrecking or its traffic, and just about as beyond the reach of criticism.

"Broadway Brevities 1920" is unusually dull even for the Winter Garden. It lacks color, *verve* and melody. Bert Williams and Eddie Cantor, engaging clowns both, provide a few entertaining minutes, but for the most part the grade of comedy is on a par with the number two burlesque shows. For the rest, staging, principals, girls and costumes, I cannot find even the faint praise needed to damn.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THREE LIVE GHOSTS." Comedy in 3 acts by Frederic S. Isham. Produced Sept. 29 with this cast:

Mrs. Gubbins	Beryl Mercer
Peggy Woofers	Beatrice Miller
Bolton	Emmett Shackelford
Jimmie Gubbins	Charles McNaughton
William Foster	Percy Helton
Spoofy	Cyril Chadwick
Rose Gordon	Flora Sheffield
Briggs of Scotland Yard	Charles Dalton
Benson	Arthur Metcalfe
Lady Leicester	Mercedes Desmore

ONLY a little patience is needed to derive a delightful evening's entertainment from "Three Live Ghosts," at the Greenwich Village. There is a good deal of talk in act one, in order to get the characters and their relations intelligently established. But, by the middle of the intermediate act, interest begins to jump and from there on to the final curtain there is continuous surprise and comic revelation.

"Three Musketeers" return to

London from the Great War. One has been reported dead and his step-brother has collected the insurance. No. 2 is an American who is "wanted" at home. No. 3, known as Spoofy, has come back a mental wreck due to shell shock. Further, he has developed into a confirmed kleptomaniac. All three had been German prisoners. Their inability to establish their respective identities makes them practically "dead ones."

With these premises it is easy to guess some of the situations, humorous and dramatic, that arise. They are all there and acted in the true spirit of farce, intense seriousness, as they are by a company of unusual excellence, selected with a fine sense of the requirements of character, the result is a series of scenes that promote laughter or thrill the senses.

Frederic S. Isham wrote the novel from which the play is derived. Its fashioning for the stage gives every evidence of the craftsmanship of Max Marcin, expert in this particular line of dramaturgy, who also figures as the producer. The one scene required represents a room in a London lodging house, 1917.

Beryl Mercer, as the gin drinking beneficiary of the unearned insurance and who later becomes custodian for the time of Spoofy's predatory jaunt into the world of funds, gives one of those ripe and juicy bits of character that seems to have veritably dropped from the pages of Dickens. Aggressively explosive and sufficiently self-satisfied is Charles Dalton's admirable sketch of the bewildered emissary from Scotland Yard, while Charles McNaughton in one of his typical cockney rôles, breathes the very spirit of true Cockaigne.

The juvenile interest is attended to with ingenuous skill by Percy Helton and Flora Sheffield, and a nice bit of London character is deftly sketched by Beatrice Miller. As "Spoofy," whose brain is restored to its proper function by a vigorous rap in the head, and who turns out to be a real lord—his kleptomaniacal propensities induced him to steal his own baby—Cyril Chadwick gives a performance of distinguished charm and ineffable humor.

PARK. "POLDEKIN." Comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington. Produced Sept. 9 with this cast:

(Continued on page 414)



# BERLIN'S "GREAT PLAYHOUSE"

*Prof. Reinhardt's mammoth new Schauspielhaus,  
the largest and most amazing theatre in the world*

By KARL K. KITCHEN



THE only new thing in Berlin—in fact, the only new thing in all Germany—is the Grosses Schauspielhaus. This Great Playhouse, which was completed last winter and is now in operation, is the largest theatre in the world. It even dwarfs the Hippodrome and Capitol theatres of New York as far as its seating capacity is concerned, there being seats for more than 5,000 persons.

However, the Grosses Schauspielhaus is not only remarkable for its size. It represents the newest ideas in theatre construction and stage equipment, and, while it is not at all likely to revolutionize theatre construction throughout the world, as some of Prof. Reinhardt's admirers have predicted, it is the most interesting theatrical experiment that has been made in any country since the beginning of the war.

THE Grosses Schauspielhaus was designed by Prof. Max Reinhardt to bring the drama to the masses. In order to provide cheap seats, it was necessary to build a theatre with several thousand seats. So he and architects prepare plans for a mammoth playhouse on the site of the old Circus Busch, in the Karlstrasse. On a huge plot of ground, covering an entire city block, there has been erected the most amazing theatre in the world. From the outside it is not at all impressive. It resembles a huge warehouse more than a temple of dramatic art, but its fine interior presents a series of revelations.

IN the first place this new theatre, or Great Playhouse, as it is called, has three stages instead of the usual single stage within the proscenium. The second one is a platform, the third an apron, around which is built the loges and tiers of seats, after the fashion of the ancient Greek theatres. In fact, the Grosses Schauspielhaus is patterned after the famous theatre of Dionysius at Athens, with certain modifications, and, in the opinion of Prof. Reinhardt, improvements. The spectators are grouped in tiers in a huge semi-circle, thus providing every one with an excellent view of the stages, all three of which are utilized by Prof. Reinhardt in the presentation of his plays. The main stage is more or less similar to the stages of the average theatre. The second stage is a platform slightly below it and the third is an

apron a few feet below that. When in use they form a tier of three stages or one huge, slanting stage, and, unlike our theatres, the orchestra is beneath them and is unseen by the audience.

Naturally, this huge playhouse is utilized only for plays which can be presented as great spectacles with several hundred actors. The evening I visited it, "Julius Caesar" was the bill and I witnessed the unusual sight of a Shakespearean tragedy enacted by no less than 400 performers before an audience of more than 5,000 persons.

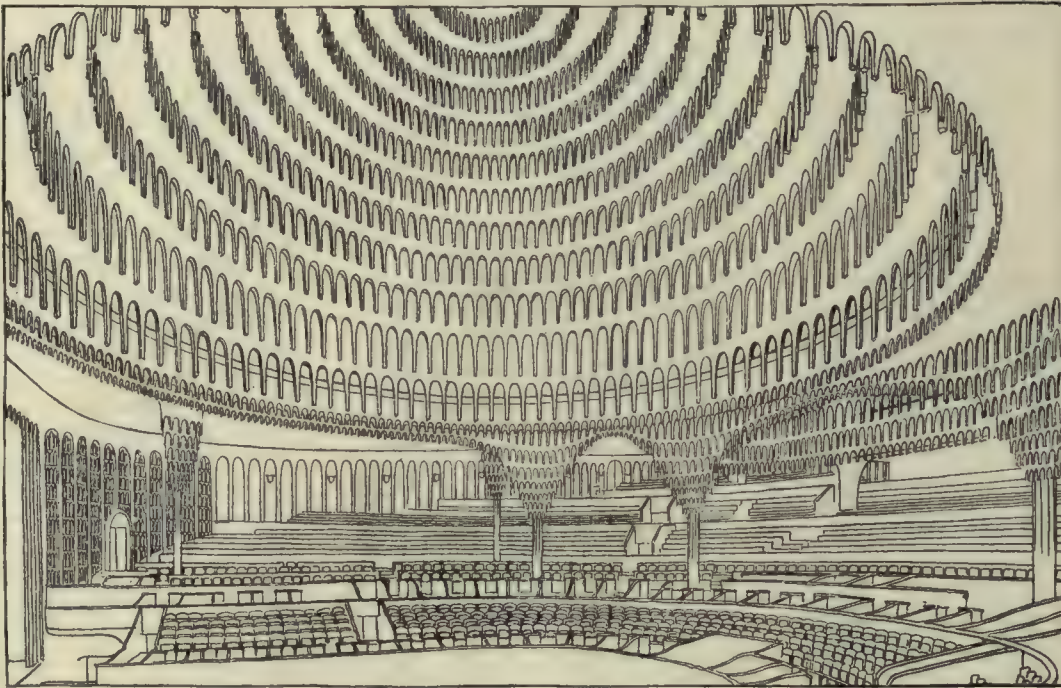
AS in all theatres in Berlin at the present time, the performance of "Julius Caesar" begins at 7 P. M. But differing from most of the other theatres, every seat in the Grosses Schauspielhaus

cycles of Shakespearean plays—and presenting them more effectively than any Englishman or American has done. His production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for example, has been given more than 1,000 times. In New York, only a musical comedy can attain such vogue.

BUT to return to the Grosses Schauspielhaus and "Julius Caesar." The play was presented with but one intermission, the revolving platform on the upper stage enabling the scenery to be changed without the annoying waits which spoil the enjoyment of the average Shakespearean production in America. The usual cuts of the English stage version were omitted, the performance lasting nearly four hours, and it

moved at such speed that its unusual length was not noticeable. Not only did everyone in the great playhouse remain until the end but a very large number followed the action of the tragedy with the text. A feature of this new Reinhardt playhouse is the bookshop where the texts of all the plays presented are sold for a couple of months and that Berliners take their Shakespeare seriously is evident from the fact that the shop does a thriving business.

THE first scenes of the tragedy were played on the upper stage, with the entire auditorium in darkness. The scenery, street scenes in Rome and the interiors of Roman homes were



*The amazing auditorium of the Grosses Schauspielhaus which has seats for more than 5,000 spectators. The seats are arranged in tiers after the fashion of the old Greek amphitheatres. The front rows, which are arranged as loges, face the lowest of the three stages with the result that the actors are often within a few feet of their occupants*

was filled when the curtain arose. One of Prof. Reinhardt's ideas in building this playhouse was to have a theatre where he could make productions which would be patronized irrespective of the opinion of the dramatic critics. Practically every seat is sold by subscription for a cycle of six or eight productions and so he is sure of full houses no matter what the newspapers say.

SO great is his reputation with the general theatregoing public in Berlin, that practically every seat was bought up for the entire season before the great playhouse was even completed. Reinhardt is regarded as the greatest theatrical producer in Germany and in the opinion of the writer his productions—in scenic beauty, attention to detail as well as acting—are unequalled anywhere in the world. And unlike many of our American producers, Reinhardt devotes his talents to giving the public the best there is in the drama. For years he has been presenting

not only realistic and effective but of undoubted historical accuracy. For the triumphal entrance of Caesar and the subsequent funeral oration of Marc Antony, all three stages were used, the mob scenes employing fully 400 people, all carefully trained in their rôles.

Naturally these scenes were most spectacular and presented on a bigger scale than ever attempted by American managers. The triumphal entrance of Caesar up the Roman street, which was lined with spectators, was a gorgeous pageant, and while the murder scene was brilliantly staged and acted, it was the scene of the funeral oration of Marc Antony that revealed the true genius of Reinhardt. The manner in which the Roman mob was swayed by the oratory of Marc Antony, superbly played by Alexander Moissi, was one of the finest pieces of stage-craft the writer has ever witnessed. And needless to say, it was received with tumultuous applause by the five thousand spectators. (Continued on page 408)





Photo White

*Louis Mann as Haym Salomon, the Jewish banker who played a prominent part in financing our Revolutionary War, steps out of comedy character to depict a tragic figure*

**"THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER" AT THE ASTOR THEATRE**



*Arnold Daly (left) the philosophic, romantic vagabond, calmly confronts the terrified hired man and the weird lady in Cora Gantt's mock-melodramatic play, one of the oddest and most entertaining pieces Broadway has seen in a long time*

**SCENE IN "THE TAVERN" AT THE GEORGE M. COHAN THEATRE**

## TRAGEDY AND LAUGHTER IN HISTORICAL AND BURLESQUE PLAYS



# A REVOLUTIONIST IN THE THEATRE

*John Murray Anderson, of Greenwich Follies fame, would do away with "make up" and other cherished stage traditions*

By CAROL BIRD



**T**HERE is a revolution brewing. It strikes at the very heart of the American theatre. Its guiding spirit is John Murray Anderson, whose distinctly original ideas as to scenic, costume and lighting effects were given full play in the "Greenwich Village Follies of 1920," a production which he devised and staged, and for which he wrote the lyrics. Because his work strikes a new note in stage-craft, because he is regarded as more or less of a pace-maker in New York's theatre world, the managers are taking keen notice of him.

Although still a young man, he has had an unusually interesting career—this British-American producer. Take, for instance, that period when he taught dancing to a set of miners and their sweeties in a mining camp in Arizona, somewhere near the Mexican border. His landlord was "Wild Brown Dog," and he conducted "The Wasp's Nest," a hell-fire sort of dance hall, where the husky miners and their guests held forth. Young Anderson, who had gone to Arizona with his wife, who has since died, needed money, and so he accepted "Brown Dog's" offer to teach the terpsichorean art to the crude *habitués* of the Wasp's Nest. Another episode was when he was a cabaret dancer at \$10 a week for twelve hours work a day. This was at Bustanoby's. As he puts it:

**I**HAD the distinction of having as a dancing partner a young woman known as the 'deepest dipper' of the day. That was when the 'dip' was the thing in dancing. My partner could bend so low that she almost touched the floor—really a remarkable performance. I felt greatly elated to be the dancing mate of such a talented young woman. Later, some divine whim of chance elevated me to the cabaret team of Bustanoby's at \$60 a week—a stupendous sum."

Then he went adventuring in Newfoundland where he accumulated antique furniture. He didn't exactly pick up the Pope's throne, nor the crown jewels of the Maharajah, but he did succeed in finding things decidedly worth while. He brought his collection to New York, set up an antique shop, and promptly launched forth as an enterprising antique vender.

During one of the trips when he was browsing around his native heath, he made his home in London with an old English singer. He spent many hours at the piano, and learned that his voice wasn't half bad. To while away time he studied in Beerbohm Tree's dramatic school in London. He also kept in close touch with Sir Herbert Tree.

Back in the States again, he suddenly realized the fact that he knew a good deal about all branches of the dramatic art. As he had not specialized, he was not keen to go on the stage as an actor. Then a bold idea hit him. Why couldn't he direct a play? He began to produce society and civic masques, pageants and short sketches. He even tried his hand at playwriting, and the result was "The Seven Ages," a Shakespearean masque given in Denver for the Drama League. This was followed by "The World Mother," which he wrote for Blanche Bates,

and which was given as a Red Cross benefit during the war.

Then came the Big Chance. John Murray Anderson's opportunity to show what he could do arrived when a friend was instrumental in getting for him the use of the Greenwich Village Theatre, so that he could put on the first edition of the unusual and artistic musical revue called, "The Greenwich Village Follies." With this successful production he was able



Photo Bruguière

JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

to pierce through his shroud of obscurity, and eventually attract the attention of almost every one worth while in New York's theatre world. Another beautiful production, "What's In A Name," followed and this year his second edition of the Follies has even outdone his first effort in this direction. The small theatre in Sheridan Square proving too small to accommodate the crowds that flocked to see the Anderson productions, the "Greenwich Follies" moved uptown to the Shubert Theatre where it is still playing to S. R. O.

In his quaint apartment on East Thirty-fourth Street, Mr. Anderson outlined to the present writer some of his revolutionary ideas. His abode is a thing of beauty and of his own creation. The principal room of the studio apartment, which is five elevator-less flights up in a building which is not new, is an old Colonial kitchen or living room, or a combination of both. It is fitted up with odd cabinets, pieces of ancient pottery and glassware, stiff-backed pine benches, a long pine table, uncovered, extending almost the length of the room; pine chairs, and a tall candlestick holder. A shrill-voiced baby parrot called "Micky," who adores the newly-arrived-on Broadway producer, and falls asleep in his coat pocket, and a frisky wire-haired fox terrier, snobbish because it has a prize winning sire, boss the home.

Though he has been in this country twelve or fourteen years, Mr. Anderson is still quite British in appearance, manners, and accent. He was born in Newfoundland. He is about thirty-eight years of age, with a slender face and form, black hair slicked back smooth and tight, a humorous glint in his eye, a fair cussing vocabulary in times of stress, and a hearty hand-grip.

Perhaps one of the most revolutionary things which this young Britisher plans is to do away with facial "make-up." He believes it can be eliminated. He says:

"If one would present a realistic performance, realistic in every sense of the word, facial 'make-up' must be done away with. Nature must be presented unadorned, or, rather, without grease paint and the fixings. This seemingly impossible thing can be accomplished, with the assistance of the new daylight lamps. I used them for the first time with satisfactory results in 'What's in a Name,' though I did not then abolish facial 'make-up.' I believe that the greatest progress of the stage can be made through lighting. We have scarcely experimented with it. It is a vast realm to explore, and holds many possibilities for the future. I intend to do a bit of exploring in that field!

**T**HERE are also tremendous possibilities in the use of masks. I experimented in the Follies, trying out a short episode with masks, and, as you know, it proved a decided hit. So many life-like masks are obtainable from artists in that line that it is not difficult to find just what you want. I saw some excellent Egyptian masks at a museum the other day, but they resembled death heads too much to ever prove popular. I have it in mind to put on a performance with the entire cast in masks.

"Then, too, I have always wanted to produce a child's play—not the drivel kind of thing which has been offered children in the past, but a Peter Pannish type of play—something universally appealing to children, and one which takes their potential intelligence into account. Perhaps masks could be used successfully in a children's play. That's something else I must study and determine.

"*Motif* curtains are going to figure more prominently in the theatre of the future. They have a distinct connection with what is going on before them, and that, to my mind, is a more sensible arrangement than having a curtain which has no relation whatever to the scene. For instance, in the 'Follies,' during a rube dialogue, a curtain depicting an orchard is used. It is a bit far fetched, perhaps, but it is not entirely divorced from what is taking place before it. It is tied up very definitely with a certain type of character. The *motif* in this case was a rural one. A musical number was given before a music *motif* curtain, and so on. I have tried to do away with the atrocious sky border up above, which I abominate.

"Though the bizarre note was accentuated in the 'Follies,' what I am really striving for is extreme simplicity. (Concluded on page 416)



SCENE IN THE "GREENWICH VILLAGE  
FOLLIES OF 1920"

Set by James Reynolds  
Staged by John Murray Anderson

(Below)

SCENE IN "WHAT'S IN A NAME"

Set by James Reynolds      Costumes by Robert Locker  
Staged by John Murray Anderson



Photos Francis Bruguière

STAGE PICTURES BY JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON



# THE FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE

*A single mass out in front, yet a complex multitude with multiplied opinions*

By ESTELLE HAMBURGER

Illustrations by Marion Downer

WHAT is so complex, so promiscuous, yet so human as the opening night audience? Nothing is more interesting to see and hear and feel and be a part of, for in its smiles, laughter, silences and tears—is the life story of the new born play.

The fun begins in the lobby when the clock strikes eight. The doors are thrown open. The ticket taker is in his place. The evening's work has begun.

An elderly gentleman enters escorting his wife. They look like commuters. There's a trace of New Jersey mud on his otherwise immaculate patent leather shoes. The muffler that serves to warm his throat in winter does September service of keeping his collar immaculate. A lace scarf protects his partner's shoulders, a tailored hat, straw with faded roses, crowns her silvered hair.

"I'm so glad we came early, Henry. We can go right in and sit down and read the program.

Are you sure your watch is right? We mustn't miss the 11.45."

His answer is lost in the noisy greetings of two giddy young things just behind them.

"So glad you've come, dear!" exclaims a high pitched voice between punctuation marks of kisses. "I was so afraid we'd be too late for the first act. I hear they sometimes bring out the author before the first act. I've wanted to see Belasco all my life and—oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

Rapturously they pass in making way for a man and woman faultlessly groomed who have just got out of a limousine. Breathlessly, the man exclaims:

"Don't know how I managed, but I did it! Hard to get as hen's teeth. But if I set my mind to a thing I don't stop till I've got it in my hands. I know fellows who have been trying to get them for weeks and couldn't. You only said yesterday that you wanted to see this opening night and here's little Willie with the tickets!"

"Oh, you dear!" is little Willie's reward.

The portals of the theatre swallow them while he continues his tale of victory.

The Bronx also sends its delegates to the premiere.

"Then we changed for a local and had to wait ten minutes. You know how

*"We mustn't miss the 11.45"*



*"Nothing is so complex, so promiscuous, yet so human, as a theatre audience"*

it is—if you want a Broadway it's a Bronx; we had forgotten the opera glasses and Richard had to go back for them and—you know how it is, everything just went wrong. But we didn't keep you waiting long, did we, my dear?"

But "my dear" and her husband, having found five long minutes of each others' company totally lacking in adventure, fail to be softened by excuses or cheered with anticipation of the performance to come.

And now the limousines and taxis begin to deliver their colorful freight at the door—satins, brocades, soft hair, silver slippers, furs and happy faces. A spoken word, an exchange of glances, a ripple of laughter, until the shadows of the theatre shroud one gay group after another.



*"A tall, slim man standing in the alcove"*

It is 8:25. A dapper little man, with a you've-got-to-show-me expression, strolls languidly through the doorway alone. He is as late as possible and as bored as possible. "Why go inside to see an uncertain play when you can stay in the lobby and see me?" is his translated attitude. He removes his hat and his pompadour glistens—Jones lighting on polished ebony. A tall, slim man, standing inconspicuously in the alcove, greets him with a nod of the head and a twinkle of the eye.

"Hope it will be a good word, Mr. —."

"Hope so," mutters —, to whom seeing plays is work and digging a garden recreation. He is a little hard to approach during business hours.

Within the theatre youth and age are assembled; those upon whose judgment depends largely the success of the play; those who come for the love of the test performance; those who come for the prestige it gives them to have their opinions confirmed rather than formed by the dramatic critics; those who come for curiosity; those who come for excitement; those who sit in the gallery to see; those who sit in the boxes to be seen. The illumination softens and grows dim. White ribbons of light are the accusing fingers that point out the late-comers being shown to their seats. Con-

versation dies to a whisper. The curtain rises. The play has begun.

"Did you notice who gets credit for the setting? The lighting reminds me of Jones, the background of Urban. Yet it might be Simonson—just who is it?" questions a spectacled young man to a lady at his left in a condensed whisper that just succeeds in shutting off the stage conversation from the ears of his

neighbors. Unmindful of the answer, but pleased with the question, he repeats it to the lady at his right. For tonight he has brought both his sister and his cousin. Popularity overawes him.

"Aren't the lines clever?" asks a sweet young person, so pleased with her originality in discovering that a Japanese kimono can do service as an evening wrap, that she is wearing it throughout the performance.

"Uh huh," grunts the man at her side, too absorbed in the thought that his companion looks as if she were the innocent victim of a hotel fire at midnight, to know or care about 'the lines'."

"Now, if you think we're too far back," says the man in the seventh row, who, at forty-five, has not yet learned how to whisper, "why I'll change them during the intermission. Tell me, can you see? Can you hear?" A burst of applause drowns the answer. The star is on the stage.

"Isn't she wonderful!" rhapsodizes an awesome whisper. "Isn't her gown perfectly stunning!" The play—what does that matter? The star—she is all.

"Remember the detail of that costume," urges a harsh, imperative whisper. "We'll use that sleeve effect on Mme. Auerbach's gown." It is a small uptown dressmaker who "treated" her designer to the opening night that she might store away ideas for a season to come.

Shifting faces, white shirt fronts, pale shoulders, glittering jewels weave the spell. Hushed conversation, the rustle of turning program pages, the soft crush of carpets cast the enchantment. It is a tense moment, the house is still, the only sound is a shriek from the stage, then darkness, silence, a storm of applause, the principals recalled, cheers, more applause, light. The first act is over. Cigarettes call the men to the lobbies. Friends greet friends. Whispers become laughter, conversation springs from everywhere.

"It's going great, Steve," says the manager to the producer.

Again the house darkens. A group of school teachers from the middle West far up in the gallery, who marked (Continued on page 412)



*"The critic with his cryptic smile"*





© Strauss Peyton

#### OLIVE THOMAS

*As if some forecast of the tragedy in Paris had touched her, there is a wistful quality in this picture of the late Olive Thomas. Her last film, "Everybody's Sweetheart," has been a source of melancholy satisfaction to the thousands who had learned to love her on the screen*



# WORTH WHILE PICTURES OF THE MONTH

By ALISON SMITH



THERE is no accounting for the sudden vogues which sweep over the film field and stampede all the directors and managers to the production of one type of screen-drama. Occasionally, you may assume that a successful film of a certain type has stimulated all other producers to go and do likewise. But this is not always the case. It does not explain the present deluge of rural drama which is flooding the film market. The "B'Gosh" movement in the American screen has burst on the public with spontaneous combustion and ranges all the way from the Metro production of "Shore Acres" to the Griffith edition of "Way Down East." The latest and most elaborate example of the home-spun and hayseed movie is the Fox Film version of Will Carleton's old poem, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse."

PERSONALLY, we never believed that this really was a poem; we thought it was a game like "Now we go round the mulberry bush," or other innocuous form of entertainment for the young. Later, we identified it with the mournful tale of the unfortunate couple who had to part with one member of their large and ravenous family and who went about murmuring, "Which shall it be, which shall it be?" But, finally, we placed the old verse as the story of a little old mother who was abused by a group of worthless children whose ingratitude was sharper than a serpent's tooth, and who was finally sent over the hills to the poor-house only to be rescued by the "black sheep" returned to redeem his past.

We don't know what effect the poem had when read aloud with gestures, but there can be no question about its effect on the audiences when the film was shown in a New York theatre. It has what is known as a "three handkerchief plot." Few films ever screened have induced an audience to mop its eyes with greater relish or to settle back in their seats for more sobs with such evident satisfaction.

There is much about the film which brings a genuine lump to the throat without theatricalism or bathos. For this we have to thank Harry Millarde, the director, because the entire film might have been choked with far more banalities had it not been for his skillful and sympathetic handling.

Mary Carr, who plays the old mother of the poem, catches this spirit of sincerity in one of the most genuine bits of character work we have ever seen on the screen. Personally, we could not always sympathize with her to the extent demanded by the author. It would seem that she might have preferred any poor-house, however draughty, to the cold mercies of her acid and good-for-nothing offspring.

The only serious technical flaw in the film was its sad need of cutting. An effect which strikes home at once when first presented, loses its force entirely when repeated for the third or fourth time. This has doubtless been corrected since the first night performance in New York—leaving the film as a flawless, if obvious, piece of direction. The perfect presentation of this exceedingly difficult film places Harry Millarde in the front ranks of screen directors.

ANOTHER film of the month is quite as bucolic in its nature although it has a metropolitan setting. This is the film version of "39 East," the comedy by Rachel Crothers which was received so enthusiastically in the theatre by matinee audiences and others. As these audiences will remember, it is a tale of love's young dream in a shabby-genteel boarding house under the fishy eyes of the landlady and the unsympathetic boarders.

Headed by Constance Binney, the cast, for the most part, has been lifted bodily from the stage to the screen. There is one unfortunate exception in the rôle of the young hero which was so delightfully played on the stage by Henry Hull. But the coquettish Southern widow, the grim and mercenary landlady and the two spinster sisters have their original rôles which, judging from the reception given

the film, seemed as fresh to the audience as if they had just been invented. And, as in the first production, Constance Binney gives a charming picture of the sweet young thing whose struggle to take care of herself fails blissfully in a sentimental fifth-reel close-up.

THE third "countrified" film is a new Will Rogers' picture called "Honest Hutch." It is the best Will Rogers' picture we have ever seen, which is perhaps the best thing that could be said of any comedy now on the film market. Indeed, if we were not somewhat coy about superlatives, we would say that it is the most delightful picture of this type ever screened.

In addition to the study of the laconic loafer, which only Will Rogers can do without bathos and without burlesque, it has a really significant story. Also a moral developed without cant. For the reform of "Hutch" is gained through thoroughly selfish motives which somehow makes him only the more lovable.

Oddly enough, the plot can be traced to the De Maupassant story about the diamond necklace. It is, however, reversed into an optimistic ending. "Hutch" is a good-for-nothing tramp, the scandal of the community for his laziness and general no account behavior. In digging for worms for his eternal fishing, however, he finds a bag of treasure left by bank-robbers, which he promptly appropriates in a hiding place of his own. To account for his sudden wealth to the neighbors he must make his farm yield some returns and to this end he really goes to work. The farm is redeemed from its destitute state, his family is restored to neatness and order, and he finds himself in an atmosphere of general prosperity through his own efforts. But when he goes to dig up that treasure again he finds that the robbers have reclaimed their spoils, and that his reformation was its own excuse for being.

Clarence Badger, the director, with Will Rogers and an excellent story had almost perfect film material to deal with. Nevertheless, he deserves no end of credit for not spoiling the entire production as many another director has done before him.

THE CRADLE OF COURAGE, brings William S. Hart back to his audiences in a rôle which differs greatly from his characteristic creations of the more or less Wild West. He plays the part of a noble and efficient policeman who has been only recently reformed from the craftiest of crooks. This transformation, needless to say, was brought about by the war although the electric smile of the heroine (played by Ann Little), may have contributed.

At any rate, the reformation is there and, as Hart never does anything by halves, there is nothing half-hearted about his efficiency when once in the uniform. He is as thorough at enforcing the law in the third reel as he was in breaking it in the first, and doubtless, most of his enthusiastic "fans" will find him as fascinating in helmet and brass buttons as in chaps and sombrero.

THE Constance Talmadge film of the month is a curious mixture of pathos and comedy called, "Good References." Indeed, it might have been all bathos and maudlin sentiment written around that eternal pathetic figure, the penniless orphan. But Miss Talmadge refused to make it so. Her idea of a penniless orphan does not in the least conform to the doleful figure in the old melodramas. She is not at all depressed by being let alone in the world by an impractical father. In fact, you feel sure that, were she turned out in a snowstorm like the hapless Anna Moore she would manage to make a winter sport episode of the entire scene. So the bitter details of the dreary boarding-house and the heartless landlady are turned into comedy which is not far from slapstick.



(Below)

# ANNE CORNWALL

When "The Copperhead" was produced, the film critics began to ask, "Who is Anne Cornwall?" This, with Lionel Barrymore on the same screen, is a distinction which comes to few ingenues. "She would make a clever star," announced the critics in one voice. So star she is, as the fluffy heroine of "La La Lucille," in a forthcoming screen production



## SCENE FROM "THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM"

When the fantastic scenes floated through the brain of old Omar, the tent-maker, one might very well have seen this eerie shot from "The Rubaiyat," a film version of the immortal quatrains designed by Ferdinand Pinney Earle



# CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

When a screen version of "Hush," the comedy of feminine rebellion, was selected for production, Clara Kimball Young seemed the logical heroine. One reason is that she can look at the same time gentle and rebellious, as in this picture



Photo Arnold Genthe





Photo Muriella

#### CLAIRE WHITNEY

*There is a suggestion of Greuze in this impression of Claire Whitney, whose elusive charm is imprisoned on the screen in typically feminine rôles. "Fine Feathers," which she has just finished, gave her a characteristic rôle and "Love, Honor and Obey," adds another "regular girl" to her gallery*



#### WILL ROGERS IN "HONEST HUTCH"

*Never was the beloved vagabond of the screen more dearly beloved than in "Honest Hutch," recently produced by Goldwyn. Here we have the inimitable Will Rogers as the lovable loafer with the crafty look of aroused ambition in his eyes*



#### CONSTANCE BINNEY AND REGINALD DENNY

*The two persecuted lovers of "39 East" have finally found their way to the screen. Reginald Denny has the rôle played by Henry Hull and Constance Binney plays the part she created in the stage version of this idyl of love in a shabby-genteel boarding-house*



# EUGENE O'BRIEN

However his film rôles may shift, Eugene O'Brien will still remain "the perfect lover" of the silver sheet. This does not mean that he is confined to tragedy. His latest completed picture, "*A Wonderful Chance*," is a romantic comedy and he is now working on "*Soul and Body*," a romantic melodrama. But romance his audience demands, let the plot fall where it may



# WILLIAM HART IN "THE CRADLE OF COURAGE"

He took off the chaps and sombrero of his wild west rôles and put on the brass buttons and helmet of a New York cop, a novel departure from this actor's usual character studies



# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

By M. E. KEHOE



## CHINESE STUDENTS GIVE LORD DUNSANY'S PLAYS

*"The Gods of the Mountain" and "The Tents of the Arabs" presented for the first time in China, by the Students of the Hongkong University*



# DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

By ETHEL ARMES



PLAYS, pageants and festivals commemorating the Pilgrim Tercentenary have held the center of the stage in community dramatics, north, south, east and west the entire year past. Inasmuch as the Pilgrim celebrations will be carried on well into the summer of 1921, further plans for the continuation and development of historical dramatic entertainments are being outlined by Community Service (Inc.), and by The Drama League of America.

One pageant which has intellectual substance and rare artistic beauty is the Pilgrim Tercentenary masque, "Raleigh, Shepherd of the Ocean," by Frederick H. Koch. While it was produced in October at Raleigh, N. C., by students of the University of North Carolina and citizens of Raleigh, under the direction of Elizabeth B. Grimball it will doubtless be repeated by communities all over America. It is so distinct a contribution to our Colonial life.

This masque can be produced for not more than \$500, and may be secured in typewritten form from the author, to whom THEATRE MAGAZINE will be glad to forward inquiries.

A spectacle play of exquisite workmanship which includes a pageant of the American Universities, and which, like the Raleigh masque is especially adapted for permanent use by college communities is, "The King's Progress," by Constance Smedley Armfield. This play deals with an incident in the progress of the boy-king, Edward VI of England (1522-1548) and the consequent repeal of the laws against strolling players so that they may spread the New Learning. It gives a vivid picture of the genesis of freedom in England and the establishment of universal education, and ends with a prediction that the light will spread to "the New Worlds beyond the Seas," in "the Mayflower," that is building at "Southampton." The play is noteworthy for its pure Tudor English, and historical vividness. It incorporates speeches from contemporary writings and letters of Edward VI, his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth; Sir Thomas Elyott, Roger Ascham, Sir John Cheke, John Bale, etc. The action is swift and varied, and an English Folk Dance Festival is introduced, a song of Henry VIII's and a Pavane; also a Pageant of the American Universities. The play may be given indoors or outdoors. It is not suited for hasty production but demands good direction. The presentation, however, is simple and the columnar instructions make the small parts particularly interesting. Copies of the play with detailed directions for production may be secured from the author to whom THEATRE MAGAZINE will be glad to forward inquiries.

An especially fine pageant play relating to the Jamestown settlement is "A Dream of Gold," by Augusta Stevenson.



THE part taken by the New York Tercentenary celebration in the way of pageantry, while small by comparison with the elaborate presentations of other cities, was picturesque and distinctive.

New York, as the American headquarters of the Sulgrave Institution, was the central gathering place during September and October of the Dutch, English, French, Italian and Canadian delegates.

Sightseeing tours, dinners, luncheons, receptions and mass meetings with practically all officialdom present, marked the New York program. The play and pageant note must needs be of slender volume, mainly, in a sense as an accompaniment. For instance at the Hotel Astor banquet given by The Sulgrave Institution and its associated organizations on the evening of Tuesday September 28th, an attractive dramatic entertainment was presented by New York Community Service, in the interim between demi-tasse and the after-dinner speeches. It consisted simply of the reading, by Miss Helen Harrington of Alfred Noyes' poem, "The Mayflower," illustrated by the Carter-Waddell dancers. May Pashley Harris was the dramatic director.

The costuming, a fresh, tender green of earliest spring and the spirit and design of the dance were utterly charming, and intimate part of the noble poem.

The second play interlude music and tableau took place at the Pilgrim Meeting at Carnegie Hall on September 29th.

Here, Frederick Gunther was conductor of the chorus; Frank Hayek was pianist and A. Campbell Weston, organist. The chorus was comprised of employees of the Federal Reserve Bank, Community Service, Inc., Western Union Telegraph Co., Federal Board for Vocational Training, Liberty National Bank, and the National Park Bank.

Following the program of Song in which the National airs of England, America and Holland had place, came the entrance of the Pilgrim Fathers who, forming a tableau before the flags of the allied nations, gave a reading of the Mayflower Compact.

Meantime, several thousand tickets for the enlisted men of the battleship squadron of the Atlantic fleet U. S. Navy were distributed and a number of special dances given.



A NEW note in community entertainments are sounded by Westchester County, N. Y., on Columbus Day. A masque of Americanization, "The Trees of the Blazed Trail," written by Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas, and dedicated to Community Service, (Inc.), was given in the spacious tree-bordered meadow lying between the Scarsdale Women's Club building and the High School.

This beautiful tract of land, twenty-five acres in all, has just been secured by the people of Scarsdale for a permanent Community Centre. Its dedication to the service of the Community on October 12th, was made the occasion for the presentation of the unique and fanciful masque, which by means of charming verse, song, dance, tableau and pantomime lifted the dedication ceremonials into the realm of poetry.

The out of door stage setting was designed by the architect, Hobart Upjohn. It showed the heart of a great forest. Out of the shadows of several mammoth mushrooms looming up on the right of the forest scene fairies danced. All of the forest people, fireflies, crickets, frogs, hoot owls—and the trees themselves were personified. Burr McIntosh represented The Soul of the Forest Primeval; Margaret Widdemer the Oak Tree; Nora Sterling, Queen Titania;

Josephine Carter-Waddell, a June Firefly; Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas, the Elm Tree. Part of the pageant's story was told in song by Mrs. Hunt Atwater, Mrs. Winfield D. Londen, and Mrs. Hugh Adair; Mr. Kenneth Widdemer of Community Service co-operated in every detail with the Scarsdale Committee. May Pashley Harris was the director.

Mrs. Vilas, author of "The Trees of the Blazed Trail," has been in the public eye as a dramatic artist and a writer of verse for the past six or eight years. She has given dramatic programs with the Chautauqua players in New York and with the Evanston players. Many of her verses have appeared in magazines and books of collected poems. She had composed a number of songs with the music, and written masques, pageants and plays. Her play, "The Maker of Souls," was produced recently at Mr. Frank Vanderlip's Theatre at Scarsboro-on-Hudson, and her pageant, "The Home Valley" was a charming summer event of the Scarsdale colony.



THE opening of The Greenleaf Theatre studio by Maxwell Armfield and Constance Smedley (Mrs. Armfield) in New York, is one of the interesting events of this season. This is a producing centre for community drama and provides an opportunity for both students and teachers to have practical experience in staging, coaching and producing plays. Stagecraft for schools, stage design, and methods of outdoor production are comprised in the study course.

Mr. and Mrs. Armfield came to America from England in 1916. They have produced plays in New York at Columbia University in the Community Theatre of La Jolla, California, at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, where their "Miriam," with Ruth St. Denis in the title rôle was produced and at the University of California. Their recent synthetic production of the "Winter's Tale," given in Berkeley, California, has started a movement there for a co-operative theatre.

After Mr. and Mrs. Armfield had their Pageant of Progress in Stroud, England, in 1912, and organized their company of Cotswold Players in 1913 (which company is still thriving), they conceived the idea of a travelling Community Theatre that would be world-wide in scope and called it the Greenleaf Theatre with "Now" as its motto. Mrs. Armfield's experience in founding the International Lyceum Club in fourteen European capitals and Mr. Armfield's wide experience in Europe as a mural artist, designer and craftsman, gave them the broad vision essential for the development of their idea.



IN Omaha, Nebraska, a Folk Theatre is being planned and a Roaming Theatre in Cincinnati, Ohio. In Baltimore, Md., a Municipal Community Theatre was built during the summer on the city's recreation pier. This is located in a district where 22 different nationalities are gathered together. Folk plays for adults and folk plays for children now being given. The presentation of American plays written by American authors is (Continued on page 418)





Boys from the Back of the North Wind who attend Father Christmas in Oakland's delightful and fantastic Christmas Pageant

## A COMMUNITY CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

**J**UST how a community celebration of Christmas may be so stirring and so beautiful that an entire city votes to have precisely the same thing every year is a matter of interest to all communities.

This is what the little California city of Oakland has done. And because of its last year's Christmas pageant organized by the Recreation Department of Oakland and the town's delight and satisfaction in it, the preparation and planning for this coming Christmas is not one-half so arduous a task for the people of Oakland as if it were a brand new celebration.

Oakland's Christmas Pageant is one that might be adapted to any American community. It is in the interpretation and presentation, rather than in the idea, that the originality and the opportunity for poetic and fanciful treatment lies.

The thread of story underlying the pageant is told in five lines of prologue:

"The Spirit of Christmas," after summoning Father Christmas and Santa Claus, with all their attendants, invites many groups and nationalities to bring their special Christmas songs and customs. Then all assembled bow in worship to

the Christ Child in the lowly manger.

Thus, as may be read, the entire pageant symbolizes the melting pot that is America, where the different races and nationalities have fused their individual Christmas celebrations into one great uplifting spirit of thanksgiving. The intermingling of the hundred and one foreign charms belonging to the Greek, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Danish, English, Irish, and Swedish methods of commemorating Christmas into one harmonious whole makes an interesting picture, taken all in all. Without expert direction and leadership the celebration cannot, of course, be rounded out, as it calls for more than ordinary executive ability and dramatic skill. Three thousand people, men, women and children took part in the Oakland Pageant and about 10,000 persons witnessed each performance.

**A**TENDING the Spirit of Christmas there are innumerable "Fairies of Good Tidings," goblins and elves who dance, and flying boys from the back of the North Wind. Santa Claus himself and his pack of live toys, boys who are balloons, aviators and jumping jacks; girls who are French dolls and dolls of all nations; babies

who are dressed as alphabet blocks and candy bags—this act in itself is a marvel of surprise and odd fancies. Then there are walking Christmas cards, Christmas wreaths, Christmas folk dances and Christmas carols of all the different nations represented in the community. All alike lead up to the one focussing point, The Nativity—"Throughout the ages," run the words of the Pageant Book, "Christmas has never weakened in its tremendous significance. Bells ring, candles glow, song and dance, greetings, gifts and good cheer abound; but always below these surface manifestations, there is the Christ-Child and the Christ Spirit, the Manger at Bethlehem, the transfigured Mother, the pondering Joseph, the shepherds, the glory of the Lord, the Heavenly Host, the Miracle of Miracles."

Many suggestions and directions for Christmas entertainments are furnished to communities by Community Service (Incorporated), 1 Madison Avenue, New York. No rural community, however isolated, no village, town or city in the United States need be without suggestions for really charming Christmas celebrations this year.

## CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

Arranged by Constance D'Arcy Mackay

**E**XPERIENCE has proved that the most useful and practical Christmas Program consists of Christmas Carols, Christmas Recitations and a one-act Christmas Play or Plays, according to what is needed; or a long Christmas Play may be given which will fill an entire evening. Many communities have given three one-act plays in an evening using first a play by children, then a play by a girls' club, and lastly a play in which adults take part. Carols may be sung as an overture to these plays and all the audience should take part in singing.

The Community Christmas Tree Carol Book is excellent for city and country schools, churches, and communities. So is a little book called, *Christmas Songs and Carols*, by Kate

Douglas Wiggin. This carol book contains both words and music. Some of the songs are secular in nature and can thus be used by all religions. This carol book also contains a charming introduction, portions of which may be read before the singing of the carols begin. In a modern Christmas carol called, *The Christ Child's Christmas Tree*, by Arthur Farwell, which shows the new Christmas spirit for village singing, the word "city" can be changed to "village" throughout, without destroying the sense of the whole.

*Plays, Pageants and Pantomimes*, by Norah Archibald Smith contains very interesting Christmas material, including some of the best Christmas pantomimes, and Christmas tableaux for children from seven to fifteen years that can

be obtained. The book is entirely practical as well as poetic.

*Christmase in Merrie England*, with old carols, dances and a masque arranged by Mari Ruef Hofer, is a most practical and charming Christmas celebration introducing all the old English customs and songs. A jolly short Masque in rhyme is also introduced. From thirty to eighty young people can take part in it, boys and girls, ranging in age from seven to sixteen. While this Christmas celebration is primarily designed for young people, it is of such good quality and has such fine atmosphere that it could be used for adults or for a celebration in which both adults and children take part. The costumes through- (Continued on page 418)



# THE DRAMA AT PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

IN retrospect a year seems but a short time, but at The Pennsylvania State College much progress in the field of drama has been made. The past academic year has seen the birth of a live and enthusiastic dramatic organization, "The Penn State Players" which, although it can not point to a long series of successes, can at least boast of three performances well staged.

The situation at State College, although not unique is, at least peculiar to a limited class of schools. The Pennsylvania State College is essentially a technical school where by far the great majority of students are enrolled in the schools of agriculture, mining, chemistry, and engineering. In such a school one does not look for a wide interest in things artistic nor for an appreciation of drama of real worth. The year at Penn State has proved the fallacy of this popular belief. Those in close touch with student life have expressed their conviction that a real and sympathetic interest for serious drama has been awakened. True, it is not all that one would wish, but that a beginning has been made is plainly evident.

BEFORE the advent of The Penn State Players there was on the campus but one dramatic organization, a society composed entirely of men, which presented each year a musical comedy or a light farce, in most cases the men playing the female parts. Naturally, these performances were well received and they still prove to be extremely popular. When a new organization was suggested, an organization to make a serious study of drama, there were those who said that there was no taste for such things and predicted ultimate failure. The Players, however, did not expect instant success, but they had confidence enough in the venture to believe that eventually their efforts would be rewarded.

The first performance consisted of three one-act plays: "Dawn," by Percival Wilde; "Spreading the News," by Lady Gregory, and "The

Wonder Hat," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. The people for the plays were chosen by competition, it being understood that those who received parts were to be charter members in "The Penn State Players." Scenery, properties, or money there was none, but there was an abundance of faith. A new set of scenery was built in the engineering department, another set was graciously loaned, and the plays begun. Everyone entered into the project with all the enthusiasm of college people. The three plays were presented and although the audience was not large it numbered, nevertheless, more than four hundred. The interest in the first two plays was extremely sympathetic and the last play brought forth considerable applause. The many kind remarks after the performance did considerable to encourage the Players. Immediately it was decided to give another play, this time a little more ambitious.

THE next play selected was Oscar Wilde's brilliant comedy of English society life, "The Importance of Being Earnest." It was feared that the humor of this play was too subtle for amateurs, but from the outset the players entered into it with a most sympathetic enthusiasm. This enthusiasm continued throughout the rehearsals, in fact, the play grew upon them until they seemed to feel the English characters. The performance clearly showed the interest the players felt; their spontaneity and their own enjoyment of the play early pervaded the audience. The results surpassed all expectations and the future of The Penn State Players was assured.

Confident now that their venture was real and their faith justified the players decided upon a Shakespearean play for their Commencement offering. The vehicle chosen was "The Tempest." After careful investigation it was decided that the time was not ripe for Shakespeare and that the performance of "The Tempest" had better be postponed for a year when the organization would be on a sounder financial basis. "Prunella"

by Lawrence Houseman and Granville Barker was chosen in its place.

This play was staged in the out-door theatre against a background of natural beauty. The quaint costumes, the tuneful music, and the exquisite grace of the play with its plaintive note of love charmed the audience and carried it to a realm of dreams. Of the three performances of the year, "Prunella" was undoubtedly the most successful both from a financial standpoint and from the standpoint of art. The costumes of the play were designed and executed by girls in the Department of Home Economics, while the music was furnished by a college orchestra.

THE Penn State Players have awakened a real sympathy for things artistic in the college; they have sensed a deeper value of the dramatic, and have cultivated a community spirit, a social tie that links many with a common bond of interest.

The Players are already planning a new year of dramatic activity. The work begun will be further developed and new phases of the work will be added. Several original one-act plays will be staged during the year. These plays were written by Penn State students in the "Players' Workshop," the college course in playwriting. These are strictly native plays in that the characters are such as have come under the personal observation of the writers, while the plots are taken from everyday scenes of Pennsylvania life.

Supplementing the playwriting work is a course in pageantry and the study of the masque. During the first semester of the year the students of this class will write an original masque to be presented in the late spring under the auspices of "The Penn State Players."

The work at The Pennsylvania State College is in charge of Arthur C. Cloetingh, director of The Penn State Players; Miss Ruth Jackson, Arthur Deering, with Dr. W. S. Dye, Jr., chairman of The English Department, as general supervisor.



## One-Act Plays for Colleges and Schools

SO many requests have come to us for information concerning one-act plays suitable for college and school presentation, that it has been decided to publish, from time to time, lists of plays, with brief explanatory notes.

"Glory of the Morning"—William Ellery Leonard. Romantic Indian story. Wigwag scene. Indian costumes. Two men, a woman, little boy and little girl. "Wisconsin Plays," First Series. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

"Happiness"—J. Hartley Manners. A social comedy of character. A comfortably furnished room in a modern apartment house. Two women and two men. "Happiness and Other Plays." Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"The Bracelet"—Alfred Sutro. French social comedy. Dining room. Evening dress. Four men and four women. Samuel French, New York.

"The Florist Shop"—Winifred Hawkrigge. Social comedy. Interior of a florist shop. Three

men and two women. "Plays of the Harvard Dramatic Club." Brentano's, New York.

"Joint Owners in Spain"—Alice Brown. Humorous social comedy. Living room in an Old Ladies' Home. Four women. Samuel French, New York.

"The Last Straw"—Bosworth Crocker. Realistic social tragedy. Kitchen in a flat. Two men, one woman and two boys. "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors." Mayorga. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Overtones"—Alice Gerstenberg. Satirical comedy on the dual nature of women. Fashionable living room. Four women. "Washington Square Plays." Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Neighbors"—Zona Gale. Realistic rural domestic comedy, very popular. Living room. Two men and six women. "Wisconsin Plays," First Series. B. W. Huebsch, New York.

"Maker of Dreams"—O. Downs, 3 rôles. Fantasy, can be made beautiful, dainty. Requires lightness of presentation. Gowans, Gray.

"A Night at an Inn"—One of the best one-act tragedies. Eight men. English interior. Oriental god regains a stolen jewel. Sunwise Turn, N. Y.

"Man Who Married a Dumb Wife"—A. France. Large cast. Uproarious comedy made famous by its unique stage settings. Just as good if simply set. Early French costumes. Lane.

"Behind a Watteau Fan"—R. Rogers. Fairly large cast. Beautiful poetic novel. Always effective when well done. Baker.

"A Marriage Proposal"—A. Tcheckov. Three rôles. Easy to produce. Simple Russian interior. Frequently performed. All parts good. French, N. Y.

Note: At the close of the article "A Community Christmas Pageant," on page 384 of this issue, mention is made that Community Service, 1 Madison Avenue, New York, will be glad to furnish, on request, suggestions and programs for Christmas celebrations. This service we are advised, may be had for a nominal fee, but is cannot be furnished free.





*The Penn State Players selected a charming misé-en-scène for the presentation of "Prunella" and then they proceeded to stage it with the utmost simplicity*



*A lovely scene showing the three maiden aunts and Prunella, who is true to type, from the tips of her mittened fingers, to the toes of her quaint old-fashioned slippers*



*The convincing house, in this simple out-door setting for "Prunella," is nothing more than a flat board front, set in a mass of shrubbery and trees. A door and a casement that open, complete the illusion*



# The Programme of Fashion

By PAULINE MORGAN



Henson-Connelly

**FLORENCE** of Denishawn and Hitchy Koo 1920! An alluring tidbit offered the public at one and the same time. How she uses many ostrich plumes is evidenced in the chic little black velvet creation shown in the photograph. The snug fitting basque has a sleeve fringe of glycerined ostrich which is repeated in a huge round fan. Sweeping curled ostrich feathers make the skirt mounted on lace net over silk and a great length of ostrich feather is worked gracefully in and through the upturned hat brim. Ropes of pearls distinguished the toilette.



TRANTON





Ira L. Hill

Gypsy O'Brien, the talented Irish beauty in Ian Hay's "Happy-Go-Lucky" comedy, is enthusiastic over American styles. She displays a style sense of her own in wearing small fur hats to match her wraps

Models from A. Jaechel & Co.

**M**ONKEY fur, so much heralded at the openings, is a feature of the winter modes. To combine it with a different fur is to achieve an unusually smart effect. In a fetching small wrap and muff for the milder days, Miss O'Brien sets the pace for distinguished elegance. Squirrel forms a snug cape-wrap to the waist which may be drawn into a hug-me-tight. Monkey edges the full short arm opening, and is again repeated inside the rolling long collar. The voluminous muff is banded with the squirrel and fringed with monkey



**M**OLESKIN has gradually and steadily advanced in the favor of smart women until it is perhaps the foremost fur of the season. The luster and shadings of this exquisite fur has as much significance to the discriminating woman as the subtle odor of a perfume. An interesting model worn by Miss O'Brien resembles nothing so much as a huge flower with inverted petals; the collar is most unusual and may be worn as a Pierette or in high choked effect

MONKEY FUR THE SMART  
TRIMMING FOR VELVET  
AND SATINS

THE FUR COLLAR MAY BE  
A DEEP CAPE OR A HIGH  
CHOKER



THE OSTRICH PLUME AND PARADISE FEATHER ADJUST THEMSELVES IN CAVALIER FASHION

Models from Peggy Hoyt



Marie Carroll, the dainty little ingenue in "The Charm School" reveals herself as a smart New Yorker in Peggy Hoyt hats



SAND colored duvetyn makes a Peggy Hoyt turban in characteristic fashion, swathed in that mysterious way that is infinitely becoming. Sweeping paradise feathers as a decoration leave nothing further to be desired

Ira L. Hill



TO remind us of the picturesque fashion days of the early Seventies, ostrich plumes circle the rather stiff little hat of plush and curves about the neck until it nods coyly over the shoulder or hugs the neck still closer. It is a romantic fashion and a very feminine fashion

THE FROCK OR COAT WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY

THE frock spells simplicity and desirability. It is of black chiffon velvet, full of skirt and skimp of bodice that has a normal waistline finished with a novel belt of patent leather and ivory sueds. Further elegance is found in the chemise and collar of ivory lace, and the unique use of pearl buttons and silk button holes

AND PLUMED HAT FOR WINTER WARDROBE



EMBROIDERIES FOR  
SLEEVE AND TUNIC

RECOGNIZE NO PEER  
IN FASHIONS

**M**ARTHA MANSFIELD who came into prominence a short time ago as John Barrymore's leading woman in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will soon appear in a new picture opposite Owen Moore. She is expected to introduce some innovations in the way of wearing smart frocks and accessories. Her collection of fans is an achievement in color, shape and design



**M**ISS MANSFIELD favors a quaint evening gown of silver cloth flounced with silver lace and delicate silver roses. An adjustable loose cape of silver cloth is a feature of the costume. It is cut in a long point at the back, and shaped to fold over the shoulders and about the waist. The cape feature is an advanced note in the manner of evening gowns. Models from Boué Soeurs



Ira L. Hill

Models from Boué Soeurs



**A**N APRON TUNIC of lace or one richly pailleted in jet is in high favor for dinner and evening gowns. The simple little frock worn by Miss Mansfield is of black net with a tunic heavily embroidered in jet and sapphires. Repeating its beauty in a body garniture, the whisp of a gown clings closely to the body outlining an adorable silhouette. The sleeveless evening gown prevails, but with a more modified decolletage



**A** GIRLISH blue taffeta model delights in a slightly elongated bodice that ties in surplice fashion over a French blue waist-coat heavily embroidered in gold. The frock might be quite unnoticed were it not for the Russian sleeve of French blue chiffon, reaching the entire length of the arm, and richly encrusted with gold embroidery, buillon and lace. No particular length of sleeve is featured this season, but great emphasis is laid on the treatment of the sleeve



# THE ONE-PIECE FROCK FOR FALL DAYS

# FLOWER DESIGNS PICKED OUT IN GAY WORSTEDS OR BEADS



ONE has only to see Alice Brady in the American play "Anna Ascends" to know that she wears clothes with infinite grace and individual style. Off the stage her frocks and the way she wears them is just as notable, for they invariably express her personality.

Models from Harry Collins



C. Smith Gardner

AN UNUSUAL evening frock of black satin is typically Spanish. The straight long waisted bodice is of jet, joined to a tunic overskirt of satin banded widely in the jet with a flower design in brilliant red worsted. It is observed that Miss Brady likes her frocks ankle length

(At top)

ONE of the latest fashion edicts from Paris is to bind the hips tightly with a wide sash or girdle, the fashionable low waistline is thus retained and emphasized. The bodice and skirt of a black satin frock is joined in this manner, and depends on eyelet embroidery for decoration



Irma L. Hill

THE black and white combination eternally charms and mystifies. It is equal to any occasion. Miss Brady considers a black and white messaline one of her most effective frocks. Built on chemise lines, a yoke effect is outlined in black embroidery which is further introduced in a flower design of large pattern



C. Smith Gardner

FOR real wintry days a regulation coat with sleeves is not to be scorned. Black velvet forms the body portion of the wrap with an entire skirt of squirrel. The versatile collar has a unique way of tying itself or falling off the shoulder in the manner of a cape



# Angelina's Christmas Gifts

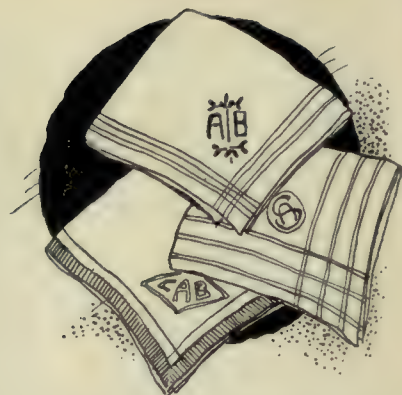
By HERSELF



I AM a dog that has just buried a bone. I am the cat that has lapped the cream. I am all that is most smug and pious and self-satisfied. For contrary to all precedent, I have done my Christmas shopping early. The exhortations of all the previous seasons, I suppose, have just taken effect in me.

Or was it the example of Mrs. Theresa Maxwell-Conover of "Honeydew"? Perhaps both. Mrs. Conover plays the young mother-in-law in the Zimbalist opera at the Casino. I went to see her gowns, which are as stunning as she is, and then behind the scenes to meet her in her dressing-room. She was perfectly lovely to me, and as we came out from the theatre together—it was a matinée day—there was her car, an adorable little brougham, coffee-with-cream color, inside and out, which she drives herself, waiting at the stage entrance. And she asked me to "hop in and take a spin round the park before dinner." And I hopped with celerity. And we struck up a great friendship then and there.

SO much so that a week later we went shopping together. Mrs. Conover, who is one of those women that keep their appointments on time, and are forehanded about everything else, was "shopping early" for Christmas. She said if you only made up



For still other men friends, the latest "chic" in handkerchiefs, which insists they shall be all-white linen with tape borders, and monograms or initials in two tones, old blue and dark blue, tan and brown, light and dark green

Pearls for everybody and everything, this season! For the hair, for the ears, double and tripe strands for the neck, pearl strings to be wound round the wrist. Lastly, pearls made up into what is known as the "Deauville" bracelet, four strands of small pearls, separated by gold bars

To Mrs. Theresa Maxwell-Conover of "Honeydew," for her spring trip to Italy, went a Bessie Damsey negligée of rose colored pussy-willow satin that is lined with grey satin turning back over the rose at neck and sleeves, and has a collar of opossum

For certain men friends, cigarette boxes of clear white glass, etched, and very heavy, so that they could not be upset or easily broken. And ash trays in heavy colored porcelains

your mind to it, it was really much easier that way. You tackled the big presents first, and the little presents just naturally collected themselves as you went along. And so I found it.

My presents for my immediate family won't interest you. They are all nice and things they want, but more or less conventional. My other gifts are a bit less so, and you may care to hear about one or two of them as suggestive of what the New York shops have to offer.

I wanted something very choice for Mrs. Conover, since she had been so adorable to me, and I finally decided on a "Bessie Damsey" negligée. Mrs. Conover goes to Italy every spring, and I thought it would be just the thing for the steamer. The negligée was of rose pussywillow satin, lined with pale grey satin that turns back over the pink at neck and loose sleeves, and has a collar of opossum for a touch of warmth and smartness. The lines and unusual color arrangement, if I do say it myself, are really extraordinarily lovely.

FOR my half dozen good men friends, who could not be slighted, I concentrated on handkerchiefs and cigarette boxes and ash trays. That sounds commonplace enough, doesn't it? But they weren't, really. The handkerchiefs were the latest *chic* for men; sheer, all-white linen with tape borders and beau-

tiful little initials or monograms embroidered in new designs and odd color combinations. The embroidering was where the shopping early came in to the greatest advantage.

The cigarette boxes were unusual, too, about five inches long by three wide, in white, etched glass, but very heavy so that they could be banged around without any fear of upsetting or breaking. The ash trays came in sets of three and four, of colored glass or bits of heavy pottery. With handkerchiefs and cigarette boxes and ash trays apportioned, that disposed of the mere men.

Since you could hardly go into any shop without meeting up with luring counters of pearls, I had to have some of those, too. There is the greatest furore over pearls, at present. The actress has made the wearing of them for bracelets so popular, for one reason . . . and now that you must wear from two to three strings at a time round your neck, it won't interfere with your present if the giftee already has one. I discovered, however, that there was a choice to be had in the pearl strings, and that if you took time—I acquired a pearl counter habit, and stood completely absorbed and fascinated for long minutes, fingering and pricing and comparing—you could pick up certain strings at a lesser price, that looked as pearly and iridescent as

others more expensive. I also gave one of the new "Deauville" or dog-collar bracelets, which you may see in the sketch on the left wrist of the lady, four strands of pearls separated by three gold bars.

THEN I discovered in an Oriental shop some enchanting red and black lacquered sweetmeat trays, with compartments, for the extremely moderate price of \$6.50. And purchased two: one for a young matron, and another for a Greenwich Village bachelor maid, both of whom make a feature of their afternoon tea. Such sweetmeat trays are most convenient for informal occasions when one doesn't want a servant about. Your sugar and salted nuts and sandwiches can all be housed under one roof, and passed around with the minimum of expenditure of effort and attention, something invaluable to every hostess. The various compartments in the tray can be taken out and shifted in different combinations, to accommodate whatever is being served.

At the same shop I also happened

(Continued on page 398)



Alice Simon





Detail illustration of  
the Vanity Fair Sure-  
Lap Union Suit,  
No. 34822.

The Vanity Fair  
Double-Back  
Knicker, No. 2410.

Posed by KATHRYN PERRY

## When a Union Suit has a Sure-Lap Closing—

the last objection is removed! For, of course, nothing else can give you the smooth, clean-cut lines of a glove-silk union—the trying feature has always been its tendency to open in back! But the Vanity Fair designers started thinking about it, and first thing you know, they evolved the sure-lap patent closing! It holds the union securely closed, and you never find it on any union suit but the Vanity Fair.

And this is only one of the Vanity Fair creations that is unusual! The Vest is different from any you've seen be-

cause it's longer and the straps *stay on* the shoulder where they belong. It's the way they're placed that keeps them from wandering down your arm!

The Knickers have a double back. The Pettibocker combines frilly petticoat with comfortable knicker, while the Step-In Envelope has neither snaps nor buttons. The Vanties have the coolness of open drawers but are much more attractive!

The Vanity Fair label in your silk underwear means that you have something really advanced!

VANITY FAIR SILK MILLS, READING, PA.

Makers of Vanity Fair Silk Underwear and Silk Gloves

  
Vanity Fair SILK UNDERWEAR





M-61—A charming table decoration in purple, amber or celestie blue glass. The candlesticks are 10 in. high and cost \$15. The bowl, to match is 12 in. across with a wrought iron stand in brown or verde green. Bowl \$12. Stand \$8.50. Complete with candles \$35.00.

**O**VINGTON'S, "The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue" is a useful and pleasant shop to know all year round—but it is at Christmas that Ovington's reaches its highest usefulness to you. You may order from this page—the gifts will be sent where you will—or at your request we will gladly forward our new Christmas Gift Book with over 200 illustrations.

CATALOG M SENT UPON REQUEST



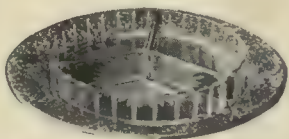
M-60—This bowl for gold fish is of blue, amber or pearl green lustre. 11 in. high. Price \$15.00.



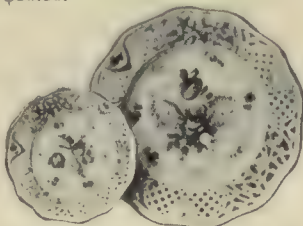
M-44—A Waltham eight-day clock tops this handsome mirror and a walnut and gold frame encloses it. 47 in. long by 11½ in. wide. Price \$60.00.



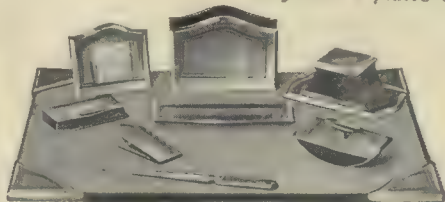
M-42 — Pedestal picture frame in carved design in antique gold. For 8x10 photo. \$7.50.



M-57—This heavy Sheffield relish dish with three engraved removable crystal sections is 11½ in. across. \$10.00.



M-51—A china cake set in old Dresden design of colored flowers and open-work border. One cake tray and 6 plates \$15.00.



M-71—Bronze desk set, each piece edged with polished brass. Pad 16 x 21 inches. Set complete \$60.00.

**O**VINGTON'S

"The Gift Shop of Fifth Avenue"

312-314 Fifth Avenue, near 32nd St., New York

THE LITTLE THINGS OF

DRESS AS CHRISTMAS

SUGGESTIONS



**B**RACELETS and more bracelets is the whim of fashion—they have become such an important dress accessory that in Paris many of the smart women have entirely discarded other jewelry, so that the bizarre arm decoration may become more effective. Florence Walton of dancing and fashion fame has just returned from many months in Paris—she does not hesitate to wear a dozen narrow circlets of sparkling gems, or several white bands of Oriental design. Alice Brady too has created a vogue for colorful Assyrian bracelets, by wearing the tinkling glass ornament in the the name part of "Anna Ascends." As a Christmas remembrance, such a feminine bauble would be most acceptable.

**P**ocketbooks and bags are extreme in design—they are either tailored—very flat and shaped like a huge envelope without a handle, or they become softly constructed affairs of velvet or satin, flounced with fur or feathers. And speaking of ostrich feathers—ostrich wristlets to to be worn with evening dress are also offered to match the favored fan.

**A**nd gloves are important, with a touch of colorful silk lining they offer in gauntlet style a smart finish to the tailor and are frequently inset and stitched with contrasting color. With the introduction of these gloves appears the walking stick—a Paris novelty that has become extremely popular—it may be designed or painted or carried in individual style, and will appeal to American women of fashion.



Ivory leather bordered in black patent leather makes a chic case in which to carry a change purse, a mirror, a flat powder bag and cigarette case.

A chinese blue chiffon velvet bag with Ostrich fringe of changeable blue with a silver cord



An ebony cane to match the black and white French glove. The decoration on the cane is done in ivory kid with an ivory handle embossed in black initial. For the tailored outfit, a limber little cane of bright yellow or red wood is the perfection of ultra chic style



# "Onyx" Hosiery

of Silk, with "Pointex" Heel  
PATENTED

"Onyx"—denotes  
*Quality* in hosiery.



## TRUE DISTINCTION

FIRST FUTURE "SOCIETY LEADER": "My Mother's hair dresser comes to the house every morning."

SECOND DITTO: "That's nothing. My mother gets all her hats from Paris."

THIRD DITTO: (*with finality*): "My Mother wears 'Onyx' Hosiery, with Pointex Heels. She says all the best people do."

"Onyx" Hosiery in all materials  
At the Better Shops Everywhere

**Emery & Beers Company, Inc.**  
Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors, NEW YORK



"Pointex" Heel





# Sheridan

FIFTH AVENUE AT 366

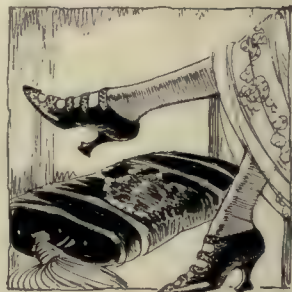
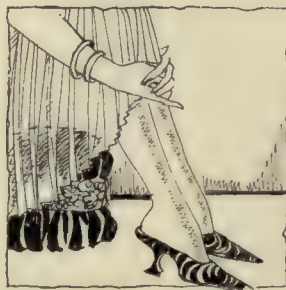
As an evidence of the individuality of Sheridan modes, we present this distinctive evening gown with its flowingly graceful lines. Bodice of light blue metal cloth, and beaded with blue beads that shade from light to dark. The skirt is of beaded net with two-tone beads and inserted jewels. A sweeping blue chiffon sash forms the train.

GOWNS : : : : FURS

Write for Fall Catalogue  
Mail Orders Filled



Even the old fashioned woman is beguiled into the cigarette habit by the brilliant cigarette holders—the handling of which has become an accomplishment



**M**ULES are as elaborate as the evening slipper. One very dainty pair suggests an acceptable Christmas gift; fashioned of black and gold brocade, they show either a plaiting of ribbon rosette, or a cluster of brilliants at the instep. A combination of mule and sandal is an innovation—the body part of satin with half Louis heels and satin strap adjustment about the ankle. Stockings to match of course, and the truly feminine Christmas gift is solved.

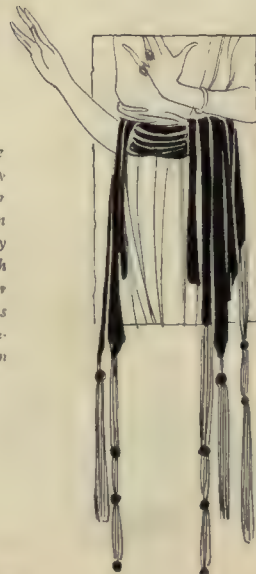
For evening one goes to extremes in the matter of footwear. The sandal without any ornamentation or heavily beaded strapped slipper carries out this decree. Notwithstanding the vogue for lace hosiery, one cannot go wrong in sending her stockings of plainest, sheerest silkiness.

Then there is the *headdress*—one that is very youthful and becoming—shows a band of twisted silver tissue with fruit mountings—grapes and cherries cluster in front like a diadem.

*Boudoir caps*, the newest ones, are made in Juliette style of gold or silver lace, embroidered in French knots—little Dutch caps are cunning for the breakfast hour, and the clever needle woman may use odd bands of Oriental embroidery sewed together with a gold lace edging, or a square of old lace with a bit of hand embroidery.



Many of the plain little wool frocks are perfectly plain save for narrow or wide pannels swung from the waistline. One can easily make a girdle of braid with braid pannels—tassels or long fringes—or gorgeous metal ribbons may accompany an otherwise plain little evening frock.



The fruit or flower bandeau makes the tea gown more effective—frequently long pearl or jewelled ornaments swing like huge earrings at the side which is not only picturesque, but eliminates a formal headdress. The sketch shows a band of white grapes and blue plums with swinging loops of pearl beads





# Christmas Gifts

The gift beautiful  
The gift practical  
The gift enduring



Each and all may be found at its best here, in  
The Resort of Fashion

B. Altman & Co.  
Fifth Avenue-Madison Avenue  
Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Streets  
New York





675 Fifth Avenue

THE  
NEW HOME  
OF

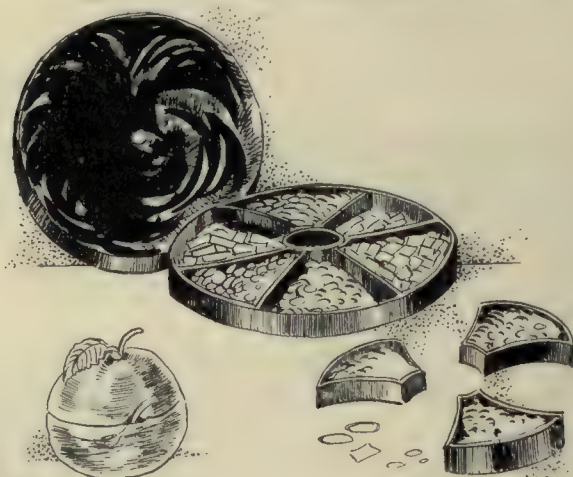


BON VOYAGE BASKETS HOLIDAY BASKETS

**H. HICKS & SON**  
INCORPORATED  
**675 FIFTH AVENUE**  
AT 53RD STREET  
NEW YORK

## ANGELINA'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS

(Continued from page 392)



A sweetmeat tray (\$6.50) in red and black lacquer, to be handed about for afternoon tea. Its compartments can be used at their full quota of six, or taken out and rearranged in any division that is more convenient. And a marmalade jar (\$5.00) in the shape of an orange of bright colored glass

upon some Oriental novelties, one of which you may see sketched at the lower left hand side of page 392. Small, padded rounds of silk exquisitely embroidered in contrasting colors, with silk cord and tassels attached. What these were intended for originally none seemed to know, but they struck me as being delightful for cords for window shades, decorative cords and tassels being one of the notes emphasized in modern interior decoration. Or if the donated did not care for that use of her present she could add the ornament to the end of a girdle without which no winter wardrobe is complete.

And girdles reminded me of the last Fashion Show I went to, where so many of the French models just arrived had sashes of ribbon with huge bows on the side, and long ends that trailed below the hem of the skirt. From whence came an inspiration! Why not a sash length for some lady, of the new J. C. ribbon, "Clouds o' Glory," whose wonderful myriad color effect has been obtained by a process that resembles hand-dyeing? No sooner thought than done. In fact, two sash presents came off the same bolt.

Last of all, I ran across some imported incense burners, like small porcelain vases. At the top is a small receptacle for the incense powder, and the bottom is open to receive an electric bulb. The heat from this fires the incense into giving out its fragrance, and the light glowing through the colored porcelain makes of the vase a beautiful little lamp.

"Last of all," did I say? No, I forgot . . . My very latest buy was the most fascinating little orange marmalade jar (see the sketch above) in shape like a very large orange with its stem-and-leaf handle. It came in clear, bright green or crimson glass . . . and I can imagine no cheerier bit to greet your eye of a morning on a sunny breakfast table, especially if you had the marmalade habit.

For shops where gifts mentioned in this article may be found, write Angelina, care THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City.



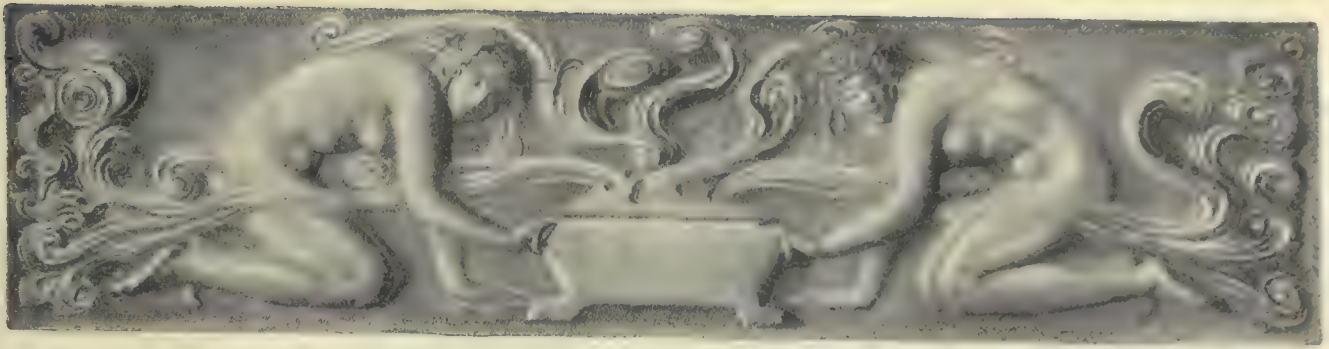
Sashes on frocks, with large bows on the side, and trailing below the hem are the last syllable from Paris. What more timely gift than a sash length of that beautiful new ribbon, "Clouds o' Glory," with its myriad sunset colors

The latest imported incense burner, a porcelain vase containing a receptacle for the incense



powder at the top and an electric bulb inside for heating and sending out the fragrance





Poudres  
de  
COTY  
Paris



L'ORIGAN - LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT  
CHYPRE - JASMIN DE CORSE  
LILAS POURPRE - STYX - L'OR  
MUGUET - LE VERTIGE  
LILAS BLANC - AMBRE ANTIQUE  
L'EFFLEURT - LA VIOLETTE POURPRE

IN THE FOLLOWING SHADES:  
BLANCHE - NATURELLE - RACHEL NO.1 - RACHEL NO.2  
MAURESQUE - ROSÉE NO.1 - ROSÉE NO.2 - MAUVE

New York 711 Fifth Avenue





Whenas in silks Milady goes,  
I mark how charmingly there flows  
Her ankle in Van Raalte Hose.

**VAN RAALTE**  
SILK HOSIERY

Made by the makers of Van Raalte Veils



## The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

**W**E wonder more women don't make gifts of beauty requirements for Christmas. Perfume, of course, is always given. Occasionally bath salts, or soap. But little else.

And yet, how many women would be enchanted to have presented them the products of an exclusive beauty establishment, a special powder, a beauty novelty, which they would never feel they could afford to indulge in just for themselves alone.

By such a present you might be the means of starting some woman on a beauty cult—since one thing leads to another—for which she would be indebted to you for the rest of her life. And the present day beauty articles come put up in such gay, colorful, artistic packets. It has always seemed to us a great pity that they should not have a brief career of some sort, after being borne home, before they are stripped of their bright trappings and put to work. What nicer interlude between purchase and practicality than to adorn a Christmas gift table!

A famous beauty specialist is making a feature this year of some small *objets de luxe* that she brought back with her from Paris. These comprise "compacts" of rouges in a wonderful range of shades, with the dressiest little outsides, and "mascarine" outfits in their own smart boxes, with brush and mirror complete—to be sold for one dollar each, foregoing just for the holiday season, the usual import price of a dollar and a half. She suggests these as "stocking" presents—that is, where one wishes to give some small remembrance of charm without paying any great price for it.

This same beauty establishment has other amusing articles to give, if one wishes to pay a bit more. For instance, its wonderful "Beauty Grains" in a box of Chinese red, the color of holiday cheer. The "Beauty Grains" were practically out of commission during the war, and could only be had by a few exclusive clients, and for a price . . . . Now they are back in stock, in fine form, and a cylindrical, fat, talcum-sized box of them can be had for \$2.50. They transform washing from dullness to delight!

Then there is a novelty powder-brush, to apply and smooth one's powder, in shape somewhat like a man's shaving brush, only fatter. It has a brocade covered top to hold it by, which comes in blue or rose. See the sketch for its portrait. As also for the box of "Peaches-and-cream" powder, a rich shade for blondes, like no other we have seen. And for the special complexion soap.

(For places where articles mentioned may be purchased, write The Vanity Box, Care THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th St., New York City).



Christmas "stocking gifts" from a famous beauty specialist: "Beauty Grains," \$2.50; Complexion soap, \$1.25; Compacts of rouge and powder, \$1.00; Peaches-and-cream face powder, \$3.50; Mascarine outfit, \$1.00; Powder-brush with brocade top, \$2.50.

The latest conceit for the toilet table among smart actresses is the use of



Chinese boxes of colored enamels for holding powder





**NOTE**—In 1870 the German armies triumphantly marched through the famous Arch of Triumph in Paris. Forthwith the French closed it with chains, vowing that no human foot should tread that way again until their own armies marching through in victory had obliterated the foot prints of the enemy. On the 14th of July, 1919, that vow was fulfilled: the

arch was opened for the Victory march. Now all France walks the victor's open way. From historic France came the cavaliers whose descendants are the Creoles of today. The Creoles are of pure French-Spanish descent and have retained many of the "secrets de toilette" which added so much to the charm for which daughters of France are famous.

## For beautiful hair take the advice of highest medical authorities

**T**HE Council of the American Medical Association has recognized Resorcinol Monoacetate for the treatment of dandruff (seborrhea) and baldness (alopecia)—the common foes of beautiful hair. Thus the most eminent authorities have prescribed the way to prevent the loss of the hair's life and luxuriance.

Resorcinol Monoacetate is an important ingredient of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Abundant healthy hair is easily attained with this wonderful preparation.

Two or three times a week apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic to the scalp. Massage thoroughly with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp circulation is then stimulated; hair roots supplied with needed nourishment and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will quickly notice the new beauty and loveliness of your hair.

### Proper shampooing

Absolute cleanliness is essential for beautiful hair, healthy hair. If the pores and hair tubes are clogged with dirt and perspiration,

a healthy condition is impossible. Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo.

This famous Shampoo is made from an exclusive Menthol formula of purest coconut and cochin oils. You will instantly notice the delightful, cooling effect from its use. The hair becomes soft and lustrous—dries quickly—and the scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor. Always apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic after shampooing. The tonic and the shampoo each aid the other.

### "La Creole" Hair Dressing

is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the Natural Dark Color to hair that has grown gray, gray streaked or faded. Refinement approves its use.

If you cannot obtain these preparations at advertised prices, write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

**LA CREOLE LABORATORIES**  
Memphis, Tenn.



"La Creole"  
Liquid  
Shampoo,  
50c

"La Creole"  
Hair  
Tonic,  
75c

At Drug Stores and  
Department Stores



"La Creole"  
Hair Dressing,  
\$1.00

# "La Creole"





# Gunther Furs

SUPERIOR IN QUALITY  
DISTINCTIVE IN STYLE



Handsome  
Ermine Wrap

391 Fifth Avenue

Furriers Exclusively for One Hundred Years

## SURE-FIRE PARTS

By GEORGE C. JENKS

(Concluded from page 386)

man, whoever he may chance to be, taking Rip as a matter of course, and as a rule giving an acceptable performance. The charm of the character is so great that he cannot help being satisfactory, especially if his "make-up" is properly Jeffersonian.

The recent death of that fine old actor, James O'Neill has revived interest in another well-known drama whose leading character has a professional fascination for most serious-minded actors. That is "Monte Cristo." For many years, Mr. O'Neill represented on the stage, pretty much everywhere in the civilized world, the remarkable Frenchman, who, with Dumas' aid, worked his way out of the dungeon of the Chateau d'If, and afterward, when, in one of the most striking situations ever seen on the American stage, he had proclaimed "The world is mine!" went through so many extraordinary and splendidly dramatic adventures before the final curtain. If ever there was a sure-fire part in the range of modern drama, surely it is that of the Count. With opportunities to do pretty much everything that savors of heroism, chivalry and superwisdom, the actor who could not bring down the house in such a part surely should seek some other calling. Notwithstanding that the play was said to belong exclusively to Mr. O'Neill, numerous other actors have produced it, and never did one of them fail to make a hit in the title-rôle only second to that always achieved by its original exponent.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is a dual rôle in which no actor of average ability can fail to be impressive, and in spite of the grewsome atmosphere which envelops the stage version of the story as prepared by Richard Mansfield, there are several leading men, especially in stock companies, who welcome the opportunity to play the weird double part, chiefly because it affords scope for unusual ingenuity in make-up. Mansfield used to make the metamorphosis from one character to the other with wonderful skill before

the very eyes of the audience and on a light stage, and he has had imitators who have done it nearly as cleverly. Aside from this bit of stage *diablerie*, however, the part simply as a dramatic creation, holds an irresistible fascination for the average audience, and it may be truthfully said of this bit of characterization, as of others named above, that in it no ordinarily competent actor ever has failed to give a satisfying performance.

Sure-fire parts are not confined to leading performers either. Sometimes a chorus number will be such a hit that it would make a musical piece perennially successful even if there were little other merit in it. The most conspicuous example of this which comes easily to mind is the "Tell me, pretty maiden," double sextette which saved "Florodora" from threatened failure when it was first produced, and which has made a revival possible after some seventeen or eighteen years' interval. Another instance is the well-known waltz in "The Merry Widow." The haunting melody of this composition may not have saved the production exactly, but there is little question that it had a great deal to do with its long run in New York and other cities and that but for it the "Widow" might not now be playing, as it is, in various parts of the world.

As for the leading parts in light opera which every singing comedian attacks with the certainty of making a hit, those of Gilbert and Sullivan are among the surest, because all of them are strikingly original and have the advantage of a background of real story, tuneful and witty lyrics and really humorous dialogue. But there are others in practically the same desirable class, such as Lorenzo, in "The Mascot;" Gaspard, in "The Chimes of Normandy," and the two comic thieves in "Erminie," any and all of which are regarded as "sure-fire" whenever it is decided to revive them.

Sure-fire parts are not confined to any particular division of stage entertainment.







Minuet

## The Cherished Gift

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY  
**Sonora**  
 CLEAR AS A BELL



*The Highest Class Talking  
 Machine in the World*

Baby  
Grand

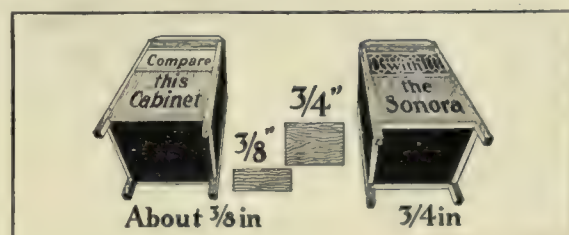
**F**OR a magnificent holiday present you will choose the Sonora. It has a tone "clear as a bell", rich and full with wonderful naturalness of expression. It is unequalled in beauty of design and has more important and exclusive features than any other phonograph. All phonographs are not alike. Study Sonora's points of superiority.

Find out what the TONE ARM of the phonograph offered to you is made of. Sonora's TONE ARM is ALL BRASS (like a cornet) because ALL BRASS gives the best tone of any

As another typical instance of Sonora's supremacy, examine the cabinet carefully. Sonora's cabinet is of the finest workmanship and no expense is spared to produce the very



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We are glad to receive for possible publication in the Amateur Theatricals Department, photographs and articles concerning successful amateur productions. Inquiries come to us from churches, clubs and colleges throughout the country, and this service is open to all our readers.

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, NEW YORK





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NEW YORK

## WHY AMERICA LACKS BIG PLAYWRIGHTS

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

(Concluded from page 346)

was trash. At last, however, he applied the same true method of literature to his drama, and produced "Clarence," which is not deep as a well to be sure, but does have the rich tang of veracity and the characteristic humor of our race. In the days when England, quite as much as America, was feeling toward a native drama, the American plays of Charlie Hoyt and James A. Herne rang true because they were parochial, planned for audiences who intimately understood the life portrayed.

**O**UR theatre, as at present organized, produces for New York City, which means that it produces for the whole country, and not only for the whole country in its various home atmospheres, but in the mood of a spree. Unlike Paris and London, New York does not have a tradition, a homogeneous life of its own. The old New York traditional life is as dead today on Broadway as the trees on old Lafayette Place.

The Parisian dramatist, even the London dramatist, is writing for a public largely of his own race and backgrounds, to whom a hint means volumes. The New York dramatist, if his hint goes beyond the immediate concerns of Broadway, gets no response. That is why the superficially clever Cohan is *par excellence* the dramatist of New York. He has found the heart of what slight communal life there is.

In England, Stanley Haughton wrote "Hindle Wakes" for Manchester. Synge wrote "Riders to the Sea" for Dublin; Galsworthy wrote "Justice" for his countrymen to view in the seat of their government, with the Houses of Parliament not far off. Shaw wrote all his plays as the gadfly stinging the Briton where he lives. If Tarkington could write for a Hoosier theatre, if a dramatic Robert Frost were working in a New Hampshire theatre, if various dramatists could quite forget the necessity of creating that kind of entertainment which will please enough of the floating population of New York to pay the vast theatre rentals there, and concentrate solely and entirely on the problem of making significant by truthful portrayal the lives of his immediate neighbors

(who would find him out in any falsity, you may be sure!), the story of our drama would be a different one.

**B**UT even this would not entirely solve the problem. It would not alter in a night the liking that even our most local average audiences would probably now display, after a generation of popular magazines and movies, for the false, the sentimental, the sugary; and it would not give us the national temper to welcome again (as we did of old, in a measure, at least), the insurgent individualist. There is a high tradition in British letters, an intellectual aristocracy, to which all classes in some degree bow, and which the artists themselves respect as a man respects his "honor." When the old *Atlantic Monthly* ruled American letters, the same thing prevailed here. Does it prevail today? I am afraid it does not.

We have been so far corrupted by our fifty years of expanding material prosperity and our growing worship of "success" as measured by income, that the admired author today is the rich author—i. e., the flashy or "popular" author, and those budding writers, for the stage as well as the page, who would hold high the ancient standards either succumb to the prevalent atmosphere, or retire in disgust into their ivory towers. They may hitch, in youth, their wagons to a star, but they can't hang on. When one of them is encouraged by the right group of understanding people to hang on, we seem to get a "Beyond the Horizon."

**W**E need, surely, more experimental theatres, in all parts of the country. But, above all, we need again the old time American belief in the worth of the individual, the old, divine discontent with conformity, the old popular encouragement to every man and every artist to go ahead and be himself, to tell the truth as he sees it, to follow his own destiny.

You cannot have fine artists of any sort so long as you put, either by law or by your own temper of acceptance, your narrowness of sympathy, the slightest restrictions upon their utterance.

### VICTOR RECORDS

Surely there is no singer whose voice and methods are so familiar to the world at large—yet Enrico Caruso weaves such a spell about us that even the well-known tunes of our childhood take on new life and vigor at his first note. Such will be the verdict of those who hear him in his most recent Victor success issued with the new November offerings. "Granada!"—the very name is evocative of the spell of beauty that has fallen for centuries about that

last stronghold of the Moors in many-castled Spain.

Another great artist, this time instrumental, is Sergei Rachmaninoff, who has this month offered us his own Prelude in G Major (Op. 32, No. 5). True lovers of music cannot fail to be stirred, for here the great pianist has revealed a new side, which if suspected has been perhaps obscured by the more vigorous rhythms and passions of his earlier records.—*Advt.*



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## BERLIN'S "GREAT PLAYHOUSE"

BY KARL K. KITCHEN

(Concluded from page 372)

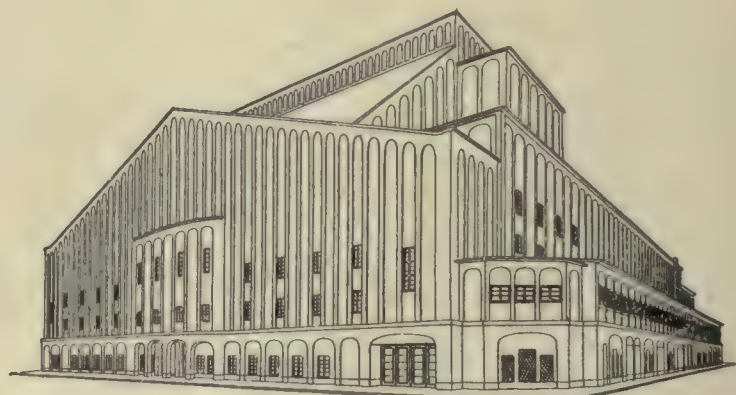
OF course there were some drawbacks to the performance. It was a trifle noisy for those who sat in loges on the edge of the apron on which the bulk of the mob shouted itself hoarse for Caesar and later were swayed by Antony's oratory. But the final mob scenes, which I witnessed from an upper tier, convinced me that the spectator who is some distance from the stage is not annoyed by the tumult. The German officer who accompanied me found fault with Moissi, the Marc Antony, because of his affiliation with the Communist party. But I enjoyed the performance more than any Shakespearean production I had ever witnessed, and considered as a spectacle, I would rank it above anything ever presented in an American playhouse.

It must be admitted that Shakespeare, presented in this spectacular fashion, would hardly appeal to American audiences. Our theatregoers want to be amused rather than instructed, and four hours of "Julius Caesar" with the text in one hand and an explanation of the production in the other, would be considered too much of a treat. But Berlin theatregoers take their drama

productions than Shakespeare's drama. He opened his new theatre with a Greek tragedy and the repertory so far has included "The White Savior," a play of ancient Mexico by Gerhardt Hauptman, and "Danton," a play of the French revolution by Romain Rolland. However, his production of "Julius Caesar" is his greatest achievement on his new stage.

THE Grosses Schauspielhaus, like many other Berlin theatres, contains a restaurant, where one can dine before or after the play, with a cabaret with the appropriate name of "Noise and Smoke." The cabaret performances are given while the spectacles are being presented, and it is a curious fact that its prices of admission are two or three times as much as the best seats for "Julius Caesar." As a cabaret impresario, Reinhardt has little reputation, although it is said that he began his career as an entertainer in one.

It has been rumored that Reinhardt is coming to America to present "The Miracle," which he produced in London before the war. But it will be a long time before



Rear Elevation of Berlin's "Great Playhouse"

seriously. They are not even amused at the cavernous vastness of the lobbies of the Grosses Schauspielhaus, or dramatic intensity of the "supers," who are paid 10 marks a night—less than 25 cents at the current rate of exchange.

REINHARDT'S followers enjoy Shakespeare because he has made it interesting for them—something our managers have failed to do. He doesn't treat Shakespeare's plays as vehicles for a star to display his or her histrionic talents. He offers them simply as interesting plays with well-balanced casts and with such artistic staging and lighting that David Belasco's theatrical tricks and photographic realism fade by comparison.

Naturally, Reinhardt offers other

his art is exhibited in New York.

"My hands are full here," he said to the writer, "and I doubt if your theatregoing public would welcome anything from Germany at this time. But there is no reason why some of your managers cannot present Shakespeare in an interesting fashion. Your managers should try to elevate rather than lower the public taste."

I learned that Prof. Reinhardt is planning to present Bernard Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra," at the Grosses Schauspielhaus this season. "Julius Caesar" was such a great success that it held the boards right through last summer, with occasional performances of the ancient Greek comedy, "Lysistrata" to vary the bill.

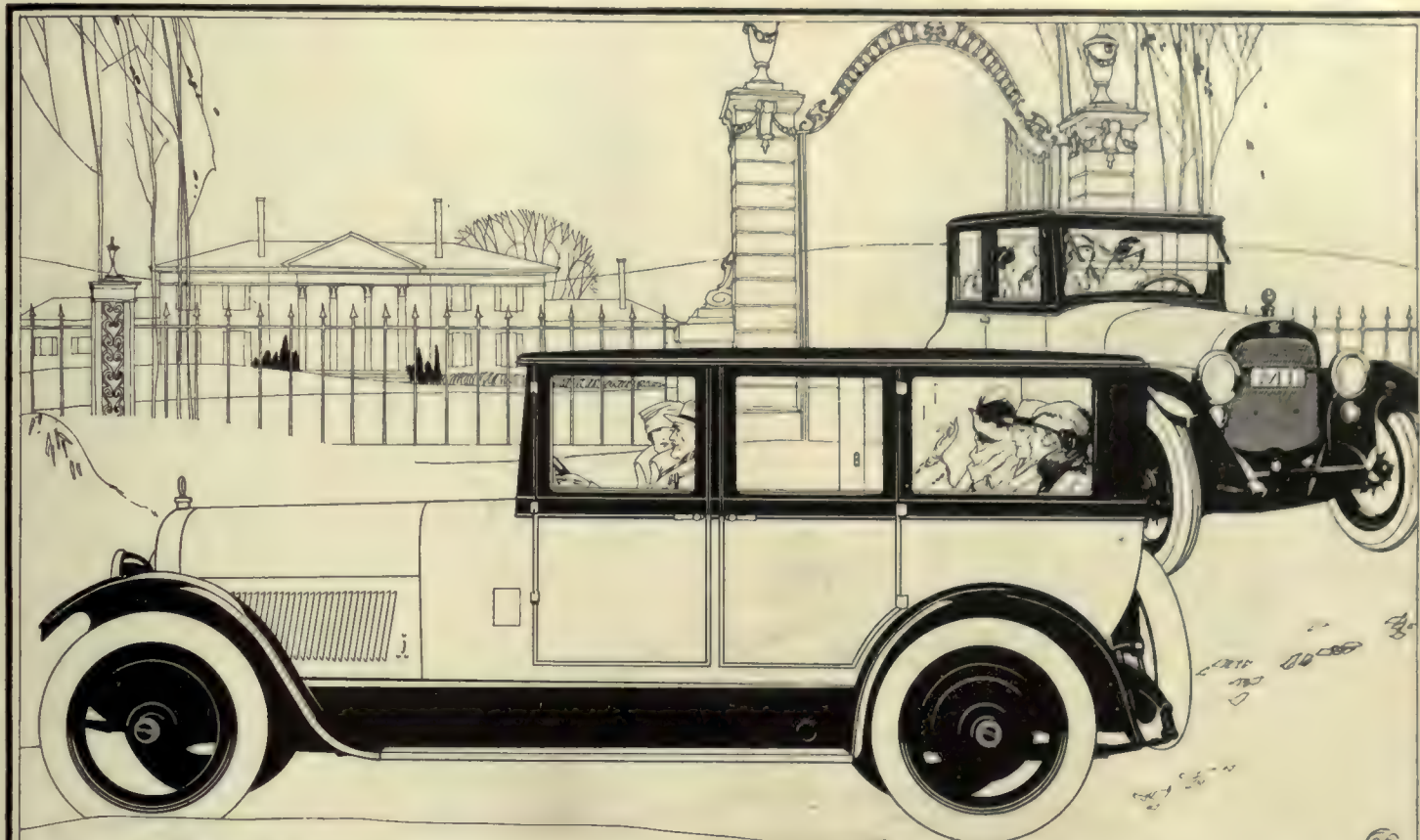
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The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is offered free, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

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## BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

(Continued from page 350)

all alone. No relatives, no home . . . But the members of the company, from the prima donna down, will gladly help her, and eagerly. A man is telling how he spent last Saturday night. Another how he proposed to his girl. Another the trouble he is having with his older boy, Joe. Another has a fight on and expects to be fired. A few are listening to the artists. Some are criticising them, and some are saying "In what good voice they are!" "You can always depend on Rothier." "I've heard many tenors in Faust, but none can compare with Martinelli." "Ah, bosh, why don't I get a chance? Here I've been singing these chorus parts for years. Nice way they shelved me. But I'll show them! I'll show them, when I star in other companies. They don't know who I am!"

AT this time, Mr. Gatti-Casazza comes out. He is tall, heavily built, with a beard. He looks like a prince. He is the head of the company, and has been managing director for years. He is the supreme word. He moves quietly without talking. He fingers his nose, in deep thought, and walks up and down. A ballet girl, seeing him, grotesquely imitates him behind his back, in the dim light. Several are shocked; several whisper approval; several choke with laughter. "She's such a comedian, she is! She ought to get a chance in comedy."

Now the devil appears on the stage, in Faust's laboratory, offering youth to the old man if he will give up his soul at death to Satan. To arouse Faust, Mephistopheles causes a vision of Marguerite to appear here. She is seen at her spinning wheel in her garden. "Ready, Miss Farrar." And she scampers up the ladder and sits demurely at the spinning wheel. The white flashing light is thrown behind her, and so the audience sees the picture. The scene is over. Down go the curtains, and Martinelli and Rothier bow to the audience's applause.

BUT back of the curtain, the laboratory is whisked away, and the full stage appears as a scene in the open country. An inn on a carnival day. The whole stage is alive with hundreds of choristers, dancers, principals, supers, stagehands. Chief-electrician Gauss sends the signals for full lights; and the stage is transformed into a sunny summer day. Gauss is the man who receives the instruction "Sunny day" or "wild thunder-storm with zig-zag lightning" or "carnival day with fire works"—and who translates them into electrical effects.

WE run aloft to the top of the stage. We find ourselves on a bridge over the players. Ninety feet below us the crowd on the stage is a tiny-looking picture. We feel as we might looking down a precipice; it is dramatic, exciting. We hold tight to the ropes.

As we stand there, we think as we have so often, of the bravery of the artists before their audience. The flood of faces outside—how over-powering it is to those who do not know it, and even to those trained in its very midst. Josiah Zuro, who conducted for Hammerstein, told me that he suffered every time he went out. Just for a moment, until he had his music under way. The first time he conducted—or rather, about a week before, he was looking at his score. He had been gay, flamboyant, youthful—never had he thought over the coming event with its tremendous significance. But at that moment as he glanced at the score, the whole thing came like a thunderbolt, and he found himself trembling. The whole week he was almost a wreck, but afterwards, when he stepped out, and the music sounded, he was safe again.

NEARLY every artist has a thrill the first moment the curtain goes up. He can't help it. Think, therefore, what a debut must be! Think how much you can admire Galli-Curci when she went to New York in a foreign territory, to face an audience who had been fed up on her greatness. I was behind the scene that night, and it was remarkable to watch her, before and after the historical ovation. She was the same before and after . . . Then there was pretty Evelyn Scotney, who did so wonderfully at her debut until the famous high note stuck in her throat. It had gone dry.

We look with wonderment at the men who spend their evening on this high bridge, carrying out the signal instructions of Gauss to flood-light or dim the stage. Half-way down the opening, are the drops of scenes for the next acts, and those which have already been in use. Gauss points out the huge scenic drum, and the curtain 328 feet long. It is the sky curtain. It ranges from an azure blue of a spring day to the threatening blackness of a storm in full blast; it has every kind of weather, sky with a speckled snow-cloud, sky with a red autumn sunset, sky with a gray fog—the whole weather bureau's encyclopedia! At the different landings we find the workers at their jobs, or waiting in between duties—card playing seems to be the diversion of many of the waiters. In the machine shop,

(Continued on page 412)



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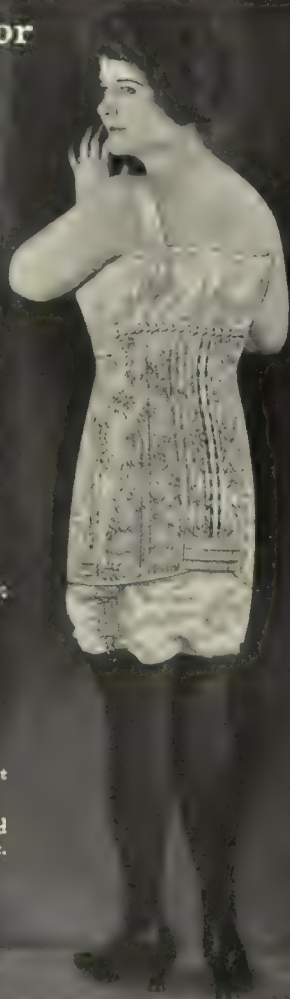
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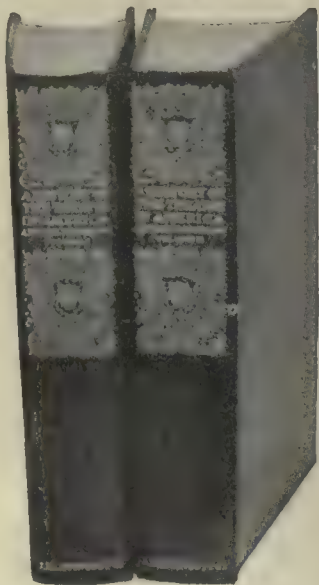
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## THE FIRST NIGHT AUDIENCE

By ESTELLE HAMBURGER

(Concluded from page 376)

on the itinerary of their New York visit "one opening night performance," pinch each other with the thrill of it. A man from Texas instructs his little son, "Don't forget to tell mamma you was to an opening night." A small head in a stage box shakes its bobbed curls.

"Yes, I am bored. I knew I would be. Jane Weeker has no style."

At the end of the second act enthusiasm runs high. Author and producer make their bow. Applause is tumultuous. One by one the actors and actresses pass before the curtain and the friends and admirers of each can be located by the little clumps of applause that break out in different corners of the house. It is the second intermission. Smiles are gayer, laughter louder, conversation more insistent. There is movement, almost bustle, in the aisles, along the promenade, out in the lobby.

Again the fading lights recall the wanderers. Justice puts the bandage on her eyes and holds aloft her scales. The play is in the jury room. The third act begins.

An ingenue takes advantage of the dark to powder her nose unseen by her escort. A lady in the last row adjusts her hat. A young woman in a box draws her evening wrap about her and slips her foot into her shoe, which she had removed because it pinched. A dear old lady folds her program and puts it into her bag for safe keeping. The commuters disturb a whole row of people to catch the 11.45. The action moves quickly. The audience is tense, hushed, impatient. There is

a suspended moment, the sixty-first second ticks, and then—the play is over.

"A lovely play," comments the elderly lady to the elderly gentleman.

"Where do we go from here?" questions an impetuous, boyish voice.

"Wherever you say, dear," is the piping reply. "How's the Biltmore?"

A blonde nudges her escort.

"Do you see that woman with him? It's not his wife—"

The man laughed.

"Only commuters take their wives to the theatre."

The little school teacher sighed rapturously as she drew her tulle scarf about her cotton frock.

"I wouldn't miss an opening night for anything—and the play—well, it's just too sweet for words!"

Limousines beckon the silk gowns and tuxedo suits. Walking shoes tread toward the ice cream parlors. Tired feet shuffle in the direction of the subway.

In the box office two smiles greet above a hand clasp.

"Guess we put it over, Steve."

"Looks as if we'll be eating strawberries in February," is Steve's encouraging reply.

At the door a dapper little man crowns the high lights in his pompador with the high lights of his hat. It is easier to solve the riddle of the Sphinx than guess the verdict that lies hidden in his cryptic smile. That slim little thermometer that takes the temperatures of first night audiences will publish its bulletin in tomorrow's papers.



## BEHIND THE SCENES AT THE OPERA

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

(Continued from page 410)

several are busily constructing metal and wooden parts for future productions, or making over some balky parts.

On one landing are the quarters of the ballet, the famous room of the ballet-women which has been immortalized by hundreds of painters and illustrators. A glimpse of the ballet-room! Well, look—here they sit, the wonderful dancers, mingling their tales of woe and joy, trying their steps on their toes, gossiping in the style of Leonard Merrick.

Here on the way down, are the women's dressing rooms—graduating from the small parts to the principals.

We meet Mr. Siedle, the technical director, as we regain the stage level. With him is Edward Ziegler, the administrative secretary. There are over a thousand in the

employ of the Metropolitan Opera Company, quite an institution. I remember once as I spoke of the Temple of Opera, a wag corrected me with: "Factory of noise!"

But look, the scene is nearing its conclusion. The music works to a climax. The dancers whirl; Mephistopheles is angry, and Marguerite and Faust, now the youth, are in love with each other. Down goes the curtain. The audience is frantic with applause, and Farrar, Martinelli, Rothier, Couzinou, Ellis bow and bow again and again.

By the time their bows are over, the stage is dismantled, the scenery is on its way to the storehouse. The stars make their way to the dressing rooms, acknowledging the greeting of the groups, shaking hands and smiling.

(To be concluded next month)



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## MR. HORNBLÖW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 371)

Podoff  
Maria  
Pinsky  
Nicolai  
Endachieff  
Krimoff  
Poldekin  
Blanche  
Welch  
Sergeant

Carl Anthony  
Elsie Mackay  
E. G. Robinson  
Manart Kippen  
Emil Hoch  
Hubert Wilke  
George Arliss  
Julia Dean  
Sidney Toler  
Wm. H. Barwald

**M**R. ARLISS is a clever and finished actor. In characterization, such as Disraeli, for example, he is perhaps without a rival on the contemporary stage. But he is essentially an English actor. He is even provincially English, in that he speaks the vernacular as they speak it on Piccadilly. Nobody could possibly take him for anybody else than an Englishman. To find him, therefore, masquerading as a Bolshevik Redguard sent on a mission to the United States by the Russian Soviet authorities, is manifestly absurd.

That, as much as anything, explains why Poldekin missed fire.

**LYRIC.** "KISSING TIME," Musical comedy by George V. Hobart and Ivan Caryll. Lyrics by Philander Johnson, Clifford Grey, Irving Caesar. Produced Oct. 11

**T**HE old saw that, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," is to a large extent disproven in the case of "Kissing Time." In spite of the many changes through which this piece must have passed from its original as a French comedy, it is a most pleasing entertainment, and far above the average of the musical plays at present on view. This is due partly to the fact that the adapters have left enough of a plot to give it a semblance of reason for being, and that Ivan Caryll has adorned it with a number of pleasant, singable and danceable melodies; and partly to the fact that the principal rôles are in the hands of competent people.

Edith Taliaferro, with her wistful, charming personality, her appealing eyes and voice, makes a lovely creature of Clarice, "The girl from Dijon," playing her part throughout in the daintiest fashion. Dorothy Maynard is piquant and Frenchy, and gives a zestful and attractive performance as Mimi.

The chief comedy part in the play is safe in the hands of William Norris, who, by the art of which he is past master, materially improves on the opportunities, which are given him in the rôle of Cliquot. Frank Doane rather ably seconds him in making fun; while Paul Frawley plays the lover with so much earnestness and sincerity that one cannot help liking him.

The other members of the cast are sufficient to their parts. The ladies of the chorus manage to look more like intelligent human beings than is generally the case, and they wear some tasteful and beautiful gowns.

**TIMES SQUARE.** "THE MIRAGE," play in three acts by Edgar Selwyn. Produced Sept. 30 with this cast:

Betty Bond  
Mack  
Mrs. Irene Moreland  
Wallace Stuart  
Ruth Martin  
Mrs. Martin  
Chester Martin  
Al Manning  
William  
Mlle. Elise  
Dolly McMann  
Henry M. Galt  
Stanley Northrup  
Edward Godding

Florence Nash  
Mildred Whitney  
Florence Reed  
Reginald Mason  
Alison Bradshaw  
Catharine Proctor  
William Williams  
Alan Dinehart  
Bert J. Norton  
Wanda Laurence  
Helen Maginnis  
Malcolm Williams  
William Bain  
George Le Soir

**T**HE "Mirage" is, at best, a threadbare reflection and must inevitably recall Eugene Walter's more expert handling of the same subject in the "Easiest Way." In contrast, Mr. Selwyn's is a luke-warm effort.

Irene Moreland, during the years immediately prior to the rise of the curtain, has come from Erie, Pa., and soon fallen a more or less willing victim to the gay life. In the first act, she lives in a smart apartment with the usual coffee-colored maid, and in the second she is still prosperous enough to throw heavy ropes of near-pearls at the head of her "gentleman friend." She craves, however, true love and marriage. The two are inevitably linked in the mind of the stage "kept lady," despite the fact that most of their best customers are married men.

The possibility comes in the person of Al Manning, an honest-to-goodness young man from Irene's home town, who, unaware of the life she has led, implores her to marry him. She agrees and requests her release from the man who has been keeping her. The latter refuses to let her go and opens Al's eyes to the truth. Al, being a pillar of the church, promptly takes his hat. Later, he changes his mind, whereupon she, with pauses between each word spoken, decides that she will not go with him, that she might ruin his life in the little town where everything would soon leak out, that she will mend her ways—go away, it doesn't matter where—until she is worthy of him. Al thinks it's not such a bad idea, and exits out of her life.

Alan Dinehart, who played the impeccable hero, is a splendid actor with his best work still before him. He is simple, sincere, forceful.

Florence Reed gives a splendid performance as the hectic heroine. The part suits her and she rises to every opportunity afforded her by the dramatist, but she never allows us to forget that she is acting. Not once does she suggest the sweet little girl who came out of Erie, Pa., and who now, quite naturally, still clings to some old illusions. She is hard and unsympathetic. In the parlance of the Rialto, she is always "up-stage." Yet, withal, she is one of the best actresses that we have.

The balance of the cast is adequate.



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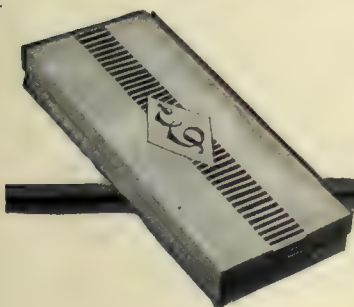
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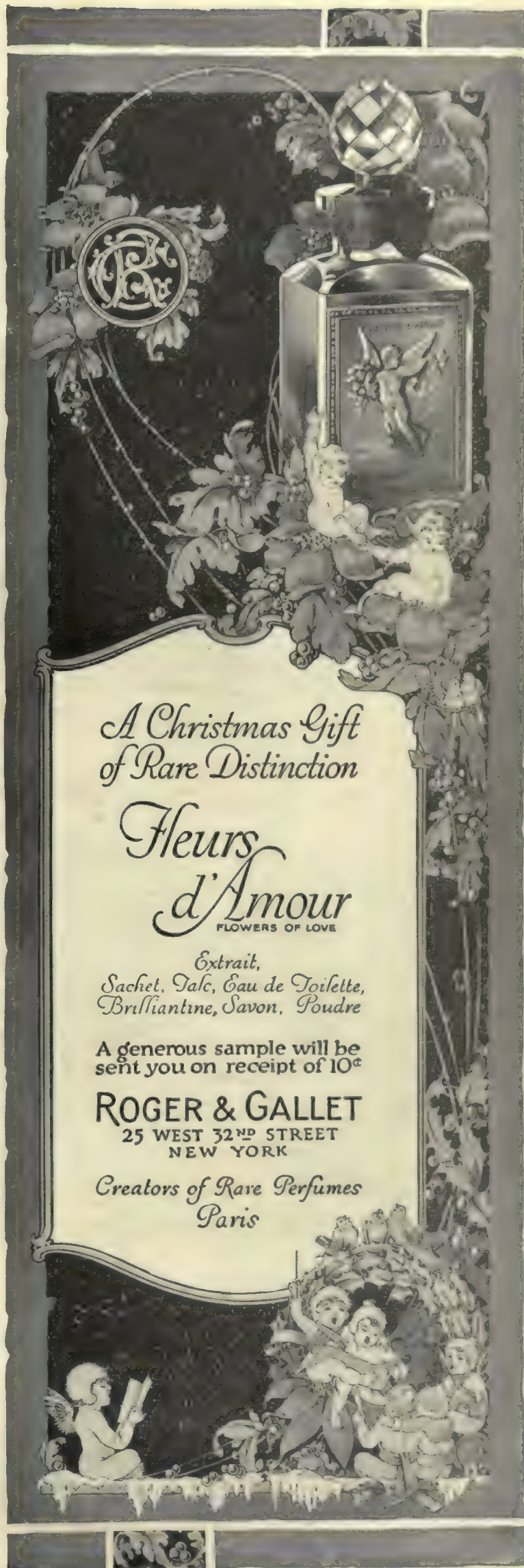
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Taupe, Heliotrope,  
Purple, Light Green,  
Dark Green, Mustard,  
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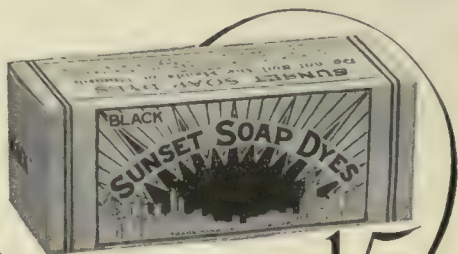
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## A REVOLUTIONIST IN THE THEATRE

By CAROL BIRD

(Concluded from page 374)

I would like to present something which would appear as untheatrical as I could possibly make it. The "Follies" accomplished their purpose when they were simply light, frothy, frivolous, gay and beautiful. It is that kind of a musical revue. But one is not limited to productions of this kind. I would like to do something against a perfectly white background—with shadows, and new lighting effects to help me out. Nothing more. I intend to do it, too. Wait and see."

"You noticed the Russian note in the 'Follies?' I cannot help but weave something of the Russian art into my work. I think the most modern note of the theatre was struck by the Russian ballet. Its value cannot be under-estimated. Great things can still be expected from Russia. Out of the Revolution in Russia there is bound to come a form of expression on the stage. I am waiting for it.

Quizzed about the bit of vaudeville-slapstick which seems out of place in the "Follies," Mr. Anderson made haste to explain its presence there:

"Making a play is like baking a cake," was the apt simile he offered. "You put in a dash of this and a pinch of that. The pinch of 'slapstick,' as you call it, was an ingredient planned for the taste of the high up part of the house. It must always be remembered that many types of people make up a theatre audience, particularly in New York. What pleases one, bores another. You must try to satisfy them all. This logical procedure is always labeled, 'commercializing art.' But you cannot get away from the fact that a show must be a commercial success if it is destined to live.

"Young men of original turn of mind are crowding out the directors of the old school. These younger men are trained in all branches of stage-craft. They will be able to hire an actor, teach a dance step, plan a costume, and stage a performance. They will cling to no ancient, outworn traditions. They know that the public wants innovations. They know that to put on a production is like working with a brush on canvas. Stage-craft, as a matter of fact, goes apace with the different arts. When the painters had such a flare for the impressionistic school, there was an echo of it on the stage.

"The director of the new school, being in touch with, and understanding all branches of stage-craft, gets a complete vision of the whole production before it is ever produced. He understands the value of correlation between the singer, her costume, the setting, and so forth. He strives for harmony in production.

And he sees that he gets it.

"There will be more coherence to the productions of the future. They will not be just a jumbled series of effects, but each production will have a thread of a story woven through it. At least, those I direct will have.

"We have been given three different types of stage productions during the past twenty years. The first was sponsored by Granville Barker, and it represented the primitive in art. It was a distinguished work, but it was appreciated only by the few. So it did not remain.

"The second was upheld by Max Reinhardt, and it had to do with cubist art. It, too, had but a limited appeal, and soon was a thing of the past. The third and last school, sponsored by Belasco in this country and Tree in England, had to do with realism. It has proved far more popular than the others, though it, too, has its shortcomings. Too much stress is placed on detail. The actor and his lines are secondary to the details of the setting. The stage is all cluttered up with detail, crowding out the actor and his work. That sort of realism is too cheap, crude and fantastic, and has no true decorative value.

"However, out of all this chaos, we are going to arrive at extreme Simplicity, with Beauty as its keynote. Its appeal will be lasting. Beauty draws every one. Even the lower element, though it cannot analyze the reason why, is impressed and attracted by the beautiful in stage-craft."

Mr. Anderson's ambition is to erect an entirely new kind of theatre, patterned after one of the European playhouses.

"We are woefully lacking in progress in America as far as the theatre is concerned," he said. "Scenic equipment must conform to a set pattern, to be used in theatres in big cities, and theatres in small towns on the road. The most striking defect of all is that we pay no attention whatever to the stage itself, the most important part of a theatre. We build comfortable auditoriums, and expend no thought on the stage; no new ideas are brought forth behind the drop. The same old equipment which has been used for years is installed in every new theatre built. The same ancient lighting system goes into use. I believe that a man who has something to do with the staging of a production should consult with the architect when a theatre is being built in order that some sort of progress may be made. If I accomplish nothing else in the world, I'm going to see that New York gets at least one theatre of the kind I have in mind."







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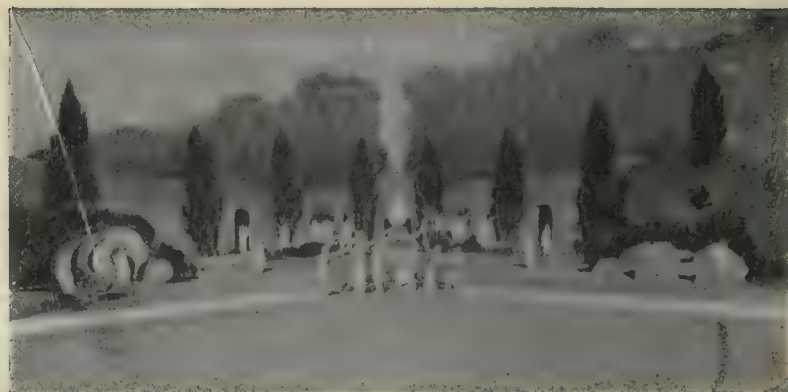
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## DRAMATIC ACTIVITIES FOSTERED BY COMMUNITY SERVICE

(Continued from page 383)

part of the winter's plan. This theatre, which is charmingly named, "Everybody's Playhouse," seats 500 people and is equipped with a portable stage. Its director is Mrs. Adele Nathan, who is well known for her work in pageantry at the Vagabond Theatre, in Baltimore.

DRAMATIC work in Seattle, Washington, is forging ahead this season. Churches, Sunday Schools and various community centres are all uniting in the dramatic field. A Baptist church there recently produced "The Servant in the House." The subject of drama in the Bible has been taken up by

Mrs. Robert F. Sandall with practically all of the local Sunday Schools.

Readings from Oscar Wilde's plays, "The Happy Prince," and "The Selfish Giant," with music by Liza Lehman; and the poems of Tagore with a musical setting, were recently given for Seattle Community Service. "The Dust of the Road," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman was produced in August by the Pilgrim Players. Glenn Hughes, formerly in charge of the Playhouse By-the-Sea, Mt. Carmel, California, is now connected with the English Department of Washington University, and is giving his services and advice to several groups of players.

## CHRISTMAS PROGRAMS

(Continued from page 384)

out are Elizabethan.

*Christmas Eve With Charles Dickens*, from *Little Plays About Famous Authors*, by Maud Morrison Frank, is a touching and charming little play about the real Charles Dickens, suitable for children from ten to sixteen. The play is valuable because it shows what Dickens had to overcome. Introduced into the play is a dream scene. This has as few or as many boys and girls as desired.

*The Christmas Guest*, and *On Christmas Eve*, are one-act Christmas plays by C. D. Mackay, published in a volume entitled, *The House of the Heart*. Each plays twenty minutes or more. *The Christmas Guest* is a miracle play in verse. There are five girls and three boys. It has a simple setting and simple costumes. It can be given by a cast of all girls. *On Christmas Eve* has eleven characters, and boys and girls may be used interchangeably. Simple costumes, simple interior setting, characters represent famous young people out of various books.

*The Old Peabody Pew*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin is in two acts, and is a play suitable for adults for Christmas. Nothing better for a woman's club could be imagined. While not essentially a Christmas

play, it takes place in a church just after Christmas and the Christmas decorations are still on the wall. There are eight females and one male in this play, which lasts one hour. When first produced it was acted in a church; but it can be acted in any hall. Country communities will especially appreciate it.

*A Christmas Carol*, from *Children's Classics in Dramatic Form, Book Five*, by Augusta Stevenson, is designed for young people, but has such adult characteristics that it makes an excellent play in which a whole community can take part, men, women and children. It is a dramatization of Dicken's famous story in which all the well known characters appear. It has a cast of about forty though only about fifteen of this cast are on the stage at the same time. Ten men, ten women, ten boys and ten girls can make up the cast. The play is in five short acts, all interior scenes; and by moving the furniture around a little, and adding or subtracting it as the play goes on, a new effect can be given to each scene. It is not at all a difficult play to produce. The costumes may be simple, old-fashioned ones taken from attics or trunks, or made up to look old-fashioned as necessary for the occasion.

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By KATHLENE BURNETT WINTER

THE largest theatre in Detroit was filled, from box to gallery. From mayor to messenger boy, all were there.

The curtain had gone down on Episode I of the pageant, "Through the Centuries," underwritten and produced by the Grace Whitney Hoff Federation of Industrial Clubs of the Detroit Y. W. C. A., representing more than 1,200 industrial girls, 600 of whom were in the cast.

Wealthy manufacturers turned wonderingly to their wives. "Can these be the same girls who manipulate our factory machines each day? Are those girls capable of a stupendous co-operative undertaking like this?" Social workers and industrial students nodded approval. "This is the kind of relaxation and self-expression which will make happier, more contented workers and help to keep Detroit the third industrial city in the United States." And the messenger boy in the gallery nudged the newsboy at his side and boasted, "Did you see my sister in that bow and arrow dance? Didn't she look swell?"

"Through the Centuries" traces the development of women in industry from earliest days to the present. Colorful scenes show cave women, clad in the skins of animals, winning food from the earth and sea, and Indian groups chanting weird music during tomahawk, reaping and fire-makers' dances. With the entrance of Colonial and Puritan women the Spirit of Obedience who has crowned the Indian scene gives place to co-operation and one senses the joy of work in the spinners' song and dance, and in the knitters', harvesters' and milkmaids' pantomimes. Early Industrial Women form a drab, monotonous procession, soon displaced by immigrant groups, at first breaking forth into their quaint folk dances and songs but quickly, in their turn, crushed and silenced by the looming figure of Economic Need. Industrial Expansion, with her attendants, Machinery, Electricity, Steam and Commerce break upon the scene, supplanting the earlier forms of industry. Temporarily the Ghouls of War throw all into confusion and the Spirits of Manufacture and Commerce totter and seem about to fall. But as the Women in Industry rally before the attack, exemplifying the famous "second line of defense," the Ghouls whirl about and run from the stage. Co-operation, aided by the Six Arts, Music, Poetry, Sculpture, Architecture, Painting and Science, usher in the promise of a new era, in which labor is to be a glorified form of self-expression.

the nation; through its pantomime, dancing or singing groups, they had an opportunity for self-expression in art, and through its production, involving the co-operative effort and responsibility of the many industrial clubs recruited from stores and factories, they proved their ability for organization.

An industrial pageant, for industrial girls, by industrial girls—such is the justification, if justification is needed, for "Through the Centuries." Every girl can be a part of the pageant, either as actor, costume maker, scene painter or program distributor. As few as seventy-five or one hundred persons can constitute the cast, or elaborateness can be carried to the point of including two hundred characters in one scene. The pageant workshop, the pivotal point of all Y. W. C. A. pageant productions, is frequently a combination try-out hall, dyeing plant, art studio and dressmaking establishment. And when the girls themselves, are financing the production, ingenious money-saving schemes are evolved. For example, it has been found that discarded tobacco tins, combined with bits of colored glass, can be miraculously converted into medieval jewelry.

Already "Through the Centuries," has been given three times, in Buffalo, New York, with a cast of 150 girls; in Detroit, Michigan, and in Highpoint, North Carolina, where an out-door stage two hundred feet long and a cast of 700 persons were used. The fourth production will probably be made by the workers of the Goodyear Tire Company, Akron, Ohio, in the near future, while a fifth production is being planned by the Y. W. C. A. of Elizabeth, N. J.

WHEREVER the pageant has been given it has served the lasting, fundamental purpose of a community get-together and keep-together. Committee responsibility is usually shared fifty-fifty by prominent society women and the industrial girls themselves. Employers co-operate by contributing properties—in one city, real automobile parts were loaned for "Machinery"—and by buying generously of seats. And the industrial girls, meeting sister workers from the many other factories, sense a new democracy among themselves.

What is more, a permanent drama council, to perpetuate the workshop and make possible more pageants or plays, is usually the aftermath of the performance.

And so it is that amateur theatricals have stepped outside the traditional boarding school or college walls to the doors of our factories, and pageantry and play-acting are being accepted as a needed, rightful self-expression for the girls who turn our industrial wheels.

THROUGH the enacting of this pageant the girl workers saw themselves as self-conscious, evolving factors in the development of



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## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 414)

HUDSON. "THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD." Comedy in three acts by Augustus MacHugh. Produced Oct. 12 with this cast:

Bart Nash	Ralph Sipperly
Kitty Crockett	Ruth Donnelly
Andy Oatman	Howard Boulden
Richard Clarke	George M. Cohan
Ned Stephens	Norval Keedwell
Mrs. Clarke	Mrs. Alice Chapin
Nellie Clarke	Leona Hogarth
Frederick Leggitt	Elwood F. Bostwick
Henry Billings	Peter Raymond
Carlton Childs	Leo Donnelly
Michael O'Brien	George W. Callahan
Jane Hudson	Marion Coakley
Lute Boon	Hugh Cameron
Hiram Leeds	John T. Doyle
Franklyn Fielding	Fletcher Harvey

HERE is a part dear to George M. Cohan's heart, the man who insists on being generous and just and kind in plain defiance of the natural law: each for himself and the devil take the hindmost—the man whom everyone laughs at as being a sickly, spineless sentimentalist, and who turns around and beats the skinflints at their own game.

So infatuated was Mr. Cohan with the rôle of Richard Clarke, the clientless attorney never guilty of a mean action in his life, that he decided to play the part himself, going to the trouble of memorizing the lines just for the privilege of appearing in the cast for a few evenings. If that's not devotion to art, I'd like to know what is. The Cohan fans amply repaid him for his trouble. On the opening night, the clans gathered in vast numbers and when the actor-manager-author appeared, he got a reception that a president-elect might well envy.

Marion Coakley was sweet and sympathetic as Hudson & Co. and Ralph Sipperly is a scream as Bart the impecunious but resourceful office boy. Ruth Donnelly was charming as Kitty, the stenog.

NEIGHBORHOOD. "THE MOB." Play in four acts by John Galsworthy. Produced Oct. 9 with this cast:

(Continued on page 424)

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

Rosa Ponselle and Charles Hackett, leading dramatic soprano and tenor of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company sing the final duet of Aida, "O terra addio," for Columbia Records this month. No more splendid recording of the duet has ever come into Columbia lists than this Ponselle-Hackett Symphony record.

"Holy Night, Peaceful Night (Silent Night, Hallowed Night)," is Jeanne Gordon's Christmas record for Columbia this month. Miss Gordon gives a reverent and rarely beautiful interpretation to this carol.

Toscha Seidel plays on his violin that well-known "Polish Dance," by Scharwenka. Seidel's magic bow gives life and color to the entire composition.—Adv.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1920, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York; Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or

more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and the affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1920. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, New York Co., No. 671, Register's No. 1702. (Term expires March 30, 1921.)

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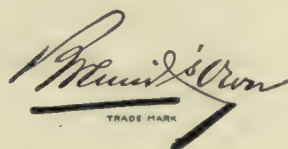
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T. Mag. 12-20

## MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 422)

Stephen More	Ian Maclaren
Katherine	Deirdre Doyle
Olive	Lois Shore
Dean of Stour	Fred Neilson
General Julian	St. Clair Bayfield
Captain Julian	Alfred Shirley
Helen	Mary Carroll
Edward Mendip	Walter Kingsford
Alan Steel	Harold West
Nurse Wreford	Helen Reimer
Wreford	Ulysses Graham
His Sweetheart	Sylvia Clow Little
William Banning	Whitford Cane

UNLIKE the hero of his play, who insisted on airing his views, war or no war, John Galsworthy was unwilling to have his play done during England's struggle for existence. In this he was wise. It is all very well to hold peculiar views regarding one's duty towards one's mother country, but it is judicious not to air them at a moment when they might arouse public resentment. This is the first public presentation of "The Mob" in America.

The play is a futile argument against all wars as futile. All of the preachment falls to the lot of Stephen More, a member of Parliament, who is unalterably opposed to war. He is a dreamer, a philosopher and an idealist, but he is denounced as a traitor and a seeker after self-aggrandizement and publicity when he dares to set forth his views in public while his country is engaged in war.

He believes that a man should follow his own convictions, rather than become imbued with the mob spirit. Eventually, he loses his wife and child, his friends, his constituents, his place as a statesman, is abused and reviled and assaulted by the mob. In the last act the rabble which constitute it enter his home and murder him. The last episode shows the ironic aftermath of it all, when, their passions cooled, the multitudes erect a monument to the memory of one man whose views they once denounced.

Ian Maclaren, as the dreamer; Deirdre Doyle, as the wife arrayed against him in his beliefs; Mary Carroll, her sister-in-law; Lois Shore, the daughter, in the leading rôles, all do creditable work.

A S T O R. "THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER." Play in 2 acts by Samuel Shipman and Victor Victor. Produced Oct. 11 with this cast:

Haym Salomon	Louis Mann
Rachel Salomon	Arleen Hackett
Judith Carroll	Alma Belwin
David Franks	Howard Lang
Katie	Mattie Ferguson
Mrs. Robert Murray	Lucile Watson
Schlemiel	Alex Tenenholtz
Capt. Jack Madison	Harry C. Power
Rabbi Seixes	Hermann Gerold
General Howe	Hubert Druce
Capt. Geoffrey Warren	Louis Hector
Major Darrington	Gerald Rogers

AS an apology for certain inaccuracies and anachronisms, the authors wish to explain that their

purpose was not to write history scrupulously true, but to present the spirit and character of Haym Salomon. To show what manner of man Salomon was, the authors have been compelled to make such use of their material as they deemed best fitted to their purpose and to the requirements of the theatre."

This frank confession by the authors of "The Unwritten Chapter," in a footnote to the program, tells about all there is to tell of Samuel Shipman and Victor Victor's new play. The Astor audience was divided in its opinion as to the real purpose of the authors in presenting the play. Some believed it was an attempt at propaganda for the Hebrew race, others decided that it was a sincere desire to pay tribute to the memory of the Jewish Colonial banker who financed the Revolutionary War; while still others thought that it was merely a flag-waving creation arranged with only box office receipts in mind. As a matter of fact, the authors were apparently prompted by all three motives, with, of course, the last mentioned one uppermost in their thoughts.

Certainly, as Mr. Shipman and his collaborator admit, history was recorded inaccurately, and the material they had was used to "fit the requirements of the theatre." Too much forced and over-done patriotism was used to bolster up the play, and too much propaganda for a race which requires no such flimsy and ineffectual defense or apology was disseminated in too crude a way.

Louis Mann, as Haym Salomon, stepped out of comedy character to depict a tragic figure, and, as every one knows, it isn't always wise for comedians to pursue this course. Mr. Mann, however, did a bit of rather effective work in this new type of rôle. Howard Lang, his Tory cousin, and Lucile Watson, as the clever and fascinating widow gave him excellent support.

GLOBE. "Tip Top." Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced Oct. 5.

SOME day I may be given an opportunity to review a new musical show that will really be new, a piece that will sparkle with good yankee, wit and humor. But the fare dished out to-day all seems built on the same pattern, a tenuous plot and more often no plot at all.

Of course, I enjoyed "Tip-Top." Fred Stone is at his best and the English pony ballet is so perfect that it is a pleasure to the eye. After all, one goes to these kind of shows to laugh. The business man seeks in their relaxation after the day's worries. This one certainly gets in good measure at the Globe. Why ask for more?



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